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A THOROW BASS to each SONG for the *Harpsichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

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LONDON,
Printed by *Nat. Thompson* for *John Carr* and *Sam. Scott*, and are to be sold by *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, Anno Domini, 1687.

D63/1
rcma 159

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OF

MUSICK.

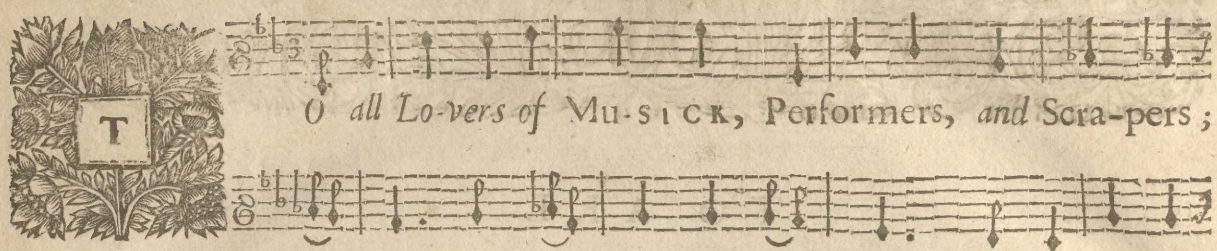
THe Masters of the SONGS, in the ensuing Book, are of that Real Worth, and Eminence in their Faculty; that it would be a Fulsome peice of Disparagement in Me to presume their Commendation: My task therefore, (and the greatest thing I have to do, in Publishing these their Excellent Performances,) is to beg Pardon for my self, and endeavour to stand Fair in the Opinion of *Musical Souls*; and the best way I can imagine to compass this my Honest End, is, to acknowledge this first Attempt of mine a very bold one; a Fault, (I hope) will not be very hard to be Absolv'd because none that are Truly Harmonious, can be Ill-natur'd: And further I do Confess my self a very Hearty Well-wisher to this Noble part of the *Mathematicks*, which I would not by any means should suffer any Blemish by my Neglect and Inadvertency. What mistakes may have happ'ned in the Printing, I shall not altogerher be answerable for, having imploy'd my utmost Care and Vigilancy in the Supervising of the *Press*: I hope the World will as easily excuse Mine, as they have formerly done the more unpardonable Faults of Old Pretenders; and am stedfastly resolv'd (if this first Essay may have the Good Fortune to find a Kind Reception in the World) to leave nothing Un-attempted that may Promote the Honour of *Musick*, by the most Assiduous, and most Earnest Diligence of

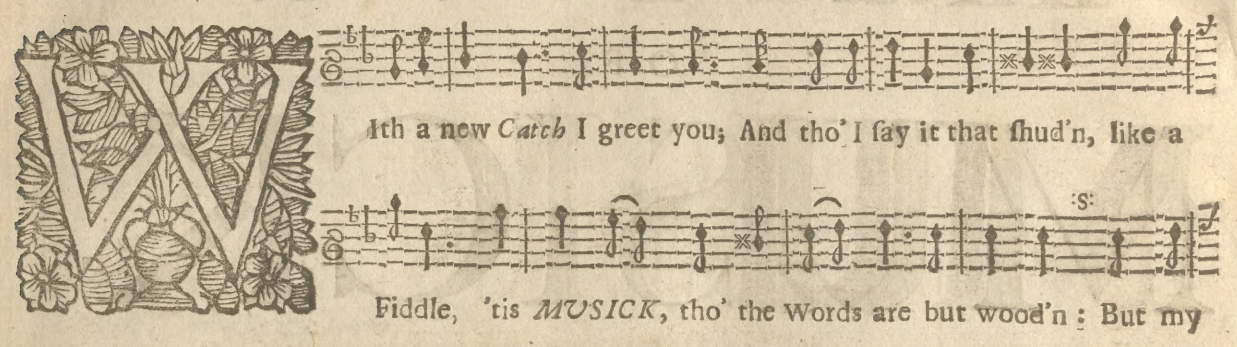
Your Humblest Servant

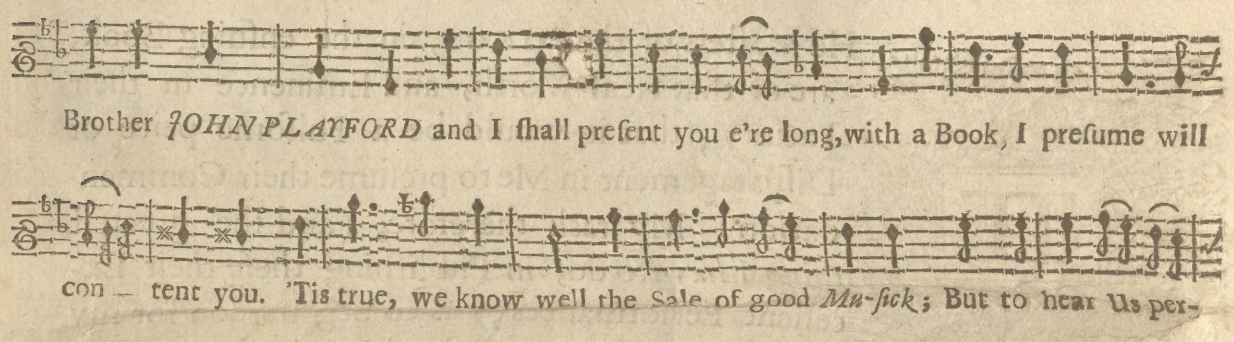
SAMUEL SCOTT.

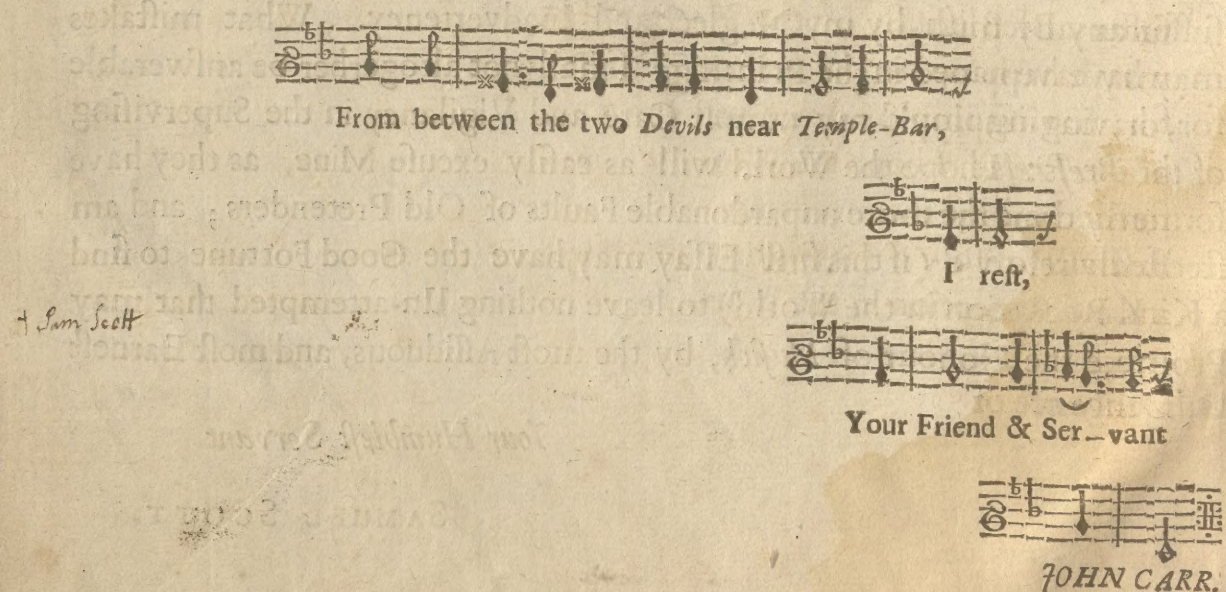
A Catch by way of Epistle,

And Sett by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

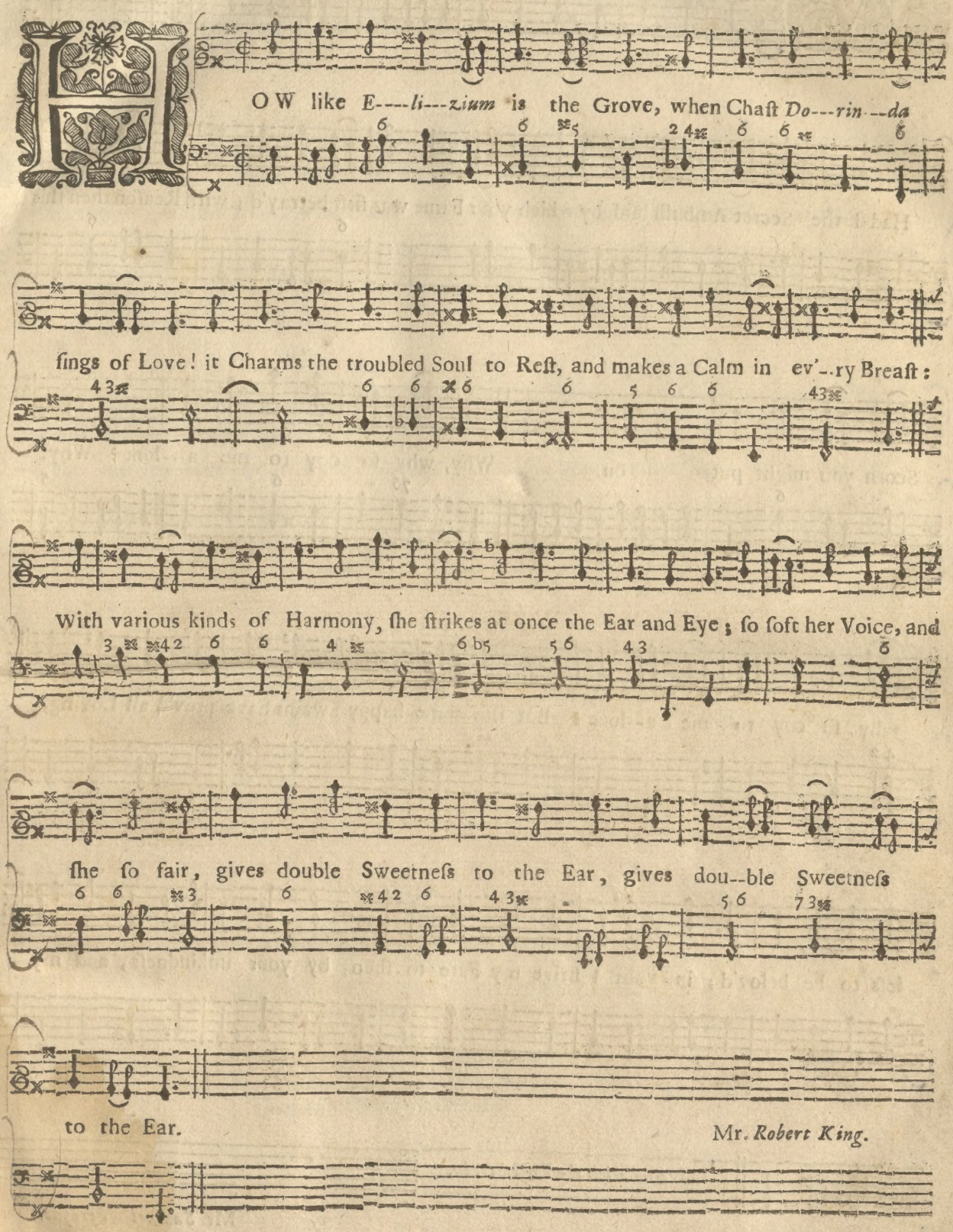


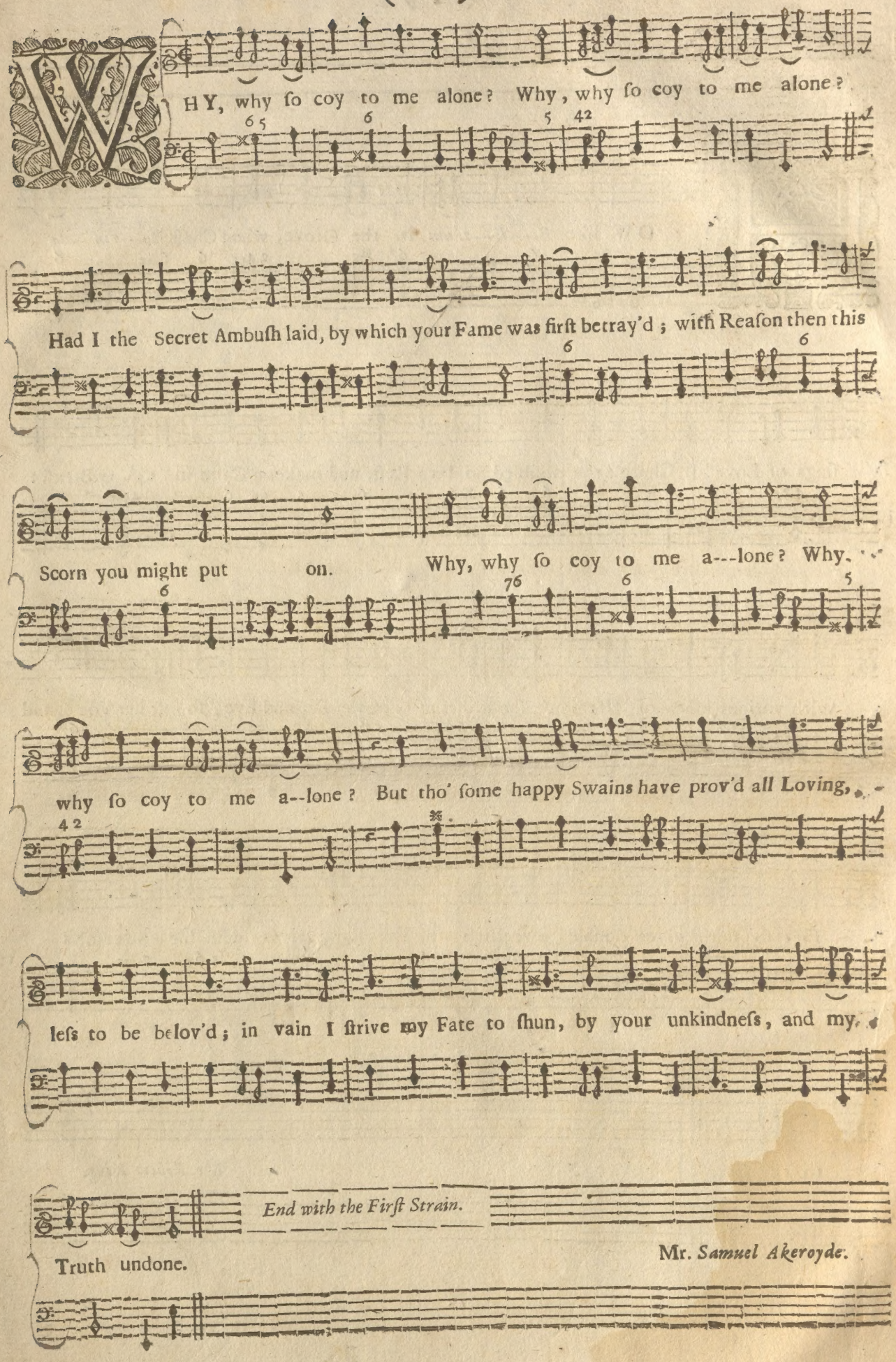


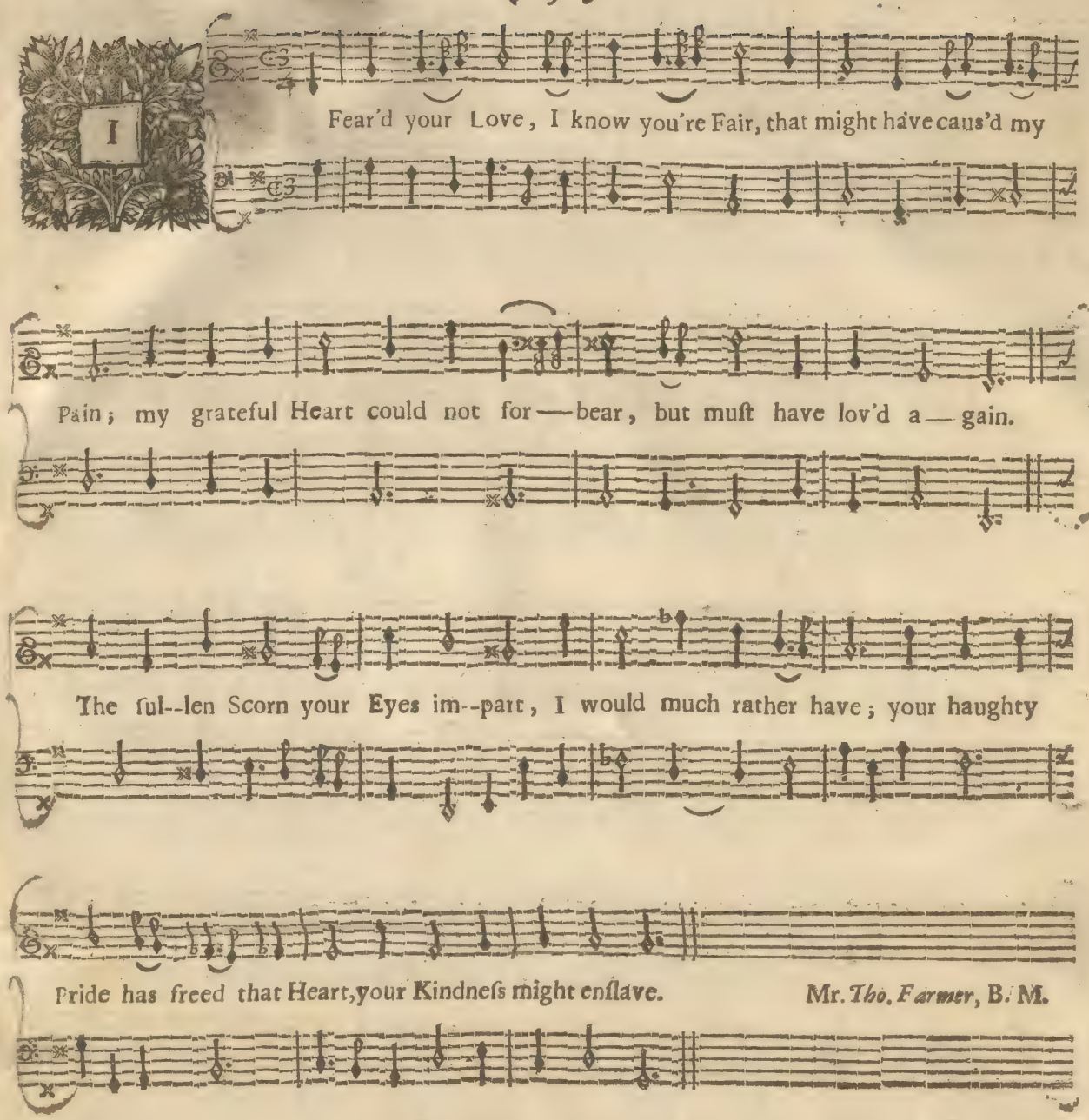




† Sam Scott

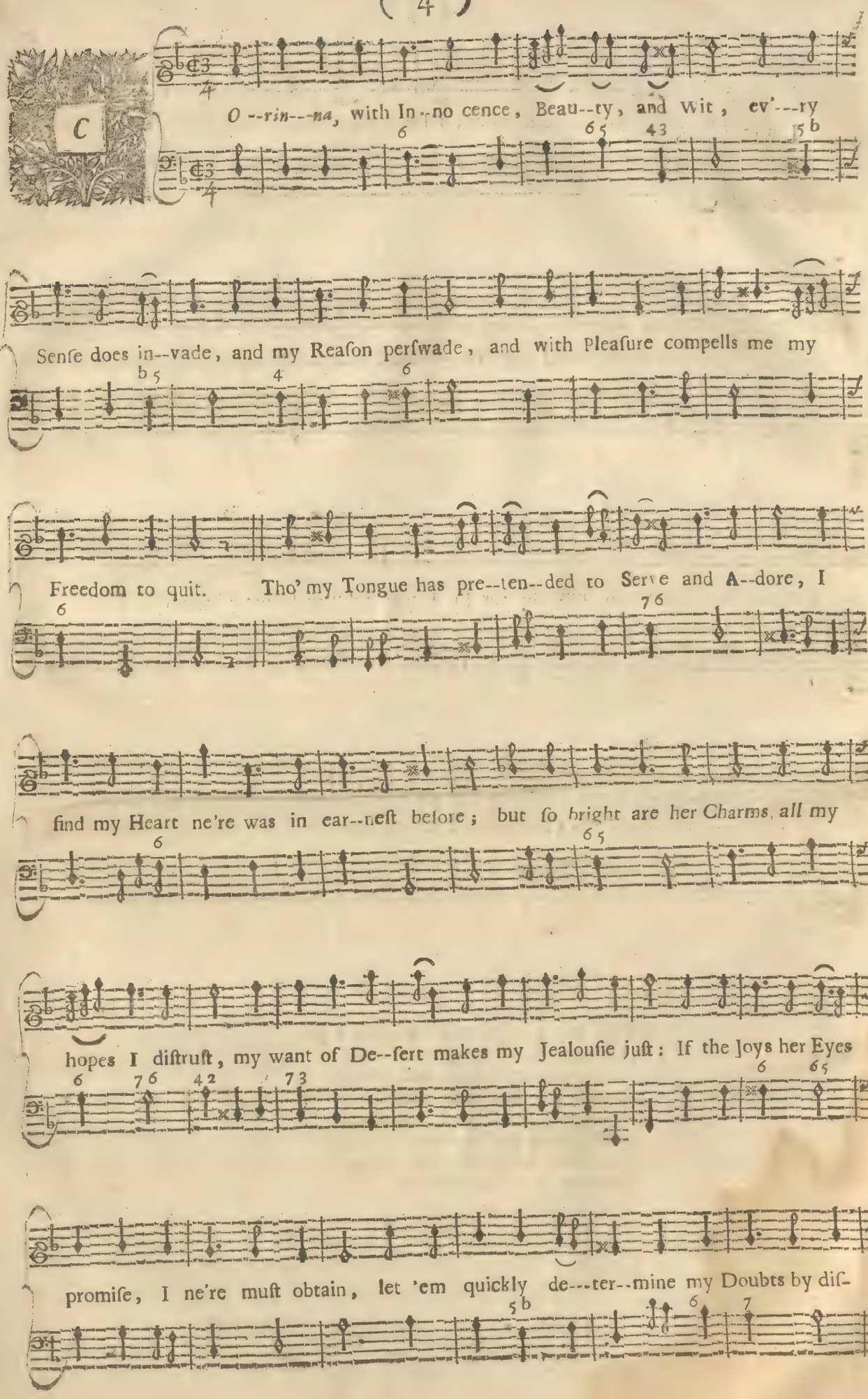

HOW like E----li---zium is the Grove, when Chaſt Do---rin--da
ſings of Love! it Charms the troubled Soul to Reſt, and makes a Calm in ev'--ry Breaſt:
With various kinds of Harmony, ſhe ſtrikes at once the Ear and Eye; ſo ſoft her Voice, and
ſhe ſo fair, gives double Sweetneſs to the Ear, gives dou--ble Sweetneſs
to the Ear.
Mr. Robert King.

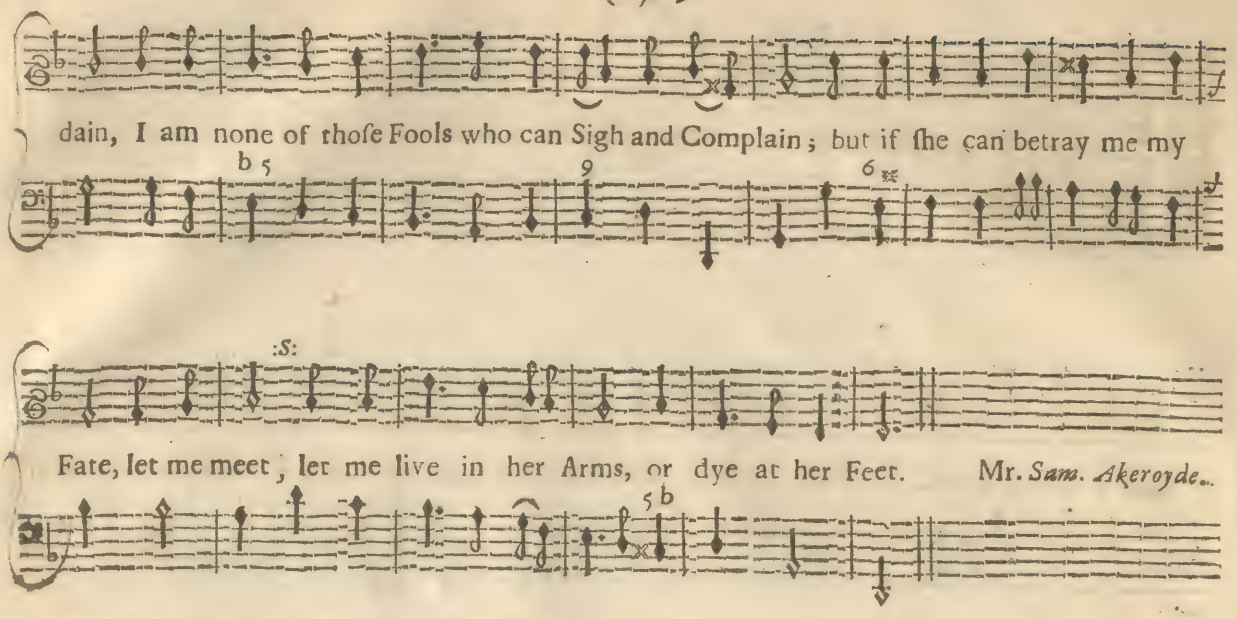

WHY, why ſo coy to me alone? Why, why ſo coy to me alone?
Had I the Secret Ambuſh laid, by which your Fame was firſt betray'd; with Reaſon then this
Scorn you might put on. Why, why ſo coy to me a---lone? Why,
why ſo coy to me a--lone? But tho' ſome happy Swains have prov'd all Loving,
leſs to be belov'd; in vain I ſtrive my Fate to ſhun, by your unkindneſs, and my
End with the Firſt Strain.
Truth undone.
Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

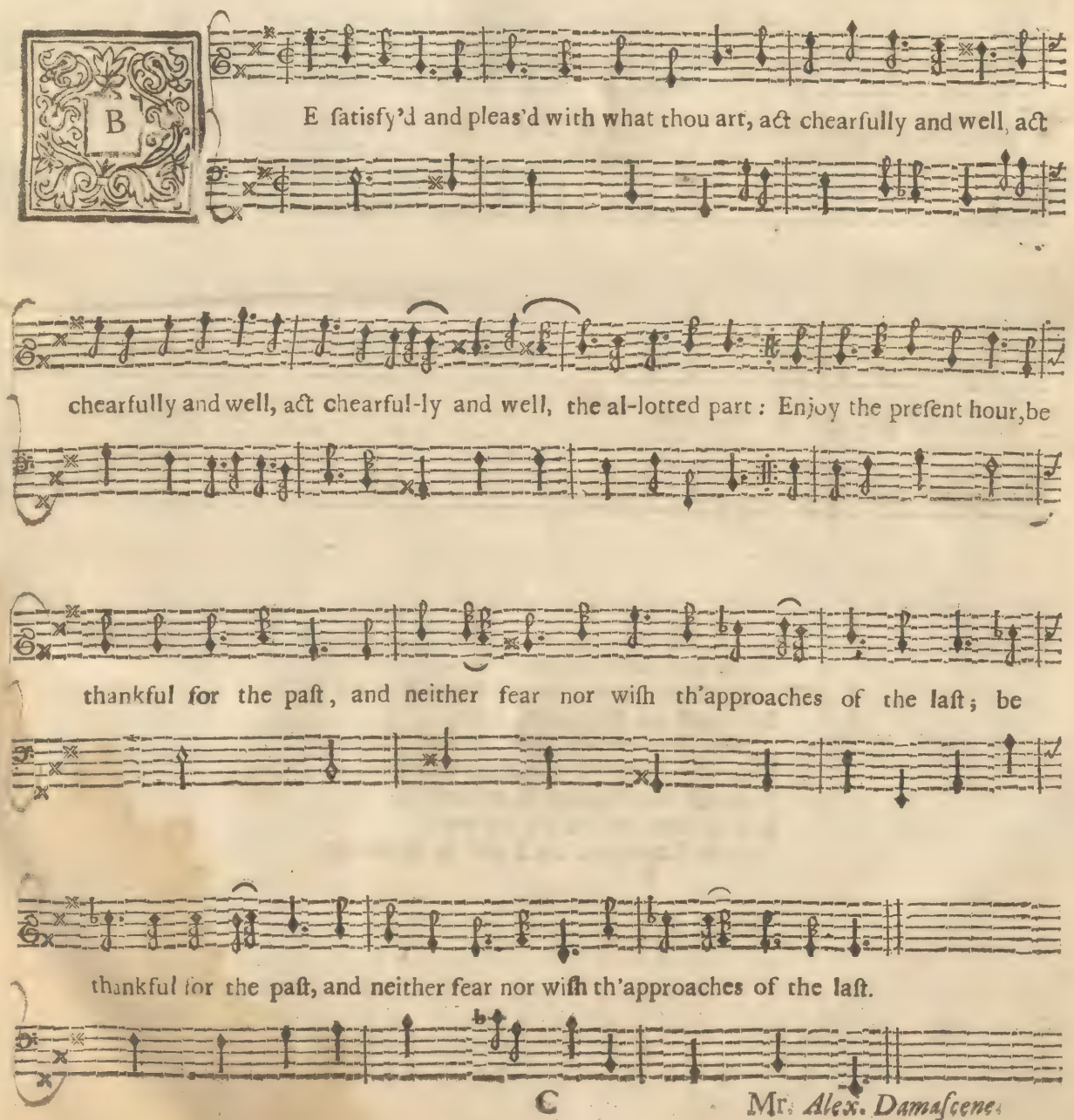


II.

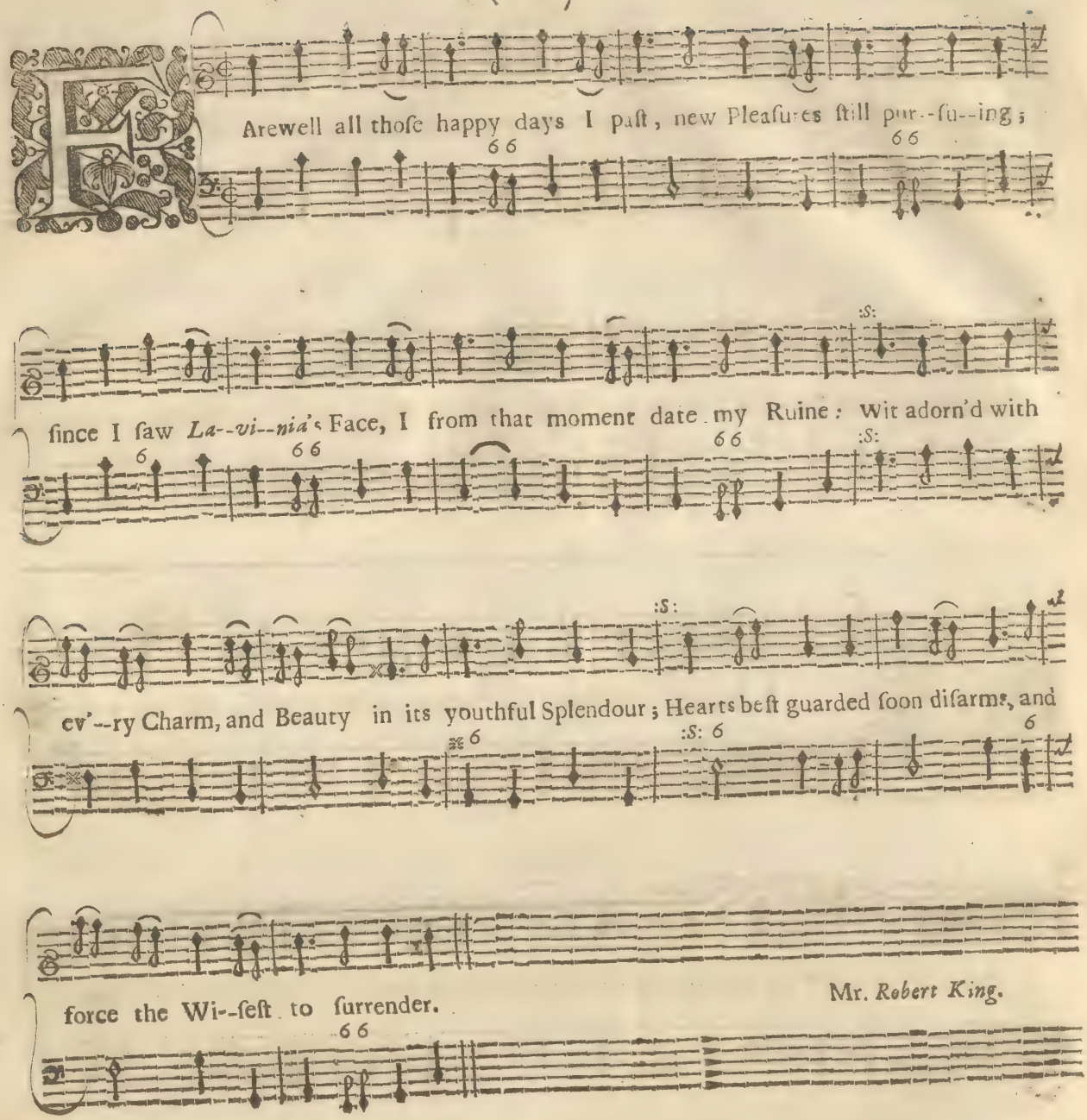
As when Minds rage, and Seas grow high,
They friendly bid beware;
But when they're ſmooth, and calm the Sky,
'Tis then they would enſnare:
So Tenderneſs our Hearts beguiles,
Whilſt Scorn our Freedom crowns;
There is more danger in your Smiles;
Than can be in your Frowns.


C
O --rin---na, with In--no cence, Beau--ty, and Wit, ev'---ry
Sense does in--vade, and my Reason perswade, and with Pleasure compells me my
Freedom to quit. Tho' my Tongue has pre--ten--ded to Serve and A--dore, I
find my Heart ne're was in ear--nest before; but so bright are her Charms, all my
hopes I distrust, my want of De--sert makes my Jealousie just: If the Joys her Eyes
promise, I ne're must obtain, let 'em quickly de---ter--mine my Doubts by dis-



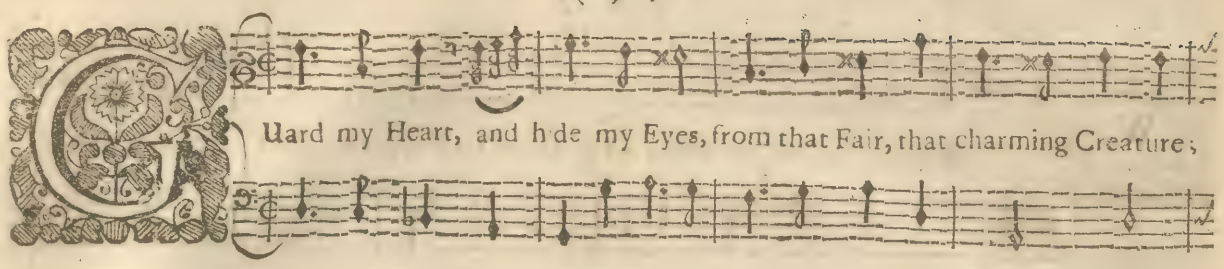


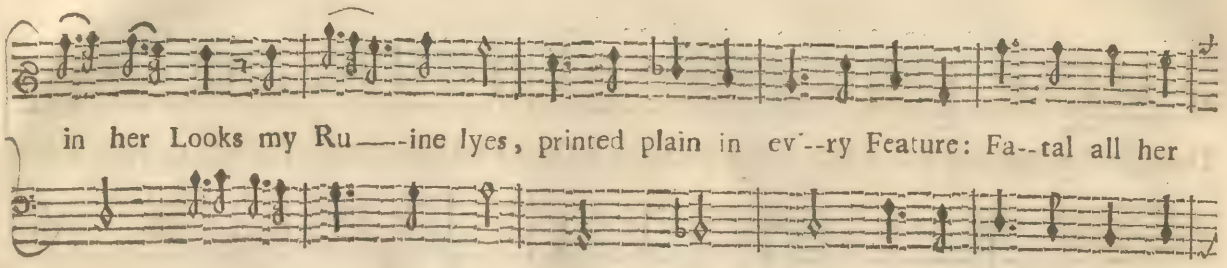
Mr. Alex. Damascene.

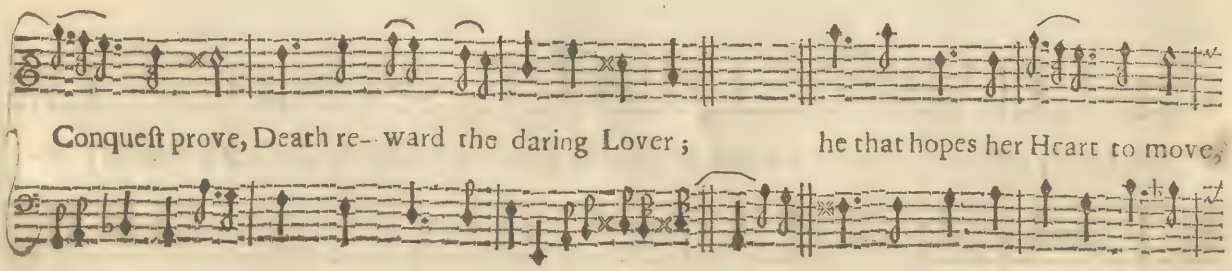


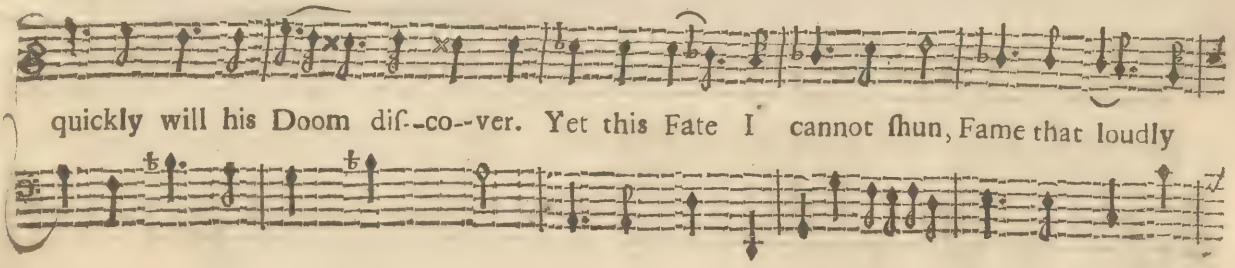
II.

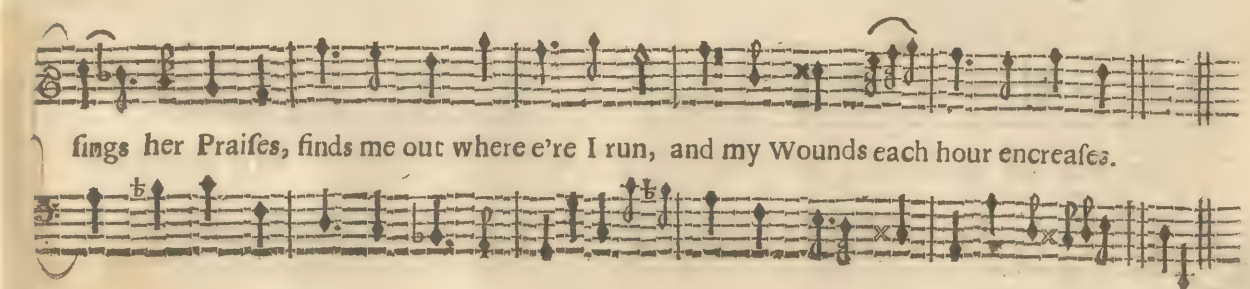
While her looks so Awful are,
My Pain I never dare discover;
But the Love she gives, I fear,
Will soon betray their hopeless Lover:
You who from whose Chains are free,
Avoid her Presents so ensnaring;
And in time be warn'd by me,
From Love that must end in despairing.



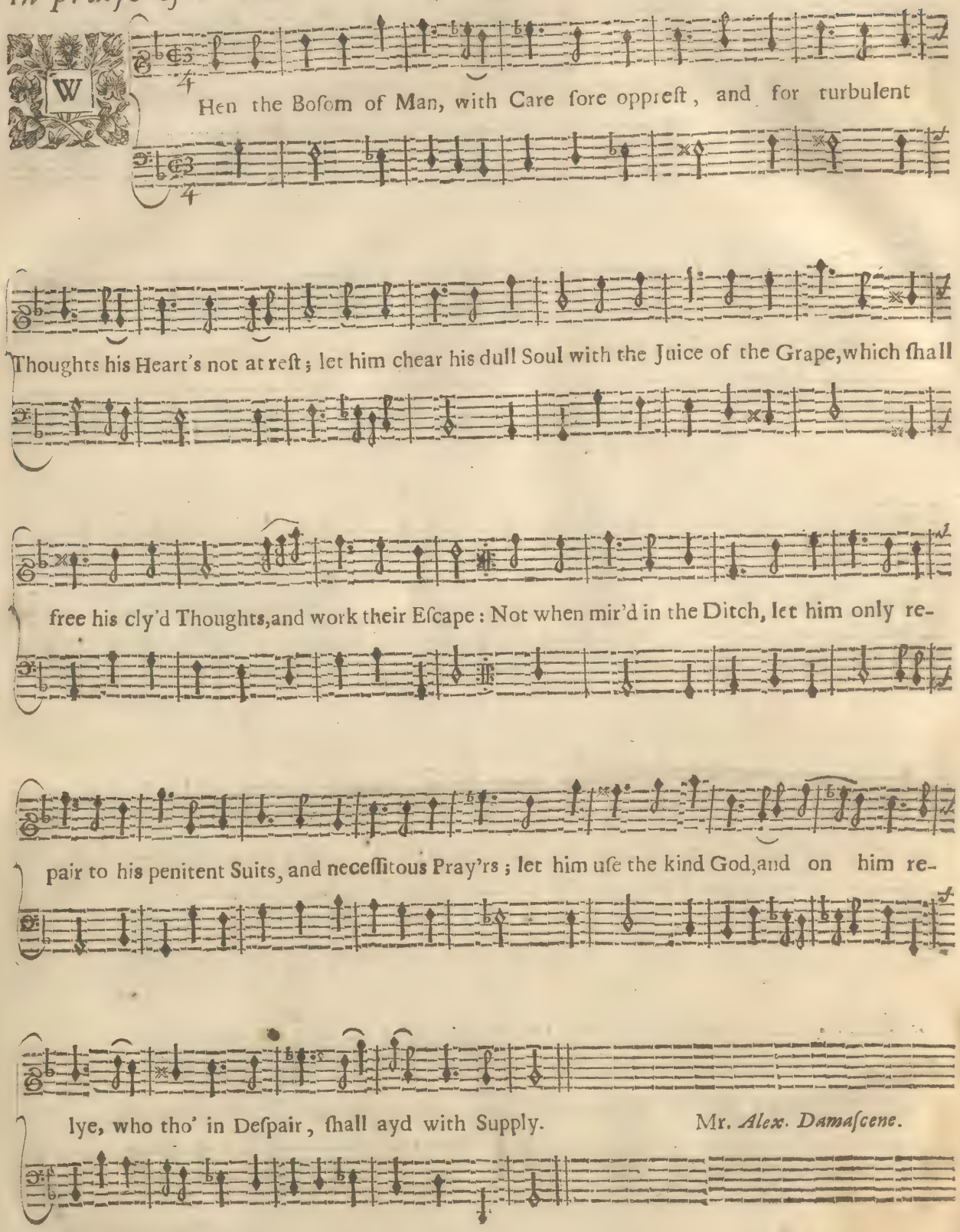






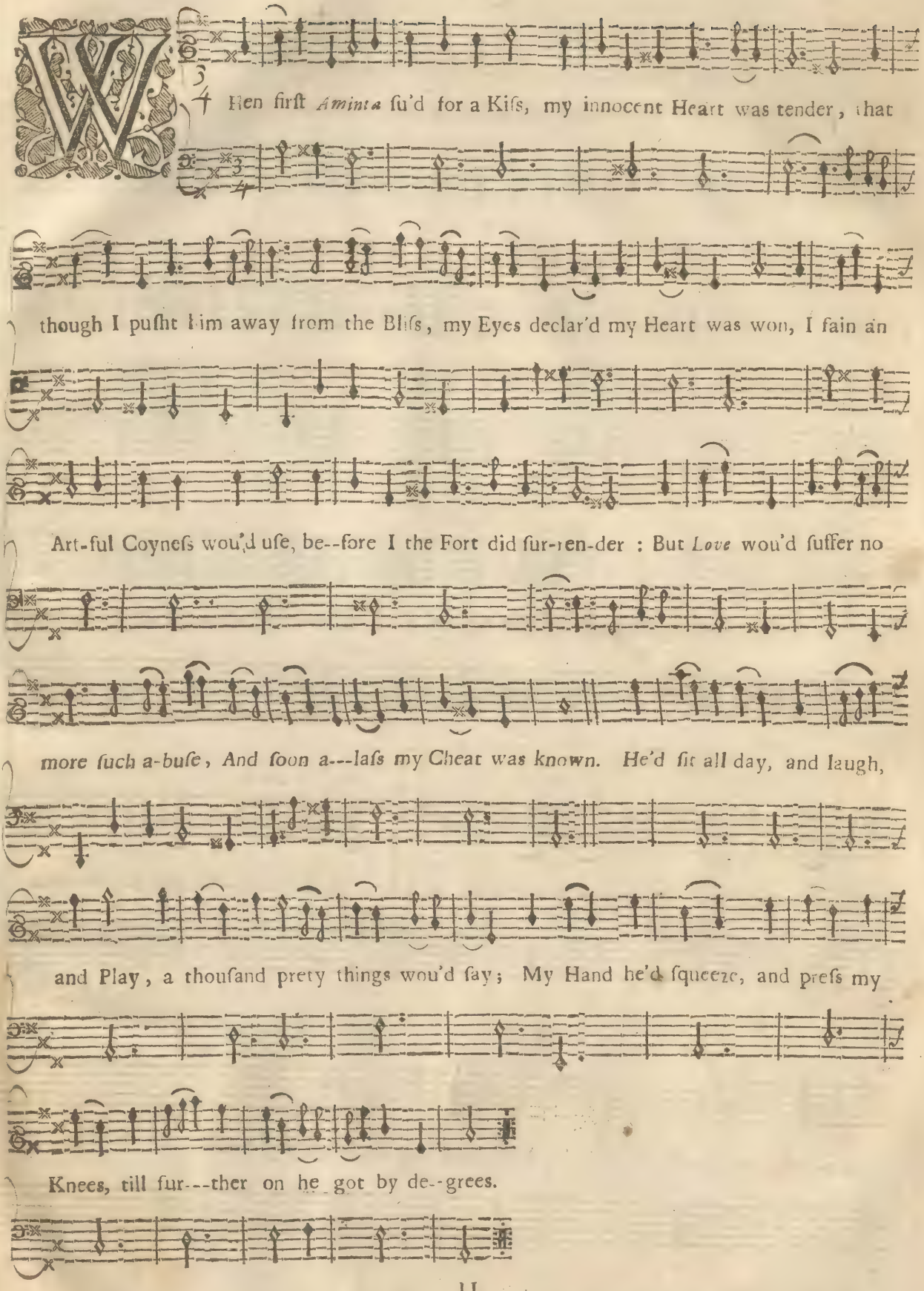


Mr. *Alex. Damaſcene.*



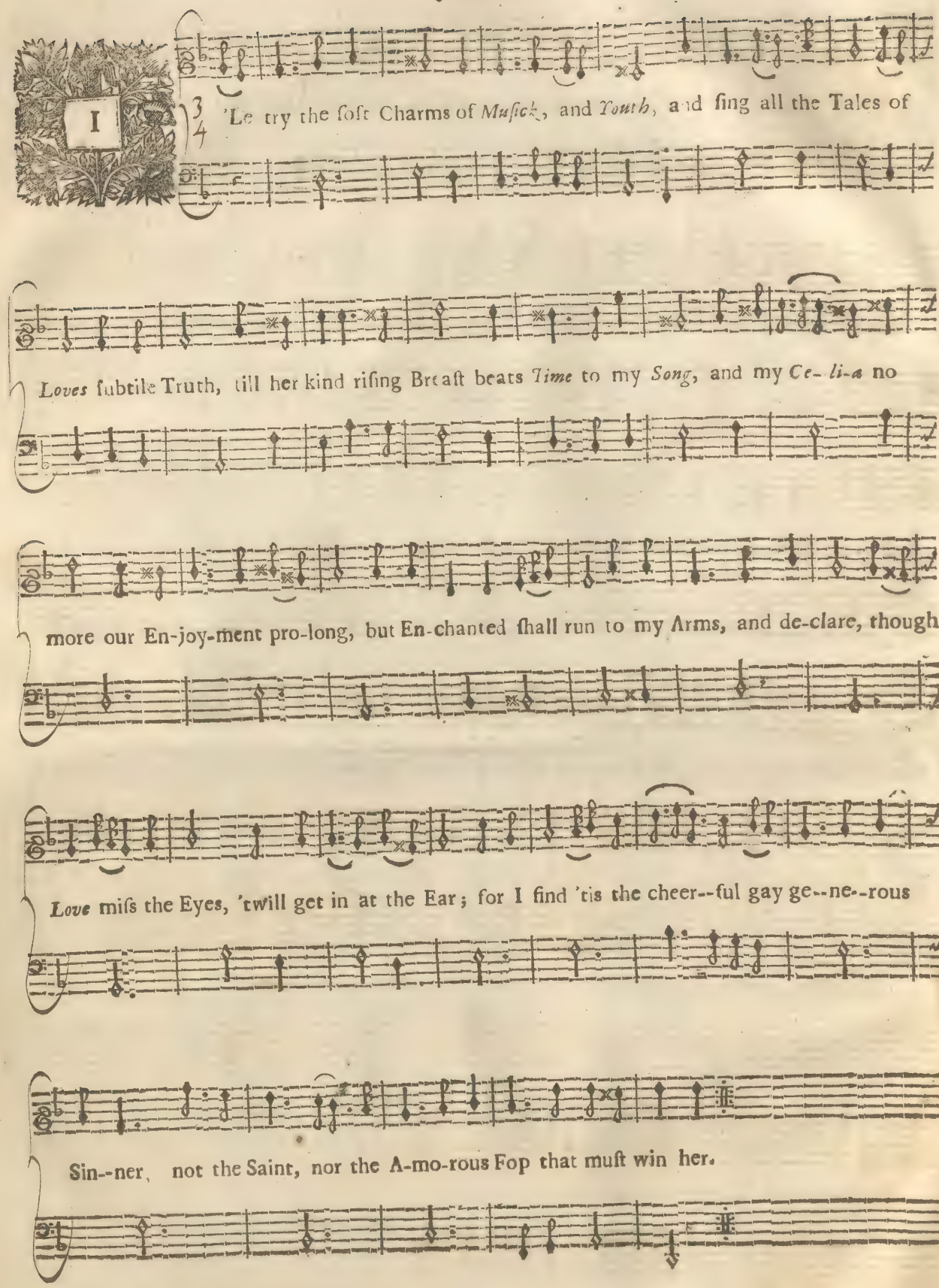
II.

He old Age recruits, and makes Men look young,
Adds Strength to the Weak, and Life to the Strong;
Nay, in the winter of Life he makes my Blood boyl,
And Nature's deep Sorrows he turns to a Smile:
With *Ceres* he feaſts, and *Venus* he ſports,
Nay, there's none of the Gods but his Company courts;
His Nature's all free, there's Mirth where he goes,
He is true to his Friends, and laughs at his Foes.

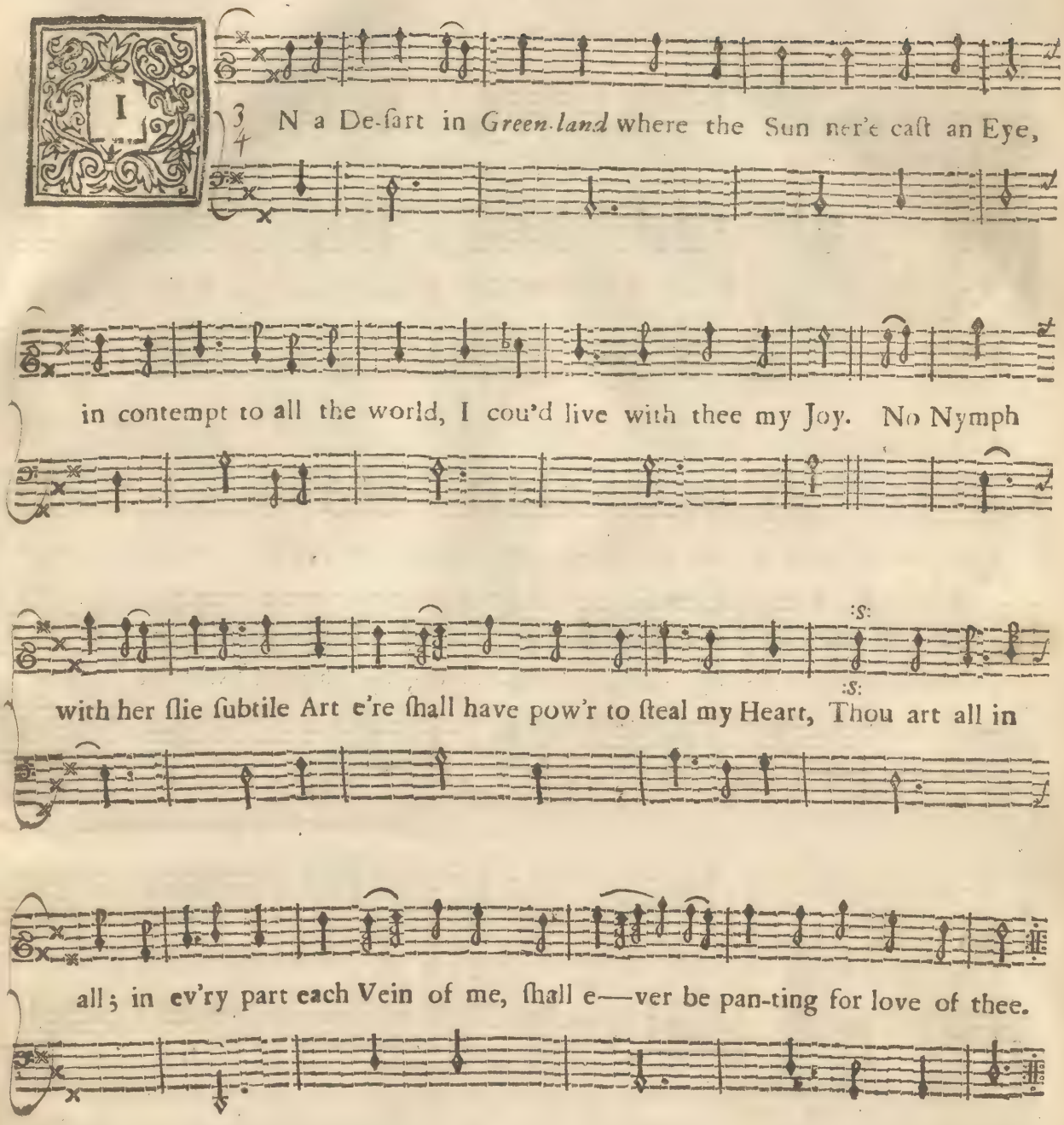


II.

My Heart just like a Vessel at Sea,
Wou'd toss when *Aminta* was near me.
But ah! so cunning a Pilate was he,
Through Doubts & Fears he'd still sail on,
I thouhght in Him no danger cou'd be,
So wisely he knew how to steer me:
And soon alass was brought t'agree,
To taste of Joys before unknown.
Well might he boast his pain not lost,
For soon he found the Golden coast.
Enjoy'd the Oar, and toucht the Shore,
Where never Merchant went before.


I
'Le try the ſoft Charms of *Muſick*, and *Youth*, and ſing all the Tales of
Loves ſubtile Truth, till her kind riſing Breaſt beats *Time* to my *Song*, and my *Ce-li-a* no
more our En-joy-ment pro-long, but En-chanted ſhall run to my Arms, and de-clare, though
Love miſs the Eyes, 'twill get in at the Ear; for I find 'tis the cheer--ful gay ge--ne--rous
Sin--ner, not the Saint, nor the A-mo-rous Fop that muſt win her.

In

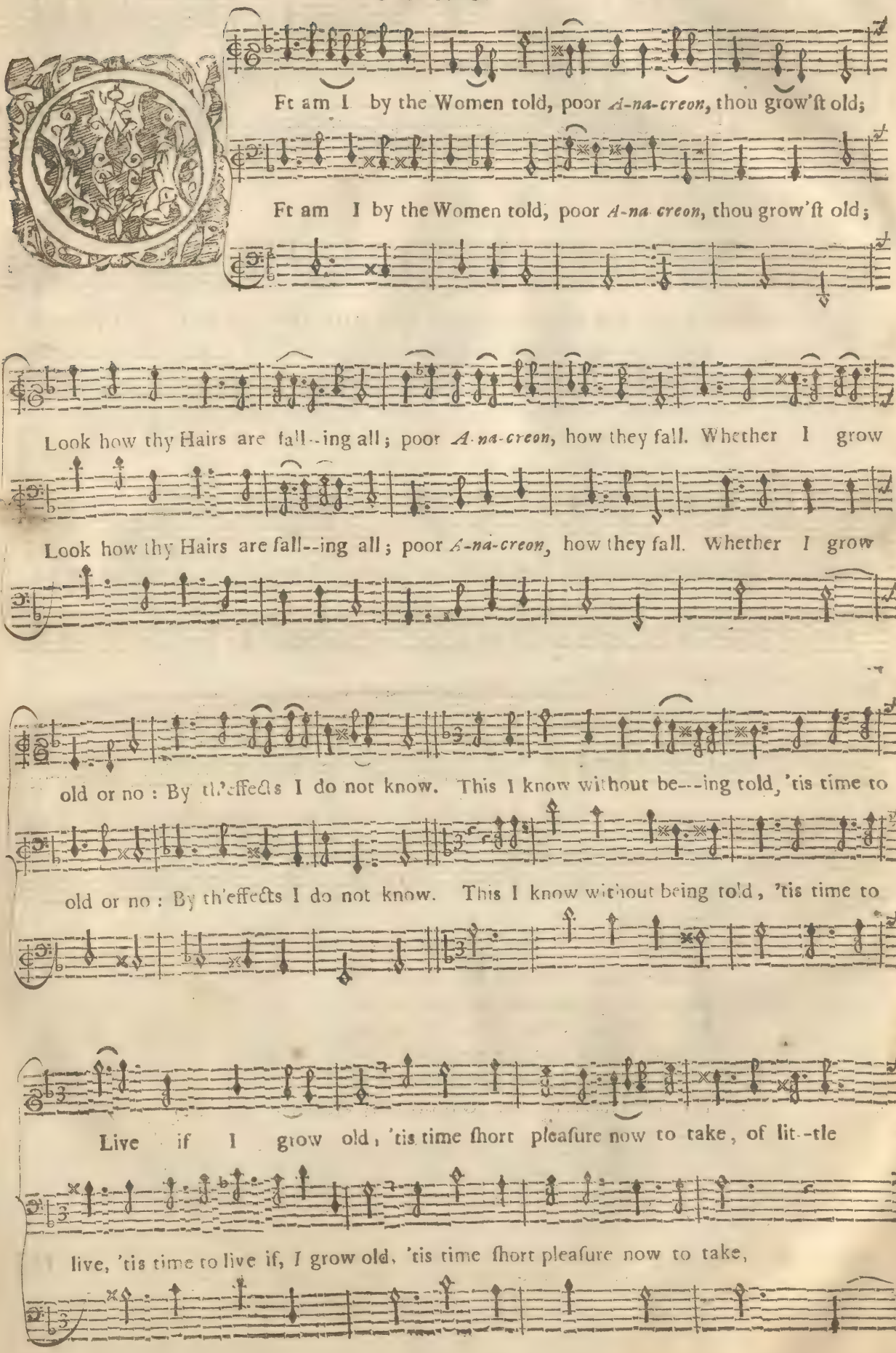


II.

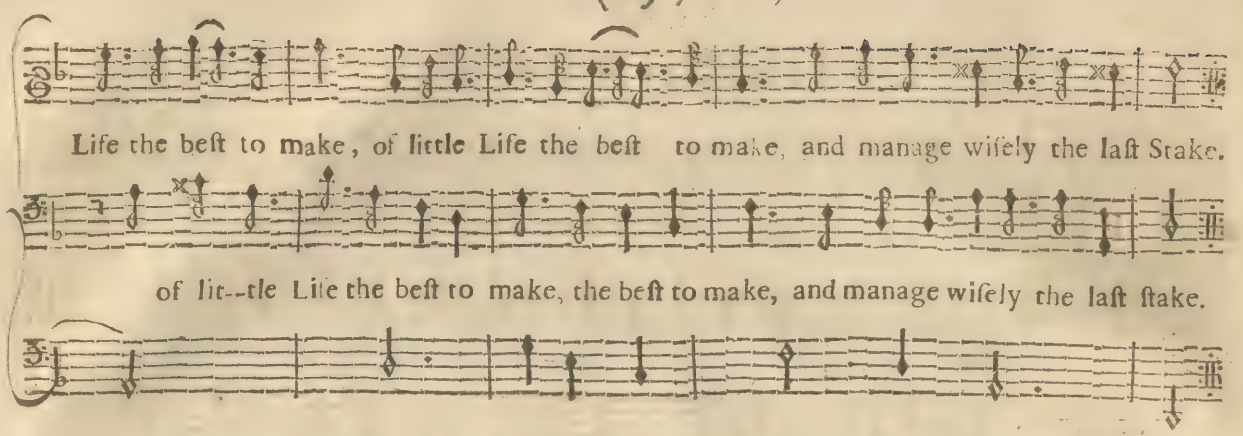
On the Sands of Scorch'd *Africk*,
Where the Sun-burnt Natives fry :
Bleſt with thee, my Dear *Philander*,
I could chooſe to Live and Die.
No Swain with his Wit, Wealth or Art,
E're ſhall have Power to Storm my Heart.
Thou art, &c.

Oft

SONG.

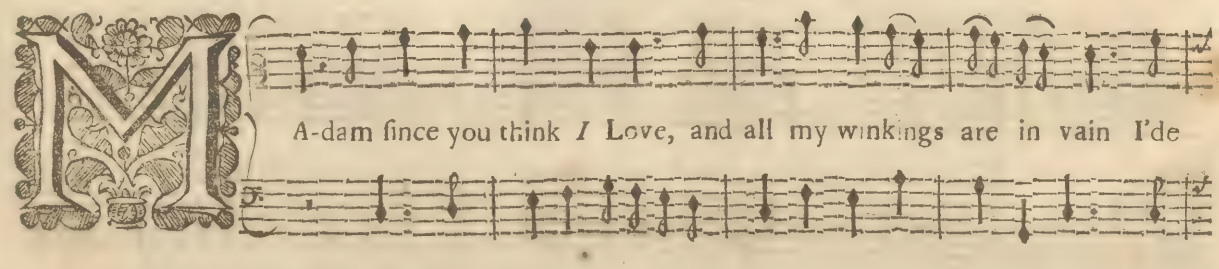

Ft am I by the Women told, poor *A-na-creon*, thou grow'ſt old;
Ft am I by the Women told, poor *A-na-creon*, thou grow'ſt old;
Look how thy Hairs are fall--ing all; poor *A-na-creon*, how they fall. Whether I grow
Look how thy Hairs are fall--ing all; poor *A-na-creon*, how they fall. Whether I grow
old or no: By th'effects I do not know. This I know without be---ing told, 'tis time to
old or no: By th'effects I do not know. This I know without being told, 'tis time to
Live if I grow old, 'tis time ſhort pleaſure now to take, of lit--tle
live, 'tis time to live if, I grow old, 'tis time ſhort pleaſure now to take,

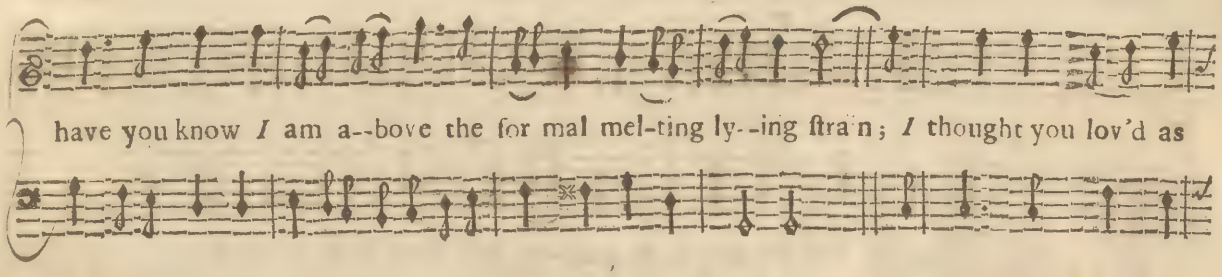
Life

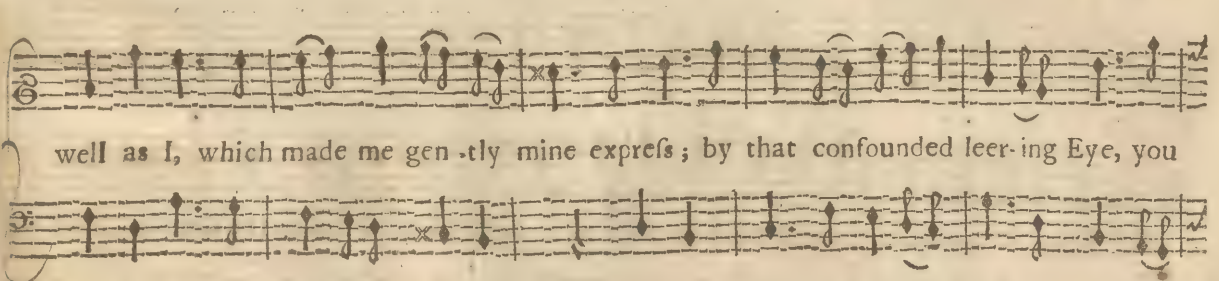


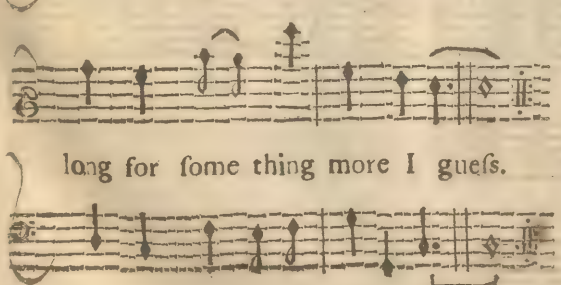
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

S O N G.







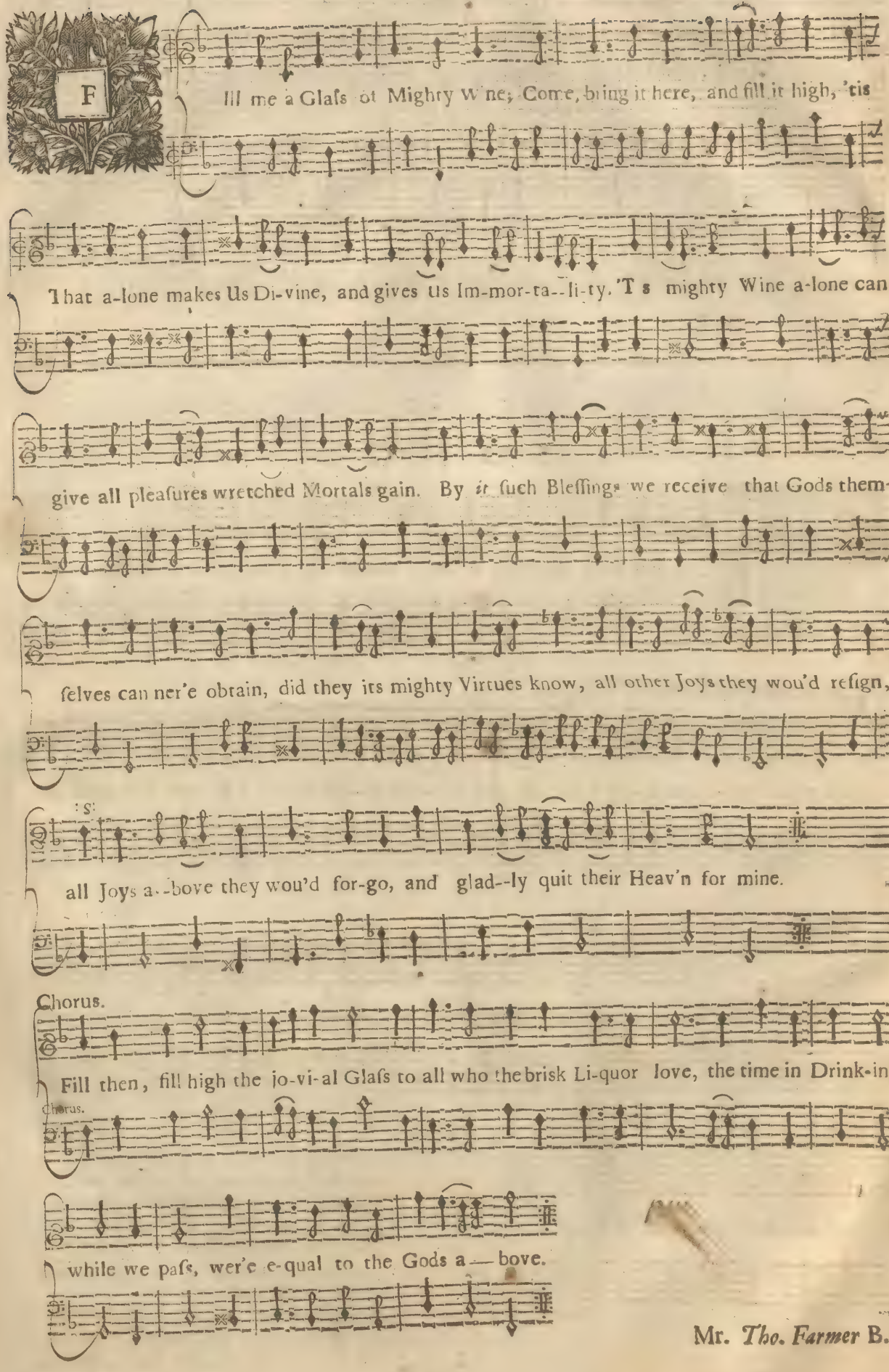


I. I.

What if I deſir'd a Kiſs?
I'm ſure you know the reaſon on't,
Enjoyment's next to Heavenly Bliſs,
And both had ſhar'd if we had don't;
But You forſooth ſeem'd to deny,
And call your Honour for your guide;
Honour can never ſatisfy,
Or heal a Wound ſo deep and wide.

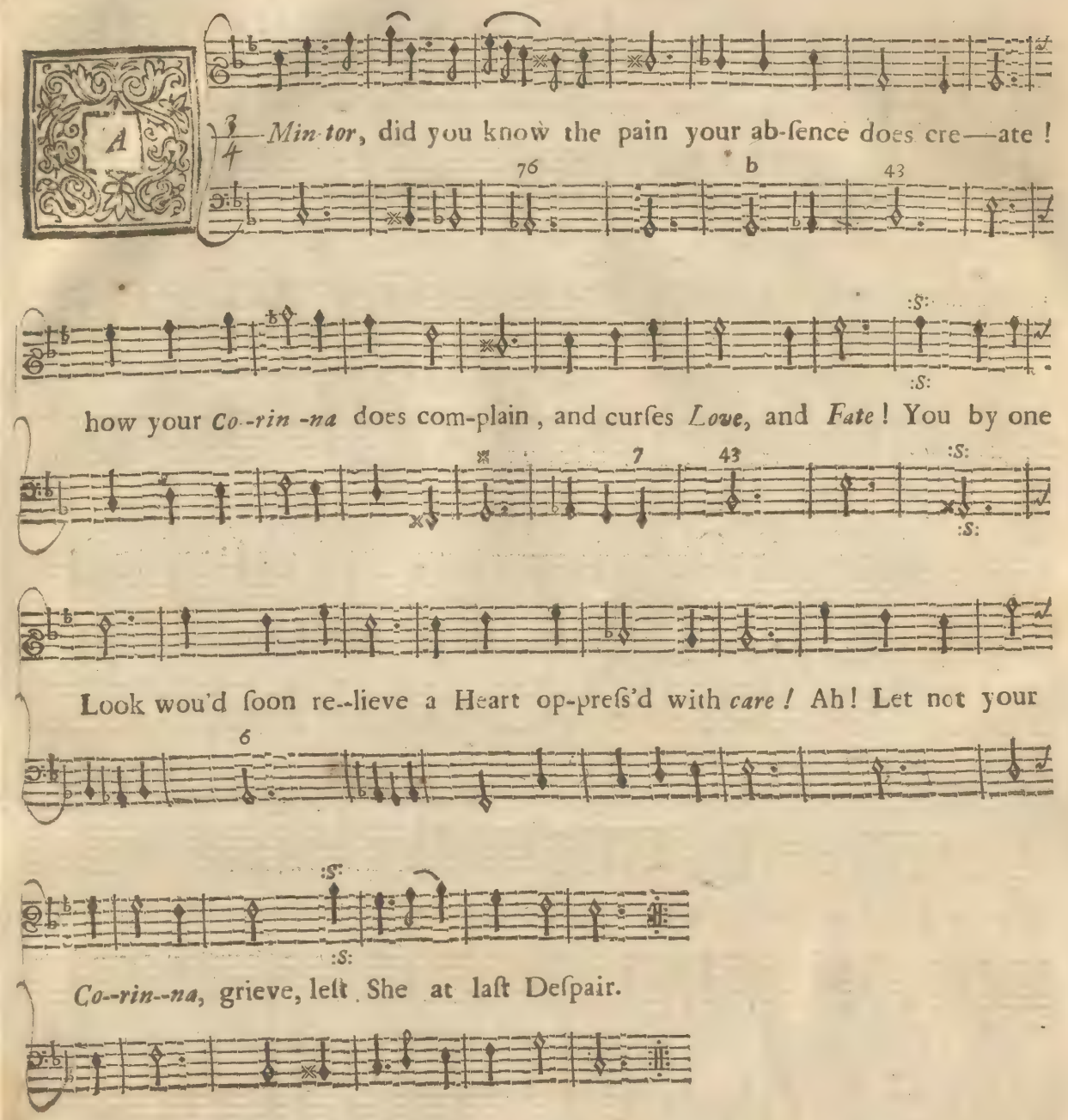
Mr. *Sam. Akeroyde.*

The Good Fellow.



Mr. *Tho. Farmer* B. M.

AMINTOR.

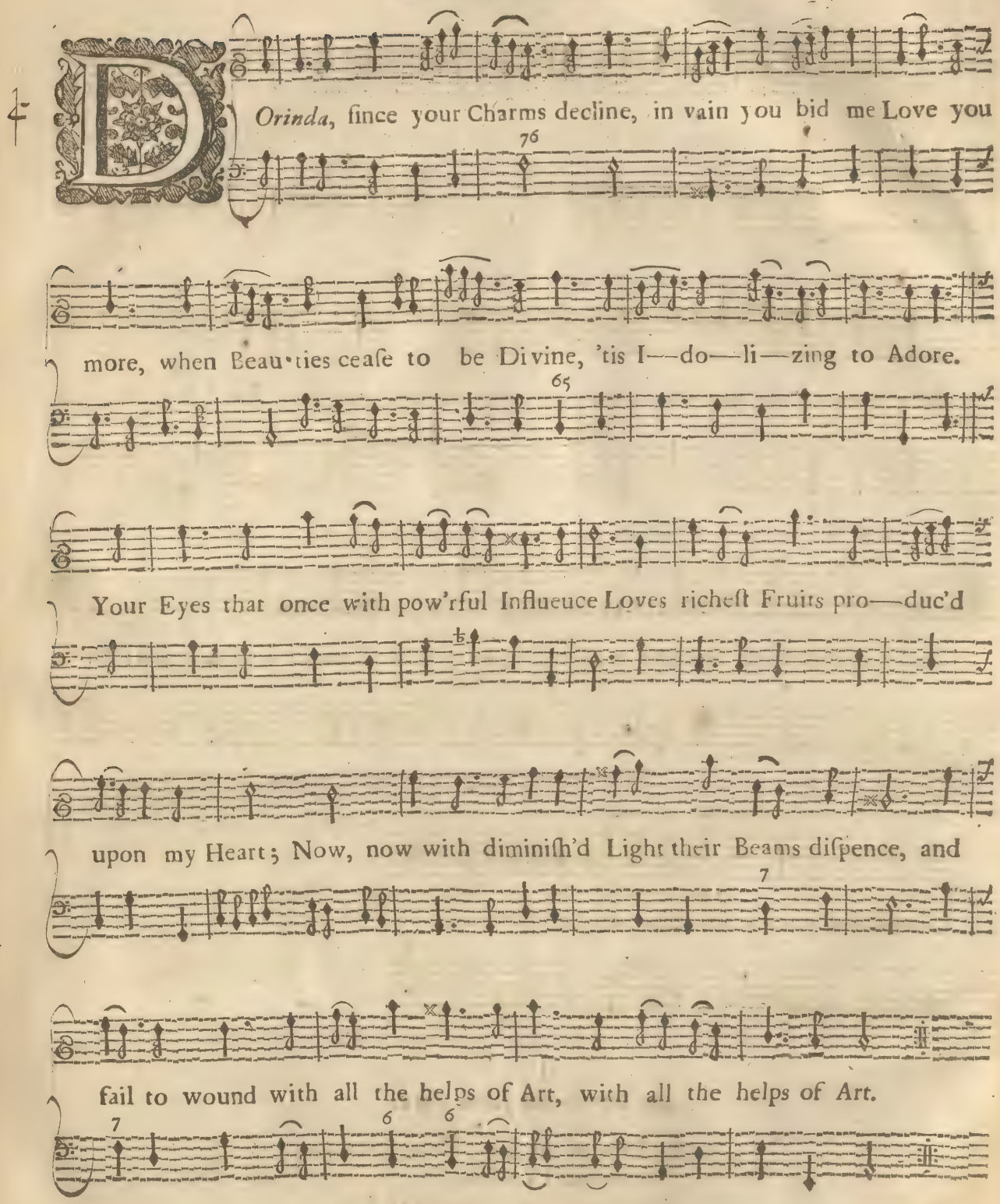


Anſwer to the ſame Ayre.

While You of Abſence thus complain,
Corinna I confeſs,
I'me pleas'd to think you are in pain;
Nor can I wiſh it leſs.
Think not that this ill Nature ſhews,
Or does unkindneſs prove;
For 'tis with Joy *Amintor* Knows
Your Grief is caus'd by Love.

Mr. *Thomas Shadwell.*

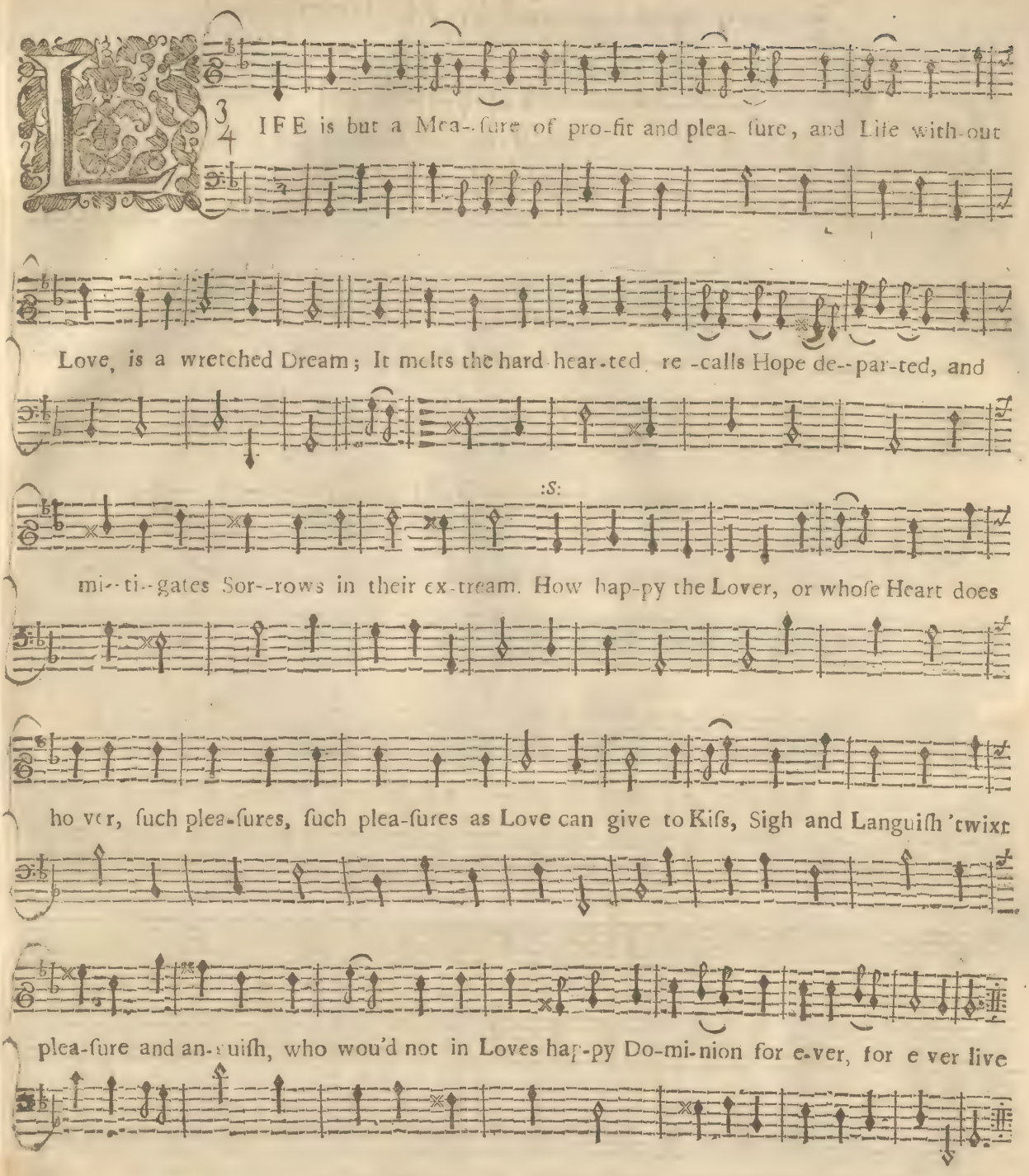
DORINDA.



II.

Yet out of Gratitude I ſtrove,
When Paſſion could no longer laſt,
To guild the failures of my Love,
And act with pain the pleaſures paſt.
But your too curious Senſe diſcern'd the Cheat,
Conceal'd in the diſguiſe of labour'd Joy;
And in the midſt of Loves miſterious treat,
A nice diſguſt did all your Bliſs deſtroy,
Did all your Bliſs deſtroy.

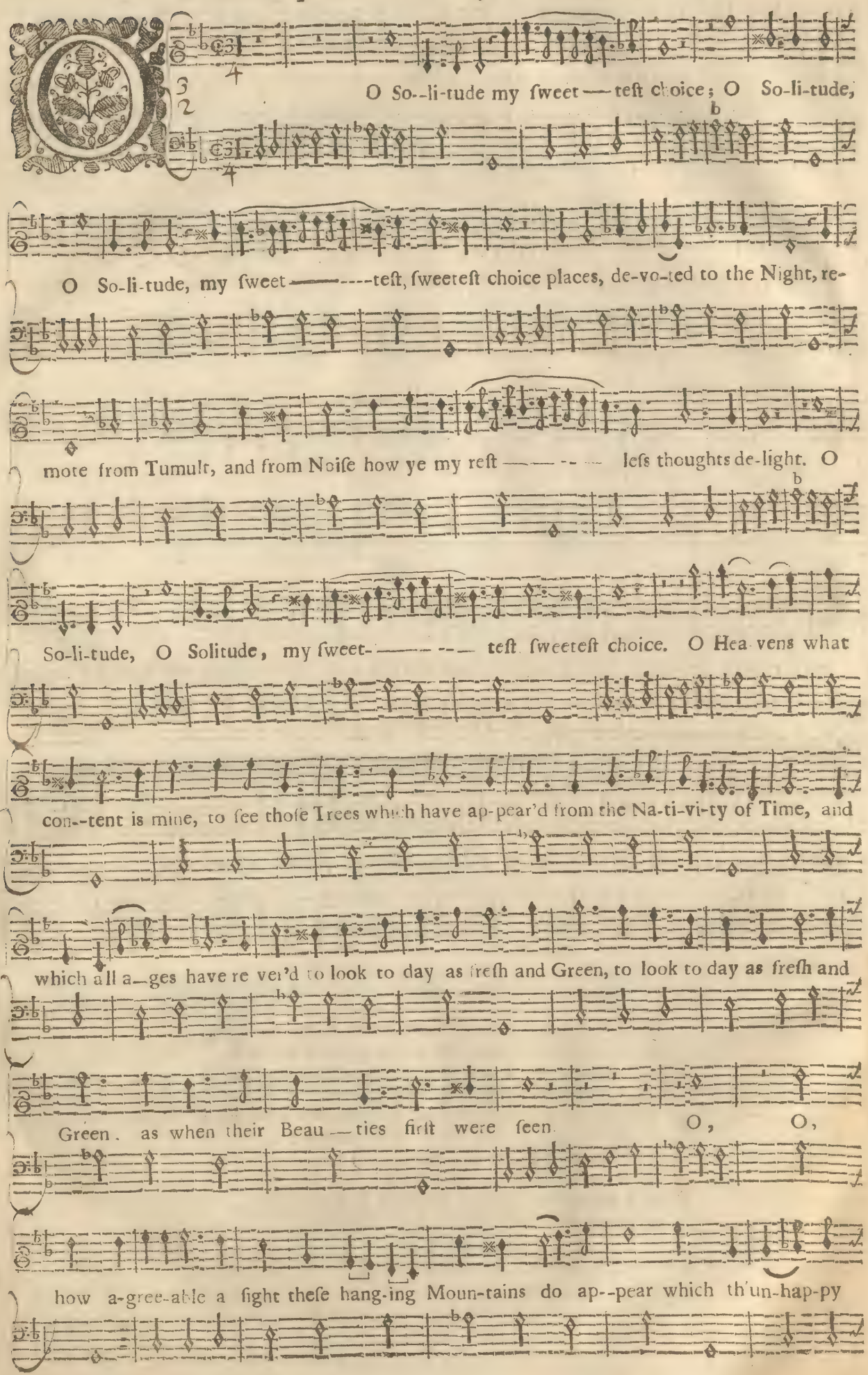
Mr. *Sam. Akeroyde.*



II.

While Youth is growing, Love longs to be knowing,
The Bloſſom muſt open when Warmth draws near.
Kind Nature near ceaſes to grant us what pleaſes,
And Love is the Muſick of our Sphere.
'Tis Muſick's ſoft motion that helps Loves Devotion;
'Tis Muſick, 'tis Muſick what Love injoyn'd;
Makes Fools (void of Meaſnre,)
Have ſenſe of our Pleaſure,
And makes the precize hater of Women
In Loves pow'rful Charms grow blind.

A Song upon a Ground by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



wou'd in-vite to finiſh all their ſor-rows here when their hard, their hard Fate makes

them en-dure ſuch Woes, ſuch Woes as on--ly Death can cure. O! O! How I

So —li--tude a-dore! O! O! how I So--li-tude a-dore! That E-'e-ment of No — bleſt

wit, where *I* have Learn'd, where *I* have Learn'd; *A-pollo* low'r without the pains, the

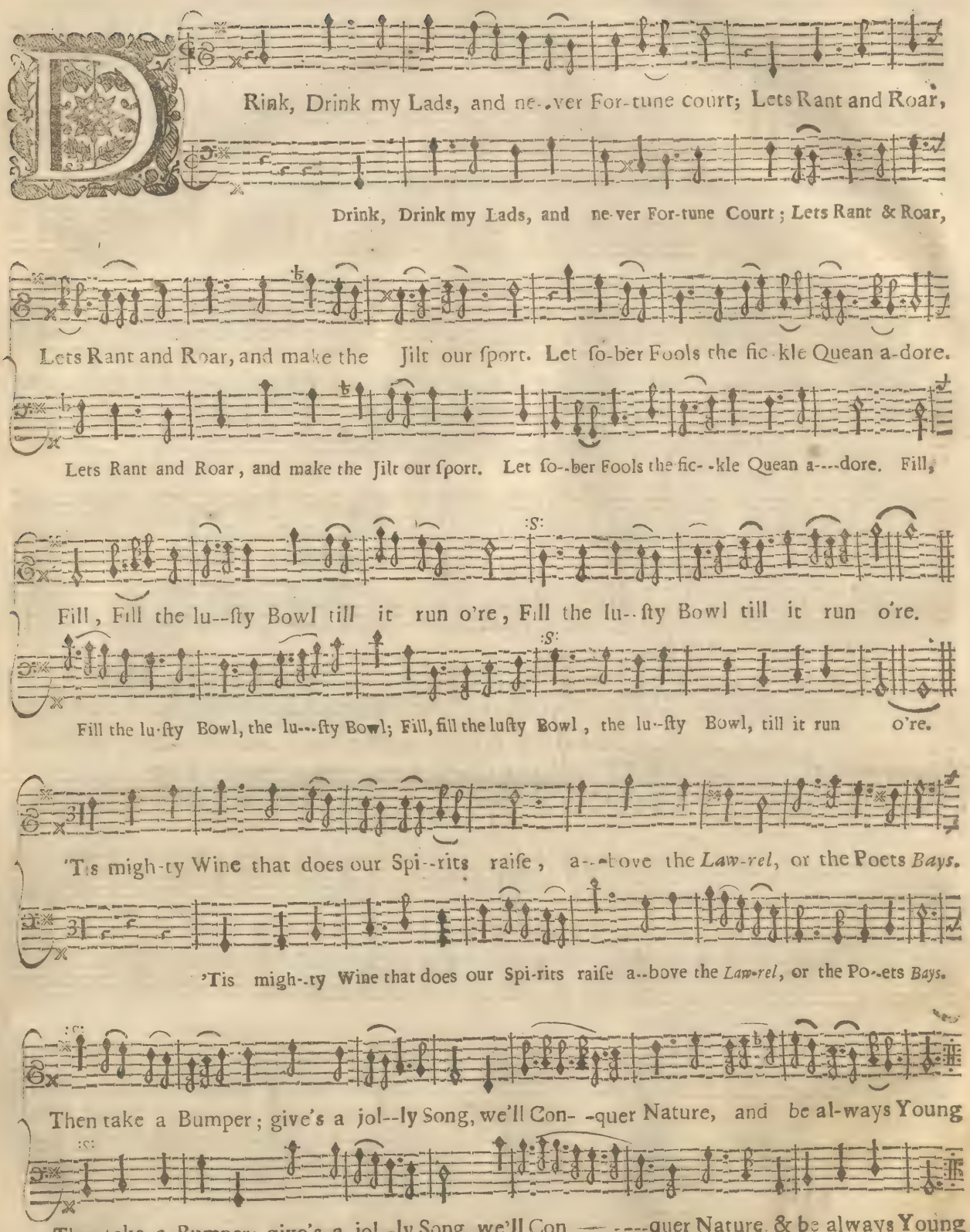
pains to ſtudy it. For thy ſake *I* in Love am grown, with what thy Fancy, thy Fancy

did pur-ſue; But when I think upon my own, I hate it, I hate it, for that rea-ſon

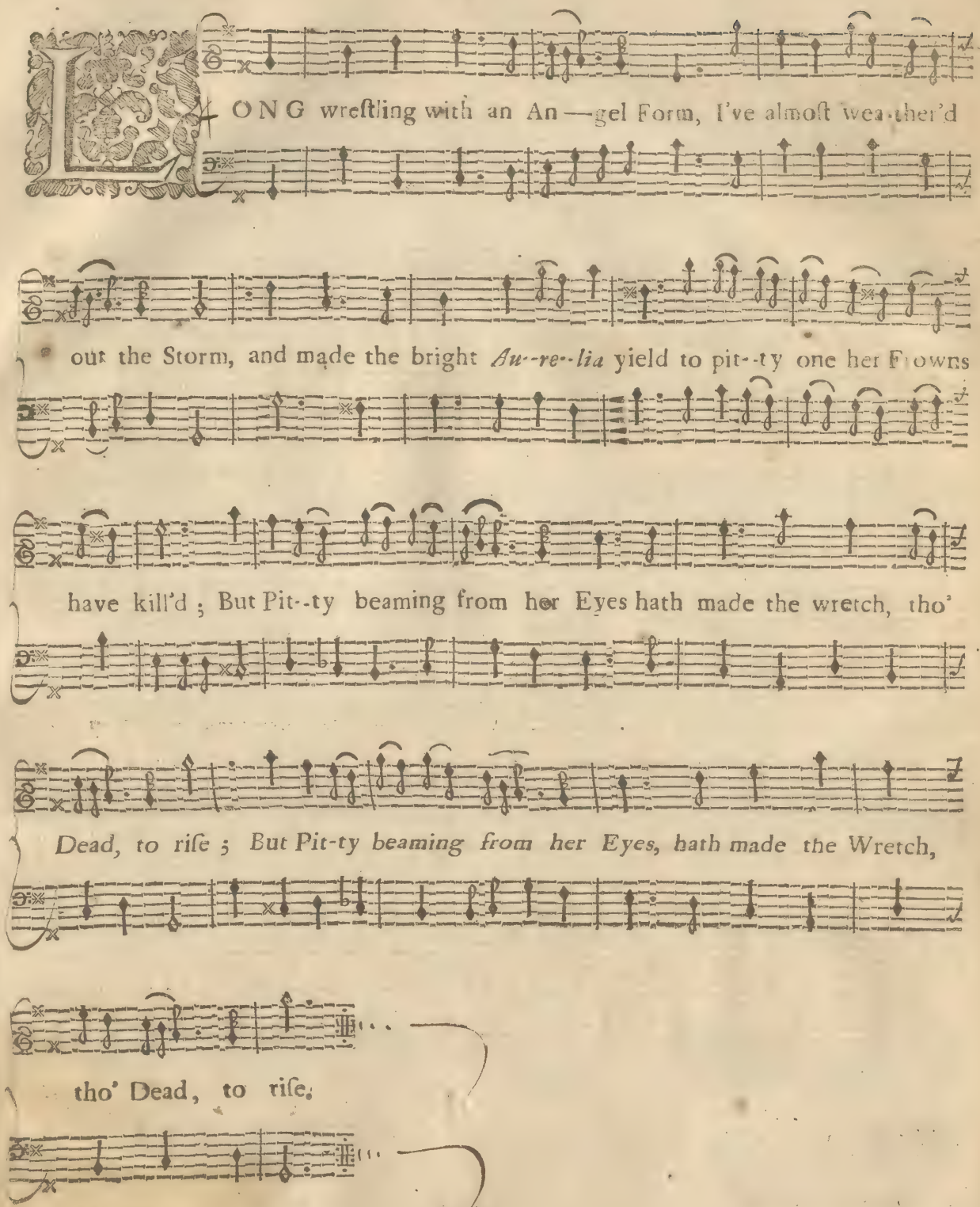
too, becauſe it needs muſt hinder me from ſeeing, from ſeeing, and from ſerving thee.

O So-li-tude! O! how *I* So — li-tude a--dore!

SONG.



Mr. *George Hart.*



II.

All her Words expreſs her kind,
And all her Actions ſpeak her mind,
Ten thouſand ways ſhe Love betrays,
And to her *Strephon* Heav'n diſplays.
Happy I dy'd, ſince from my Duſt
I riſe to th' Honour of the Juſt.
Happy I dy'd ſince Heav'n my Fate,
I riſe to ſo Divine a ſtate.

 Mr. R. Courteville.

Y

Ou're now for ever from *A---ſtre---a* gone, She the ſad burthen muſt ſup--port,

a----lone, of hope leſs *Love*, and muſt the Grief ſu-ſtain, of Ab-ſence; and what's har--der, your Diſdain.

My Heart's ſtill yours, nothing can e're re-move, ſo fix'd, ſo perfect, and ſo ſure a *Love*.

And when my Soul's fill'd with Seraphick Fire, the Object will be chang'd, not my Deſire. A *Love* like mine.

There's none could e-----ver boaſt, which now burns brighteſt when my hopes are loſt. A Love like mine

There's none could e-----ver boaſt, which now burns brighteſt when my hopes are loſt.

That to Devotion does di-rect, di- -rect my way, ſhews me a Dawn--ing of that Heav'n-ly Day;

For

For all muſt own who *CE-LADON* have ſeen, Angels are on--ly fit to Ri--val him. 'Tis Heav'n

a---lone can ſa--ti s- fie that Breaſt, that with his Charm--ing I--mage was poſſeſt. Who

E're de-priv'd of ſuch dear Hopes can live, with Eaſe may part with all the world, the world, can

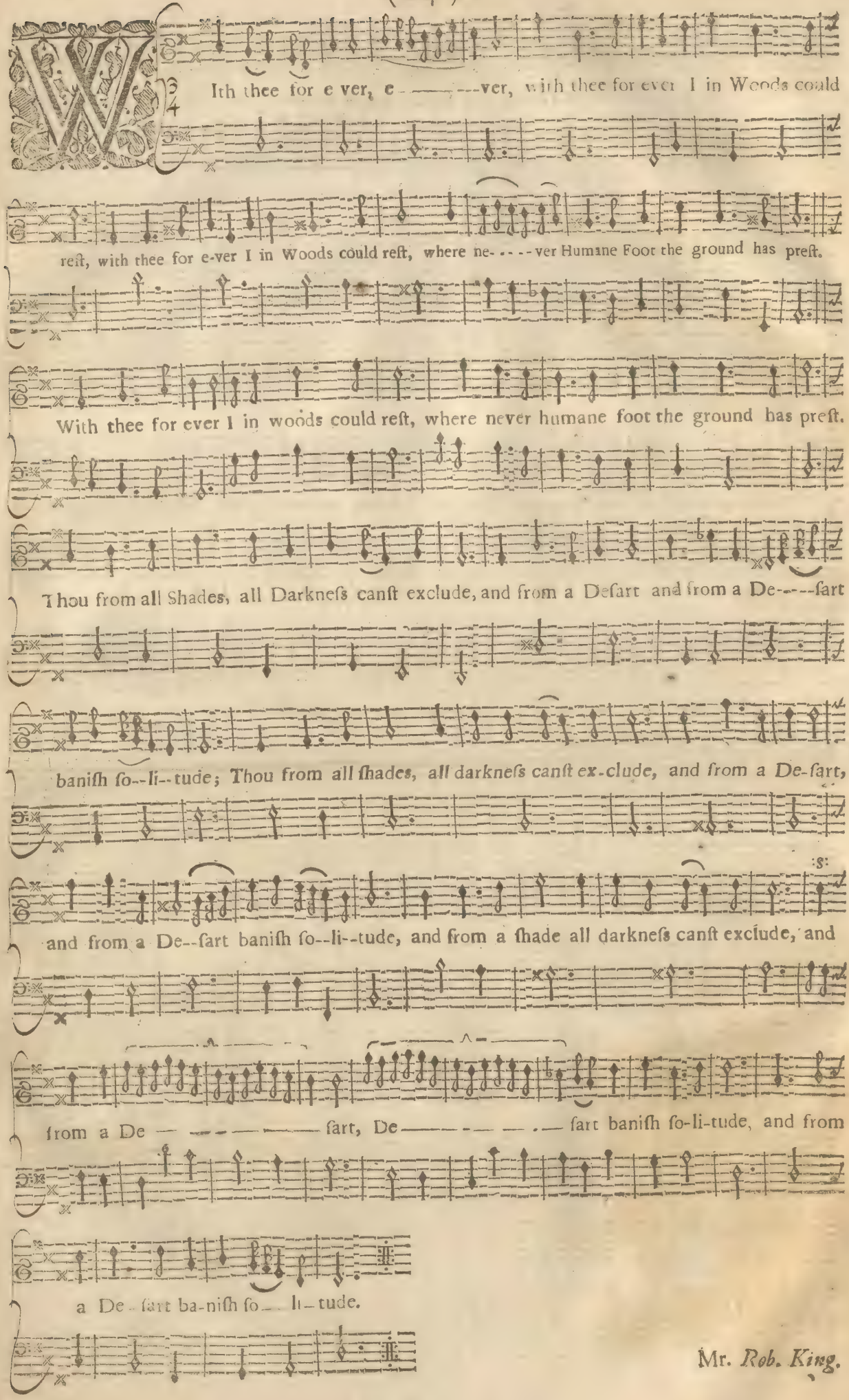
give, with eaſe, with eaſe, with eaſe may part with all the world can give.

Then let none wonder if *A--ſtre----a* flies the ſight of all, when baniſht from his

Eyes: When he's re - - - mov'd, ſhe thinks on Earth, there's naught de-ſerves the trou - - - - - - ble

of one mo - - - - ments thought.

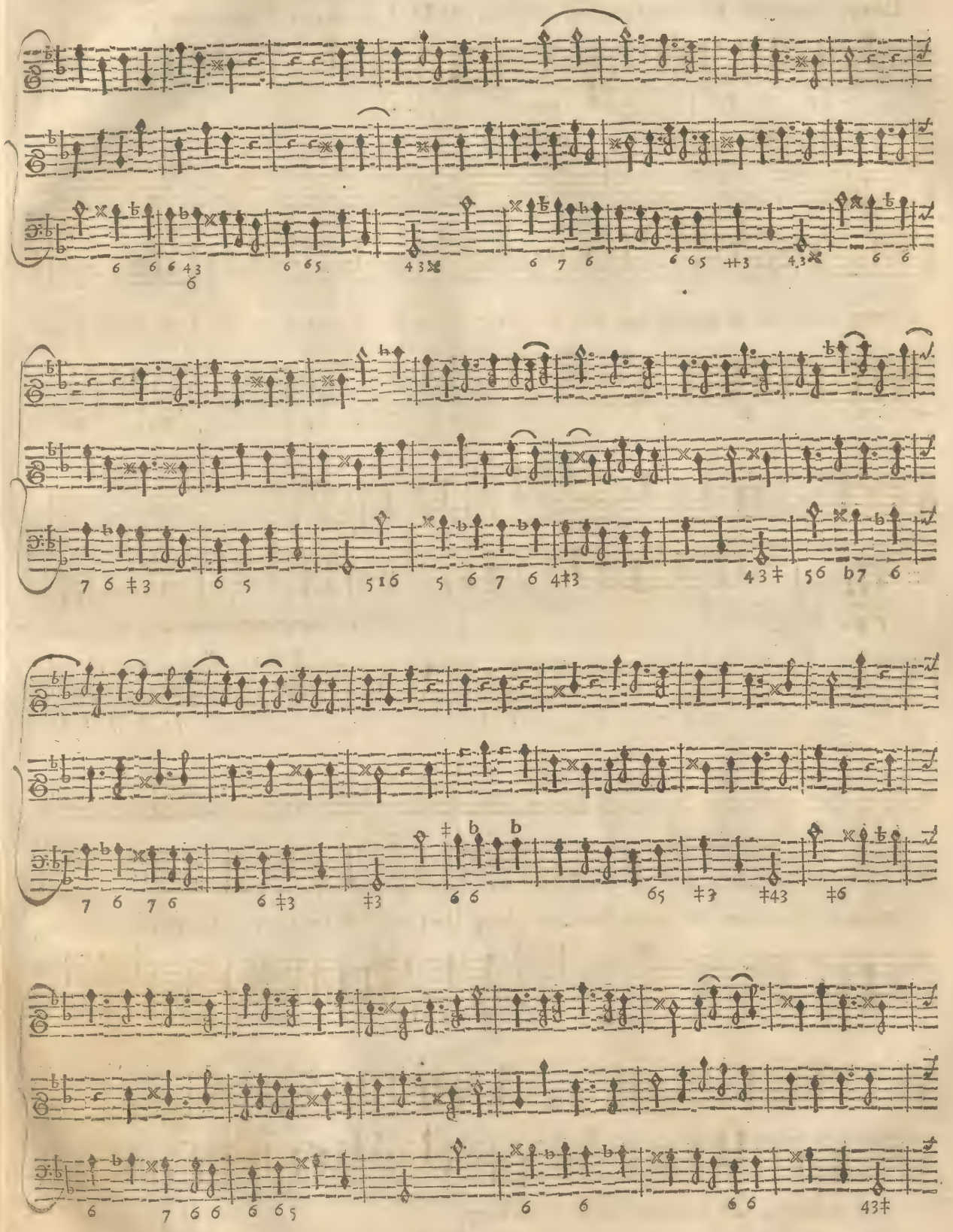
Mr. R. Courteville.


With thee for e ver, e ver, with thee for ever I in Woods could
rest, with thee for e-ver I in Woods could rest, where ne- - - - ver Humane Foot the ground has prest.
With thee for ever I in woods could rest, where never humane foot the ground has prest.
Thou from all Shades, all Darkness canst exclude, and from a Desart and from a De- - - - sart
banish so--li--tude; Thou from all shades, all darkness canst ex-clude, and from a De-sart,
and from a De--sart banish so--li--tude, and from a shade all darkness canst exclude, and
from a De sart, De sart banish so-li-tude, and from
a De sart ba-nish so li tude.

Mr. *Rob. King.*

The Symphony to the following SONG.

By Mr. *R. Courteville.*



SONG.

Creep, creep soft - ly, creep purling Streams, whilst I go sleep; Wander not you sil - ly

Sheep, but feed in peace, but feed in peace, but feed in peace, whilst I go sleep, whilst

I go sleep.

Winds and Waves a-long the

Deep, all be husht, Winds and Waves a-long the Deep, all be husht, be husht, all be husht,

all be husht, all be husht whilst I go sleep.

Creep, creep ſoft--ly, creep pur--ling ſtreams

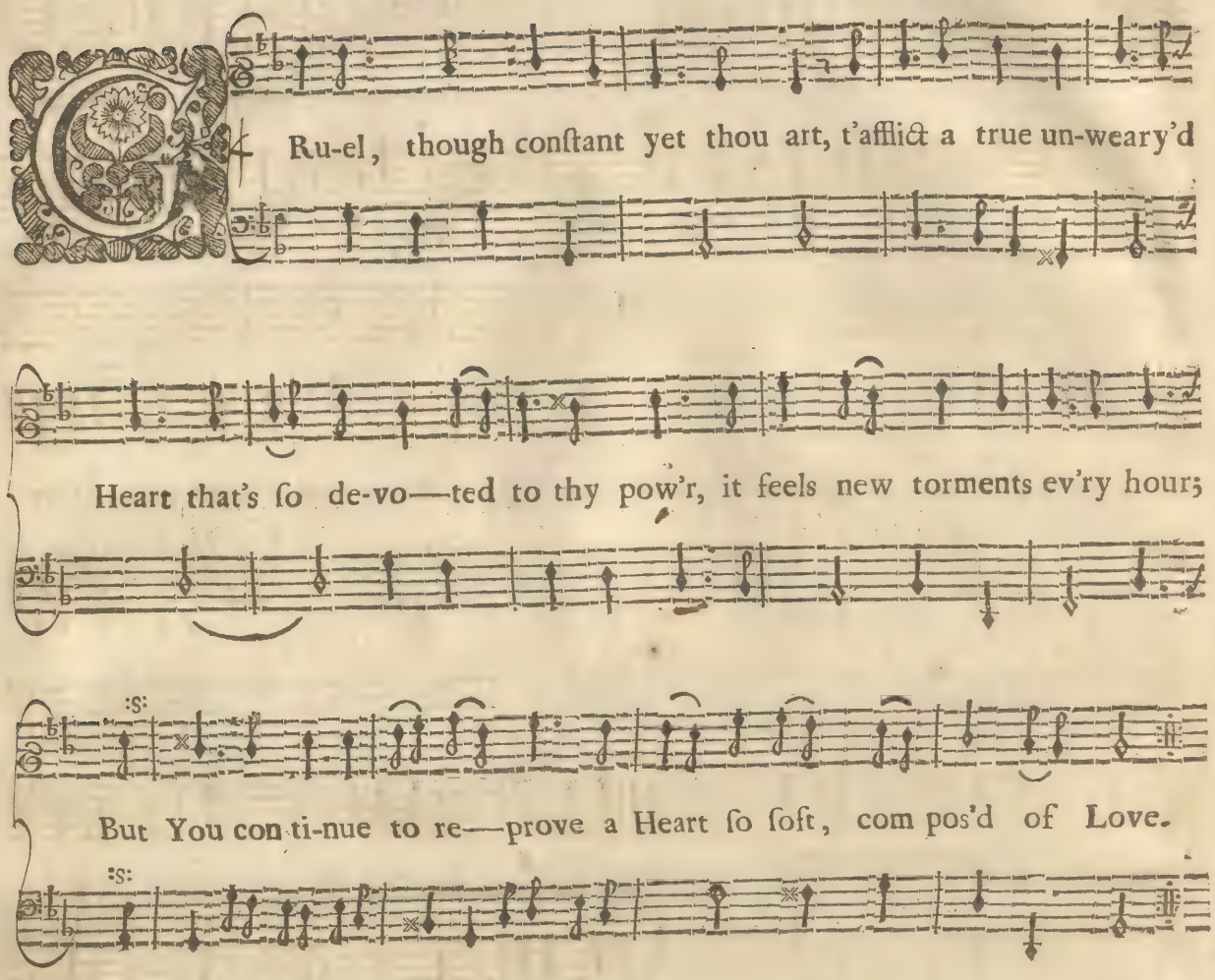
whilſt I go ſleep. Floods that flaſh from Rocks ſo ſteep; Gen-tly daſh, gent — tly

daſh, whilſt I go ſleep. Creep, creep ſoft--ly, creep pur--ling ſtreams, whilſt I go ſleep.

Creep, creep ſoft---ly, creep pur-ling ſtreams, whilſt I go ſleep.

Cruel

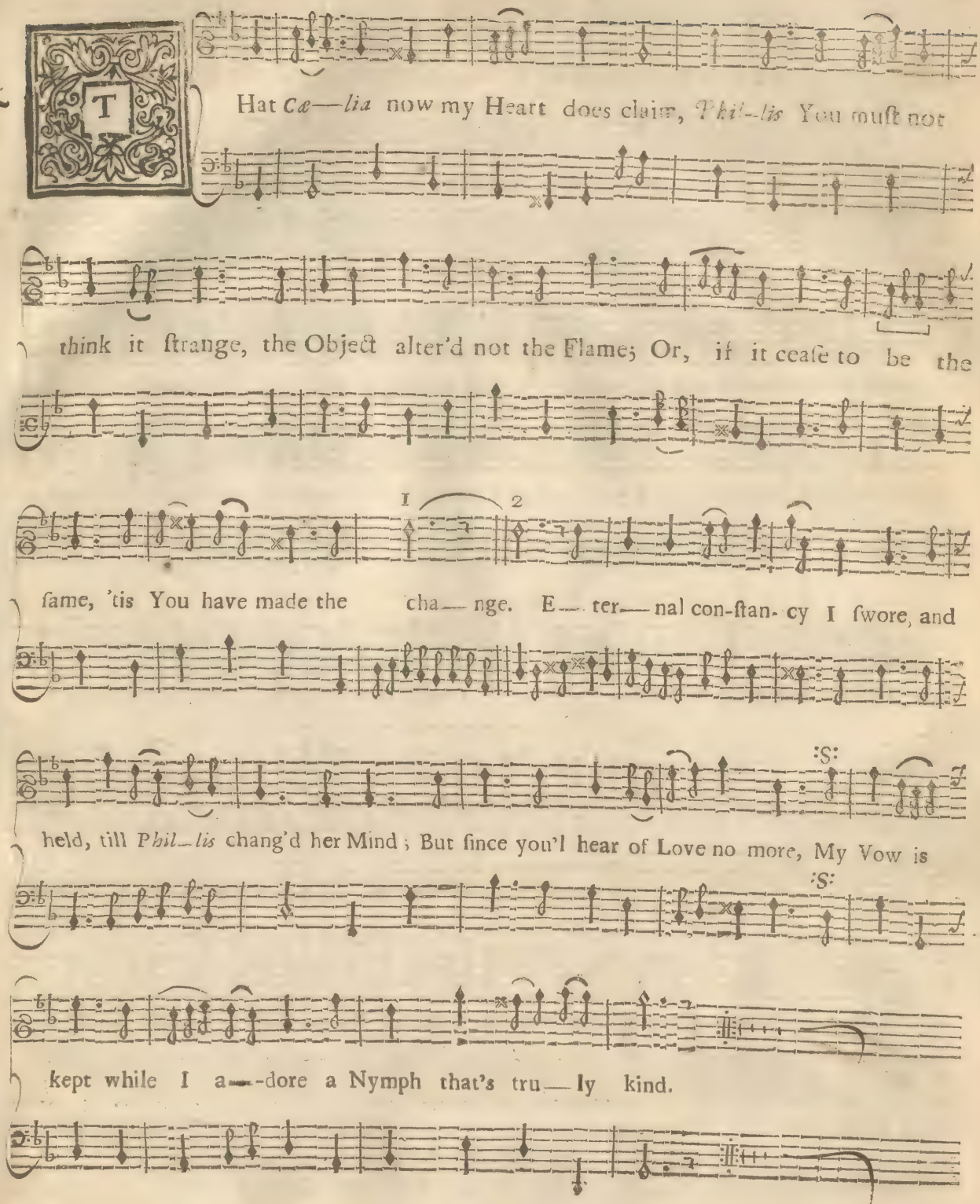
SONG.



II.

Though You forbid, it will Love on;
Tis poſitive, though 'tis undone.
Where conquering Love does Regent ſit,
It will no Negative admit:
Then Heart purſue the Fatal prize,
Reſolv'd to be Loves Sacrifiſe.

Mr. *Charles Green.*



II.

Plac'd high the Element of Love,
My Heart wou'd always point one way,
As Weather-cocks wou'd conſtant prove.
But when the Veering Winds remove,
The Engines muſt obey.
My Heart tho' ſeveral Beauties gain,
The Fort is ſtill Loves conſtant ſeat,
As Rocks are conſtant to the Main,
And their old Stations do retain,
When fickle Waves retreat.

Mr. *Sam. Akenſyde.*

FILL, Fill, Fill the Bowl with Ro_ſy Wine; Fill, fill the Bowl with Ro_ſy

FILL, fill the Bowl with Ro--ſy Wine; Fill, fill the Bowl with Ro---ſy Wine, the

Wine, with Ro-ſy Wine, a--rou ——— nd our Temples, a--ro ——— und our Temples

Bowl with Ro-ſy Wine; a---ro ——— und our Temples

Ro_-ſes twine, and let us cheer ——— ful--ly a while, and let us cheer-ful_ly a

Ro_ſes twine; and let us cheer ——— ful--ly a

while, like the Wine and Ro-ſes ſmile, like the Wine and Ro_ſes ſmile. Crown'd with Ro--ſes

wh e like the crown'd with Ro-ſes

we contemn *Gy_ges* wealthy Di-a-dem crown'd; To day is ours, to day is ours, what do

we contemn *Gy---ges* wealthy Di a-dem. To day is ours, is ours; what do

we

we fear; what do we fear to day is ours; what, what, what do we fear, to day is ours,

we fear, to day is ours; what do we fear, what, what do we fear, to day is

is ours; we have it here, let's Treat it, treat it kind---ly, that it may wiſh at leaſt,

ours, is ours; we have it here, let's Treat it, treat it kindly, that it may wish at leaſt,

with us to ſtay; Let's Treat it kind----ly, that it may wiſh, at leaſt, with us to

with us to ſtay; Let's Treat it kind----ly, that it may wiſh, at leaſt, with Us to

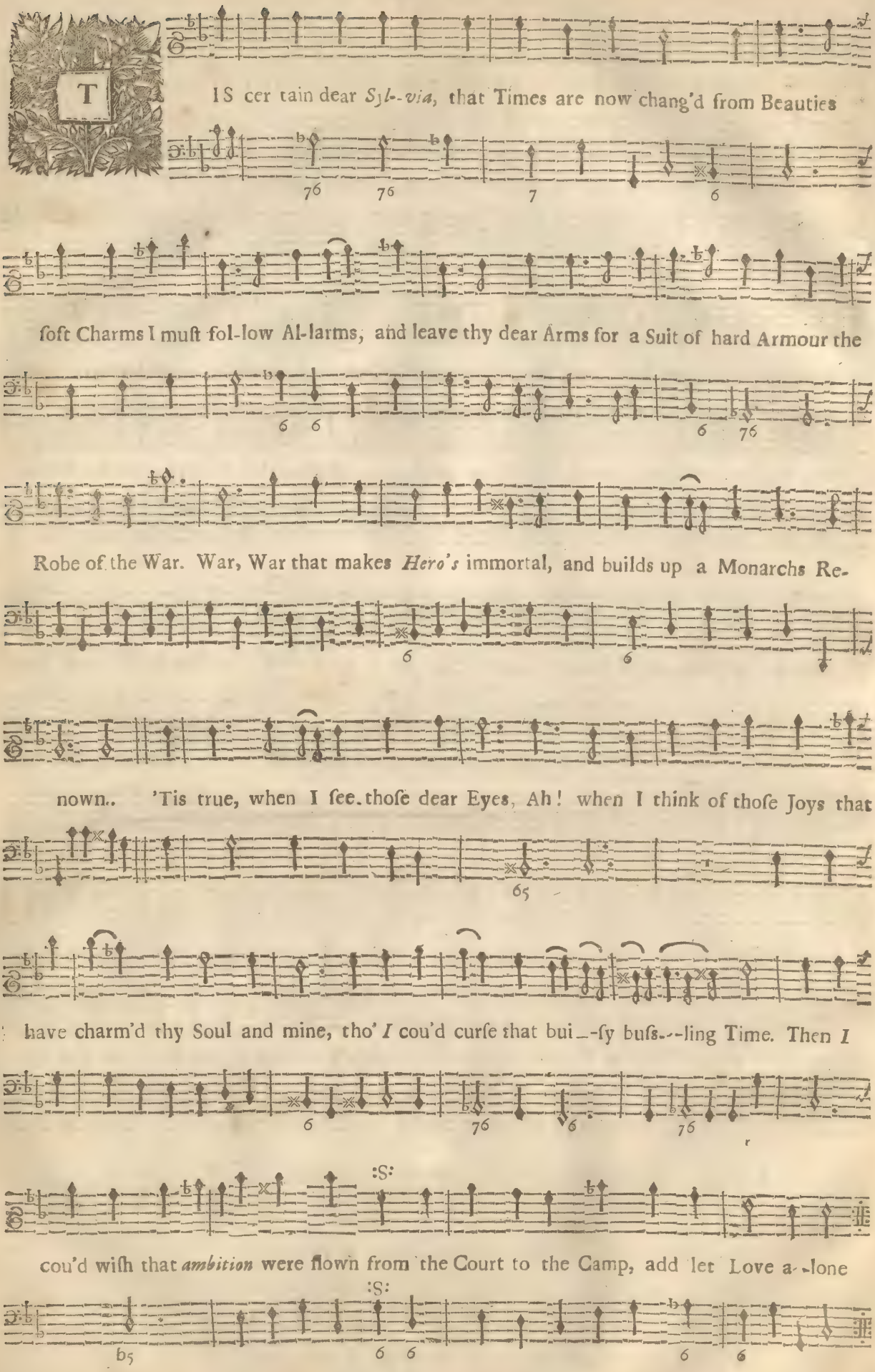
ſtay. Let's ba-niſh Buſineſs, ba-niſh ſor-row, to the Gods be-long to mor-row. Lets ba-niſh

ſtay. Let's ba-niſh Buſineſs, ba-niſh ſor-row, to the Gods be-long to mor-row. Let's ba-niſh

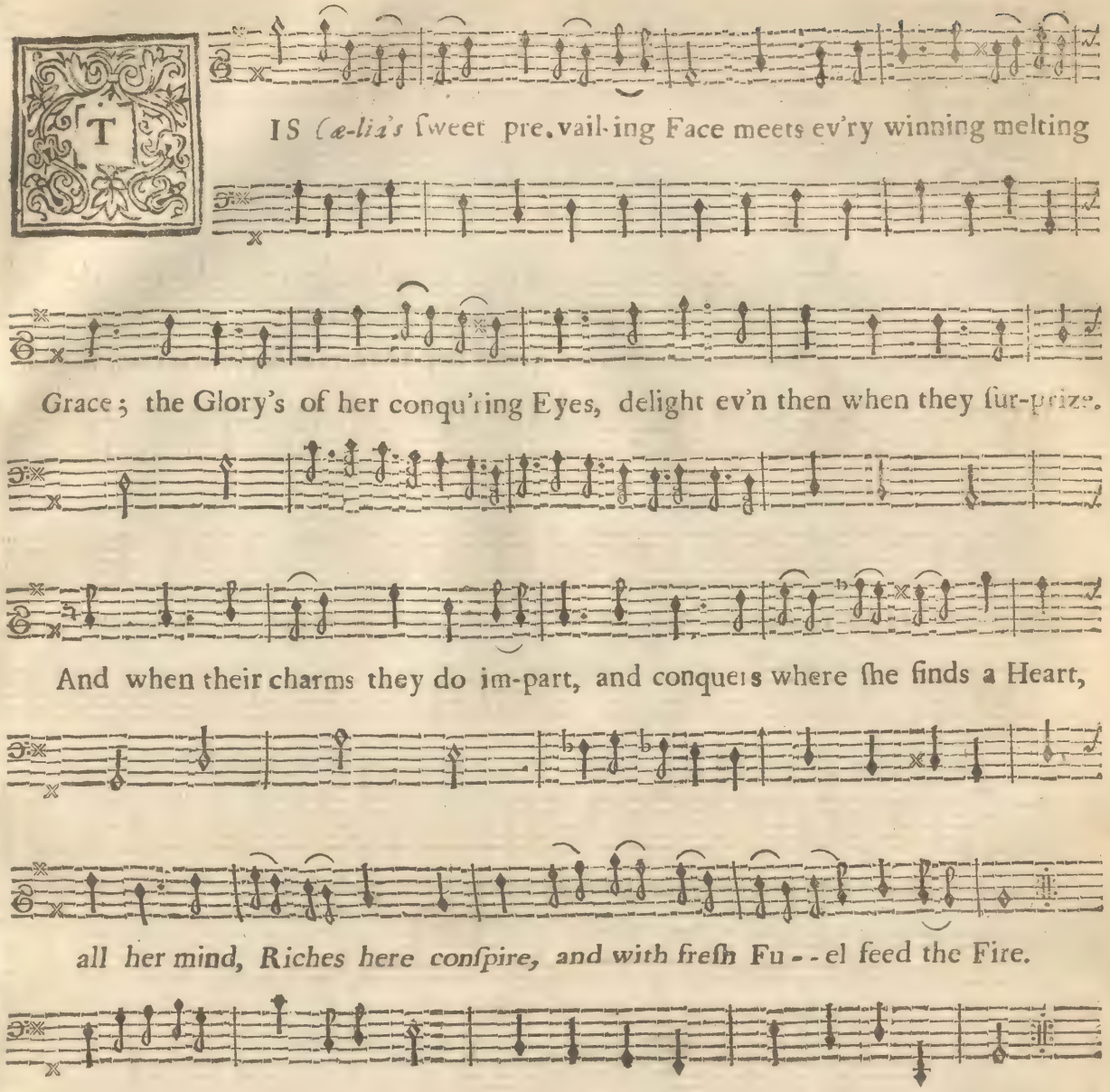
Buſineſs, ba---niſh ſor-row, to the Gods be--long to mor-row.

Buſineſs, ba---niſh ſor-row, to the Gods be--long to mor--row.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



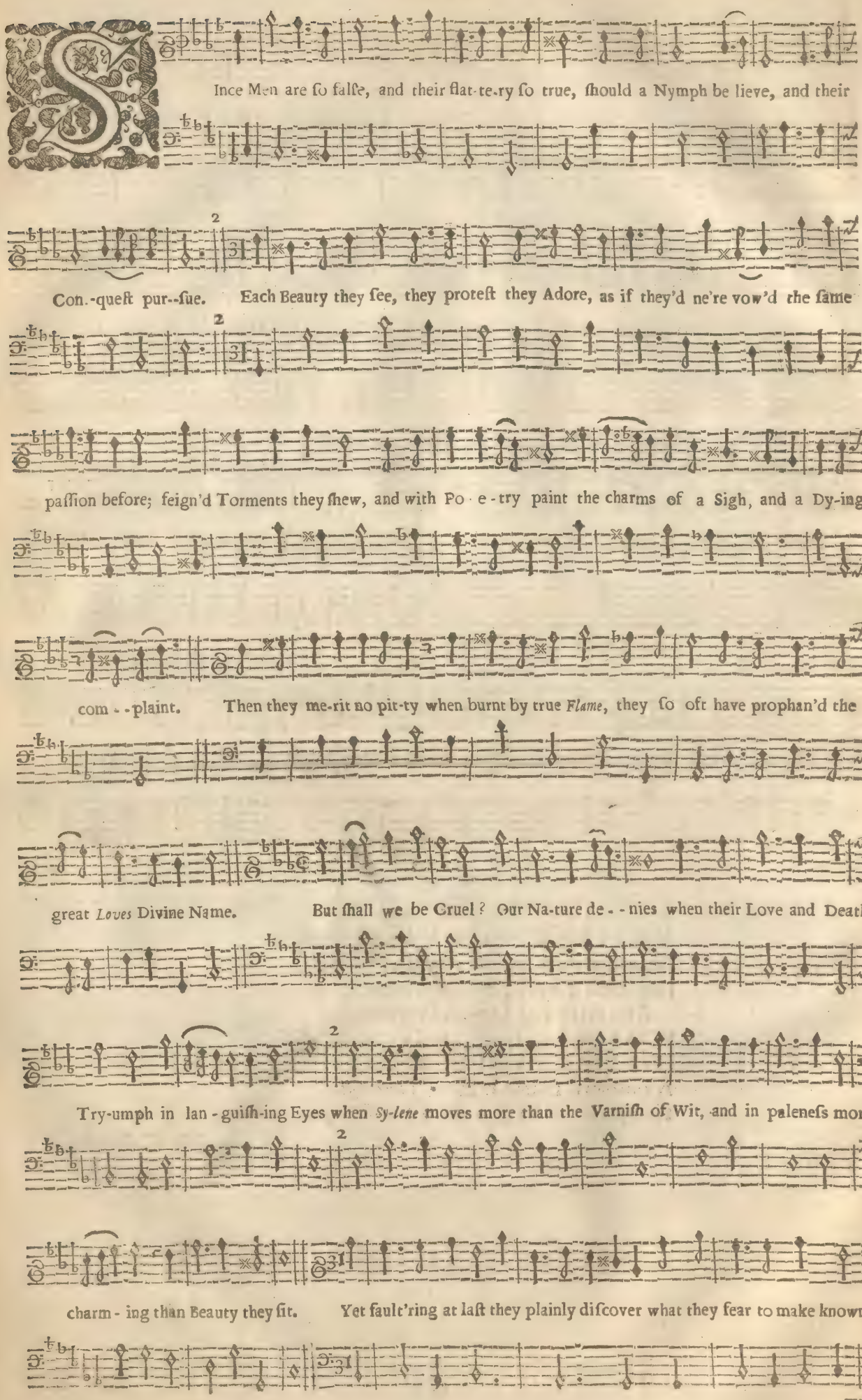
Mr. *Sam. Akroyde.*



II.

Nor are her Charms ſo low and mean,
No more than in her Features ſeen:
Her kind Expreſſions ſtill agrees,
And with her Graces ſympathy's.
Who hears her ſpeak, and's not amaz'd?
How ſtrangely are the Senſes ſeiz'd?
A pleaſant humour She'l mantain,
Her powerful Wit ſecures her Reign.

Mr. C. Green.


Since Men are so false, and their flat-te-ry so true, should a Nymph be lieve, and their
Con.-quest pur--sue. Each Beauty they see, they protest they Adore, as if they'd ne're vow'd the same
passion before; feign'd Torments they shew, and with Po-e-try paint the charms of a Sigh, and a Dy-ing
com--plaint. Then they me-rit no pit-ty when burnt by true *Flame*, they so oft have prophan'd the
great *Loves* Divine Name. But shall we be Cruel? Our Na-ture de--nies when their Love and Death
Try-umph in lan-guish-ing Eyes when *Sy-lene* moves more than the Varnish of Wit, and in paleness more
charm-ing than Beauty they sit. Yet fault'ring at last they plainly discover what they fear to make known.

The

the Name of a Lover. When fix'd on our Eys they in Agonies wait the Consent of their Bliss, or Decree of

their *Fate*. But how can we believe what's us'd to deceive? what Credit to bro - ken Vows can we give?

Our Beauty we fondly Re--sign. In vain 'tis we hope to con - fine their Spi-rits; They're boundless, and

free, nor to be rul'd by Loves Di - vi - ni - ty, Nor to be rul'd by Loves Di -- vi -- ni -- ty.

Sharp 3d.

Then our selves we'll Em-brace, we'll Court our own Face, and on our own Temples new Chaplets we'll place.

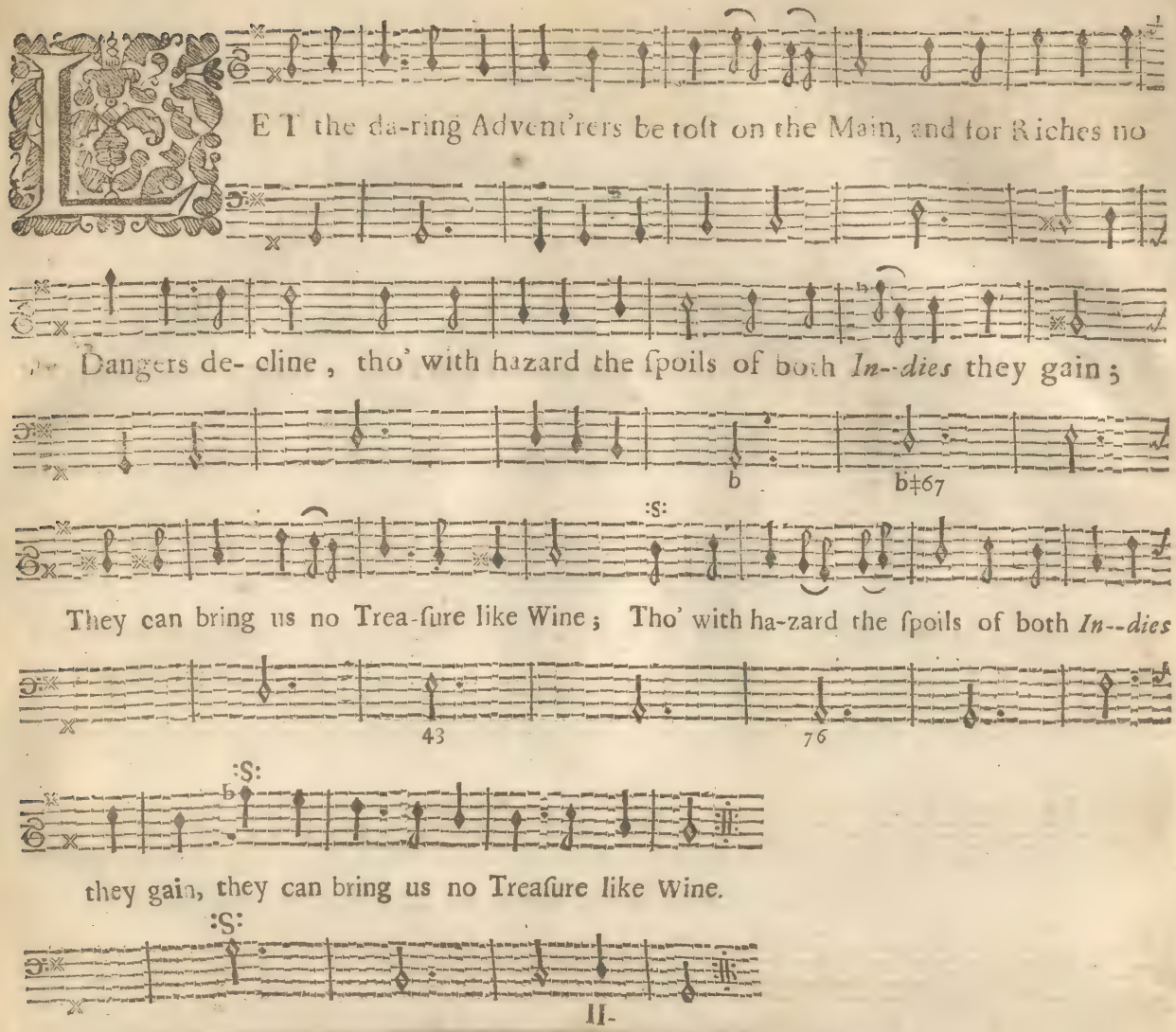
:S:

A Pride in their Ruine we'll take, and scorn the Addresses They make. Our Beauty shall sit Try-umph-ing

:S:

a-bove the reach of their Flat'ry, and the pow'r of their Love.

Mr. *James Hart*



II.

Let the Gaudy young Fop, who ſpends moſt of his time
At his Glaſs, the Court, Play-Houſe, and Park;
Write Sonnets to *Chlores*, and ſweat for each Rhime,
To be thought a Poetical Spark.
Let the Lover look wan, ſigh, and mourn for his Dear,
The bold Bully look pale with his Claps;
We who drink, ſpend our nights without any ſuch care,
And ne're die of ſuch fooliſh Miſ-haps.

III.

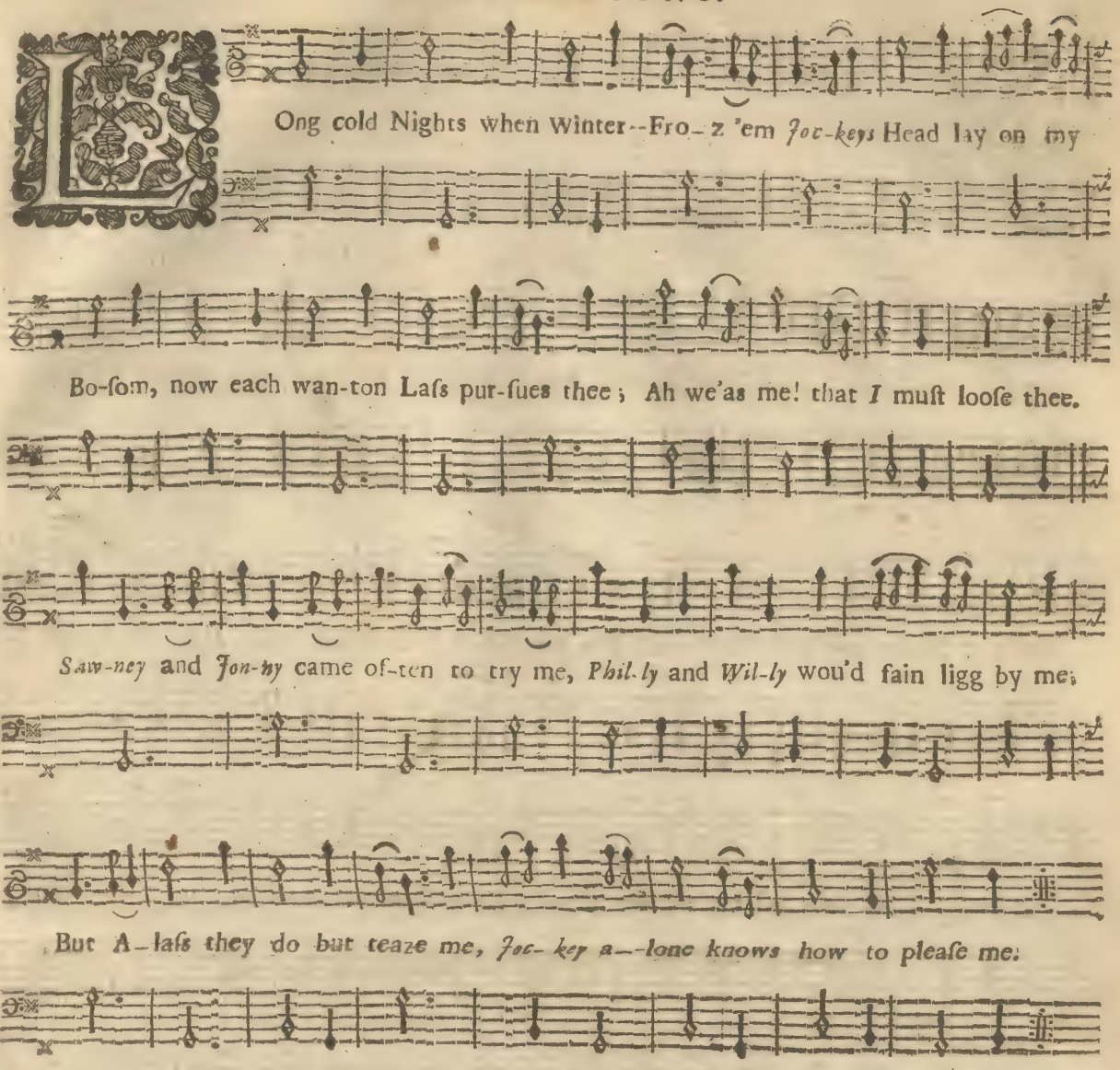
The Juice of the Grape can a Beggar enrich,
And ſupply greater want in a KING;
'Twill ſooth all the cares of a comfortleſs wretch,
And make Men in Dungeons, to ſing.
There's none can groan under a burthenſom life,
If this Sovereign Cordial he gains:
'Twill make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife;
And of Rage, and Diſeaſes in Chains.

IV.

It ſwells all our Veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts Love and great thoughts in our Mind;
There's no Peaſant ſo rank, but it fills with good Blood;
And to Galantry makes him inclin'd.
There's nothing our Hearts with ſuch joy can bewitch
On Earth, 'tis a Pow'r that's Divine,
Without it we're wretched, though never ſo rich;
And no Man is poor that has Wine.

Mr. *Tho. Shadwell*

A New *Scotch* SONG.



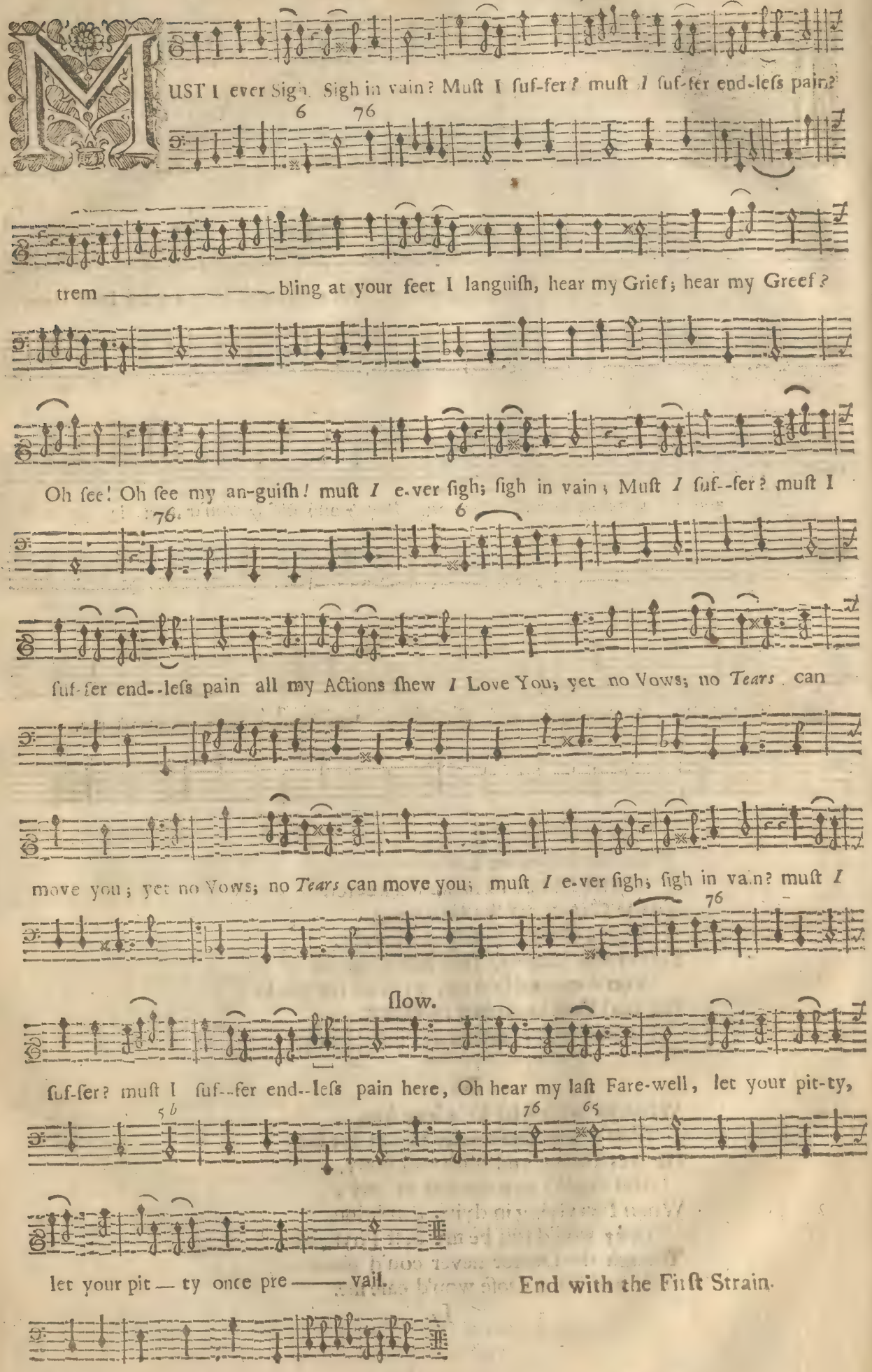
II.

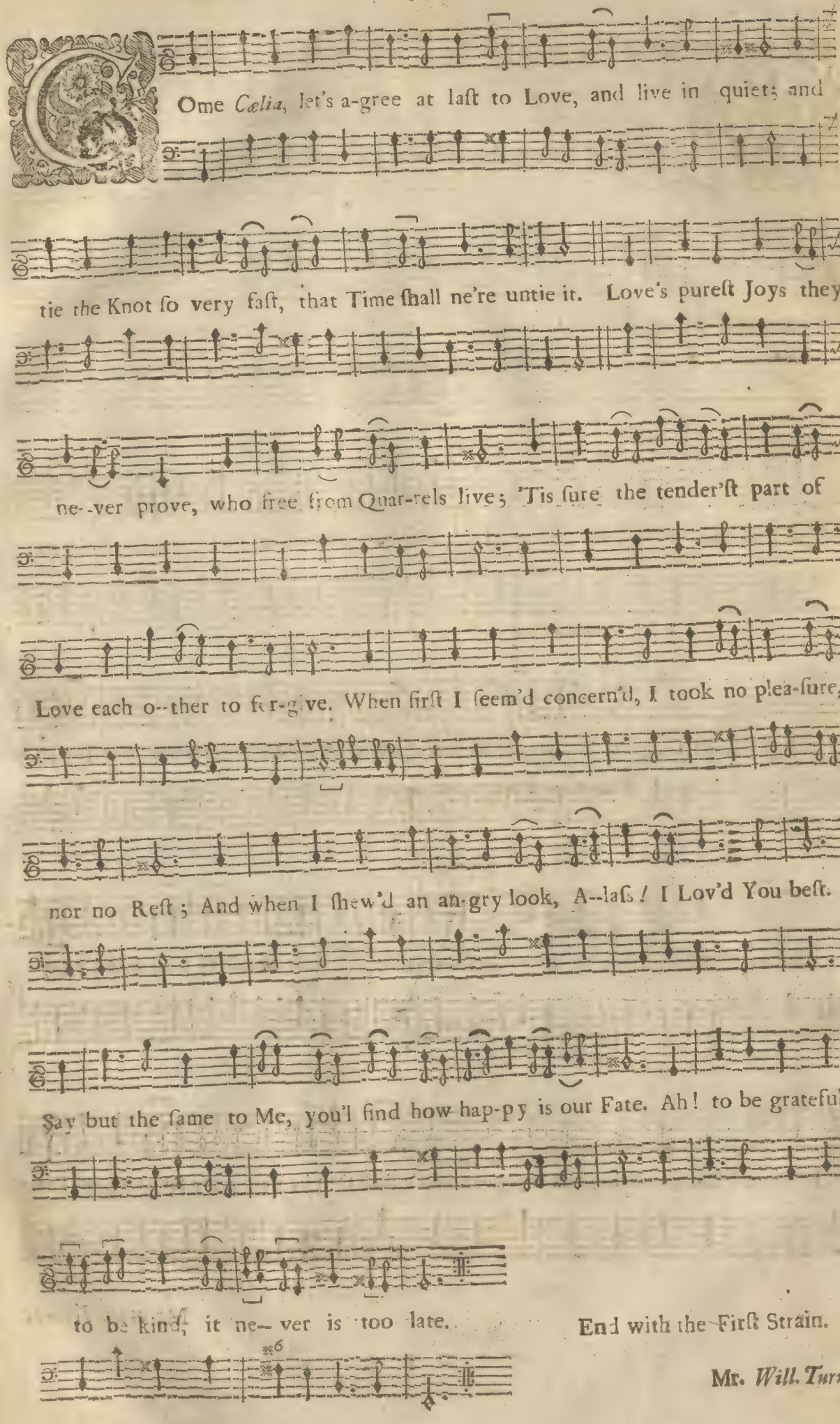
When he writes his Love in Meeter,
  When he Sings to make it ſweeter.
To the Clouds my Soul is driven,
  Then I think my ſelf in Heaven.
Fether and Mather, that know miclke of it,
  Woo'd me and ſu'd me, to Wed for Profit;
But had Fate been bad or lucky,
  I wou'd ner're forſake my poor *Jocky*.

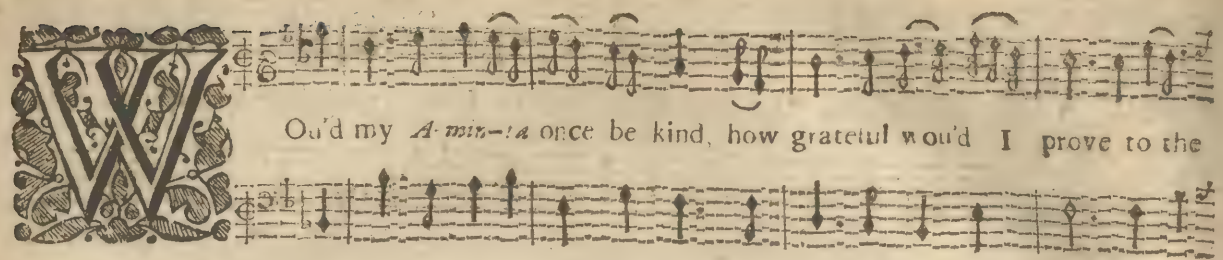
III.

What ye weel why Iſe adore him,
  Wou'd you know why Iſe die for him.
He was Young, and Blith and Bony,
  And could Love me beſt of any;
When I was lying in dying condition,
  Jocky wou'd ſtill be my beſt Phyſician:
Though the Doctor never cou'd pleaſe me,
  He had ſtill a Doſe wou'd eaſe me.

The last New SONG of Mr. *Sam. Akeroyde's* Setting.

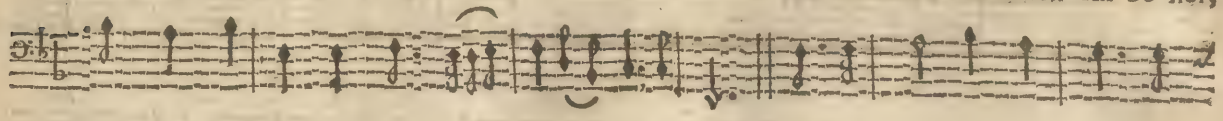



Come Cælia, let's a-gree at laſt to Love, and live in quiet; and
tie the Knot ſo very faſt, that Time ſhall ne're untie it. Love's pureſt Joys they
ne--ver prove, who free from Quar-rels live; 'Tis ſure the tender'ſt part of
Love each o--ther to for-give. When firſt I ſeem'd concern'd, I took no plea-ſure,
nor no Reſt; And when I ſhew'd an an-gry look, A--laſs! I Lov'd You beſt.
Say but the ſame to Me, you'l find how hap-py is our Fate. Ah! to be grateful,
to be kind, it ne--ver is too late.
End with the First Strain.
Mr. Will. Turner.

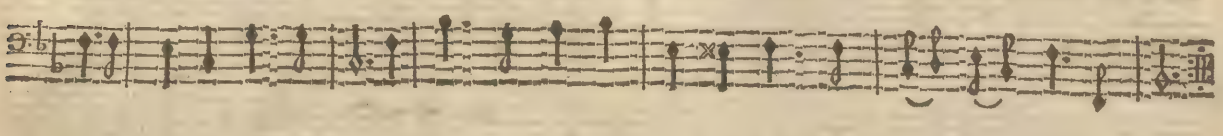


Ou'd my *A-min-ta* once be kind, how grateful wou'd I prove to the

great good-nefs of her mind, how Juft unto her Love! But fhe owns too much Un-be-lief,



and al-ways gra-ti-fies a faw-cy, bold, af--pi--ring Theef, and who de-ferves, de-nies.



Thou fa-cred God that Go-vern'ft Hearts, draw forth thy Fa — tal Bowe, and Tip with

Pafs'nate Love thy Darts to ftrike the fu-rer blow; If my *A-min-ta* thou doft hit thy

Judgement I'le pro-claim, and thy great Pow'r fhall then be writ in the Re--cords of Fame

Mr. *Will. Turner.*

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OR THE

Companion of LOVE.

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Printed by *Tho. Moore* for *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, and *Sam Scott* at his Shop in *Bell-Yard* near *Temple-Barr*. 1688.

D63/2
Trno 159

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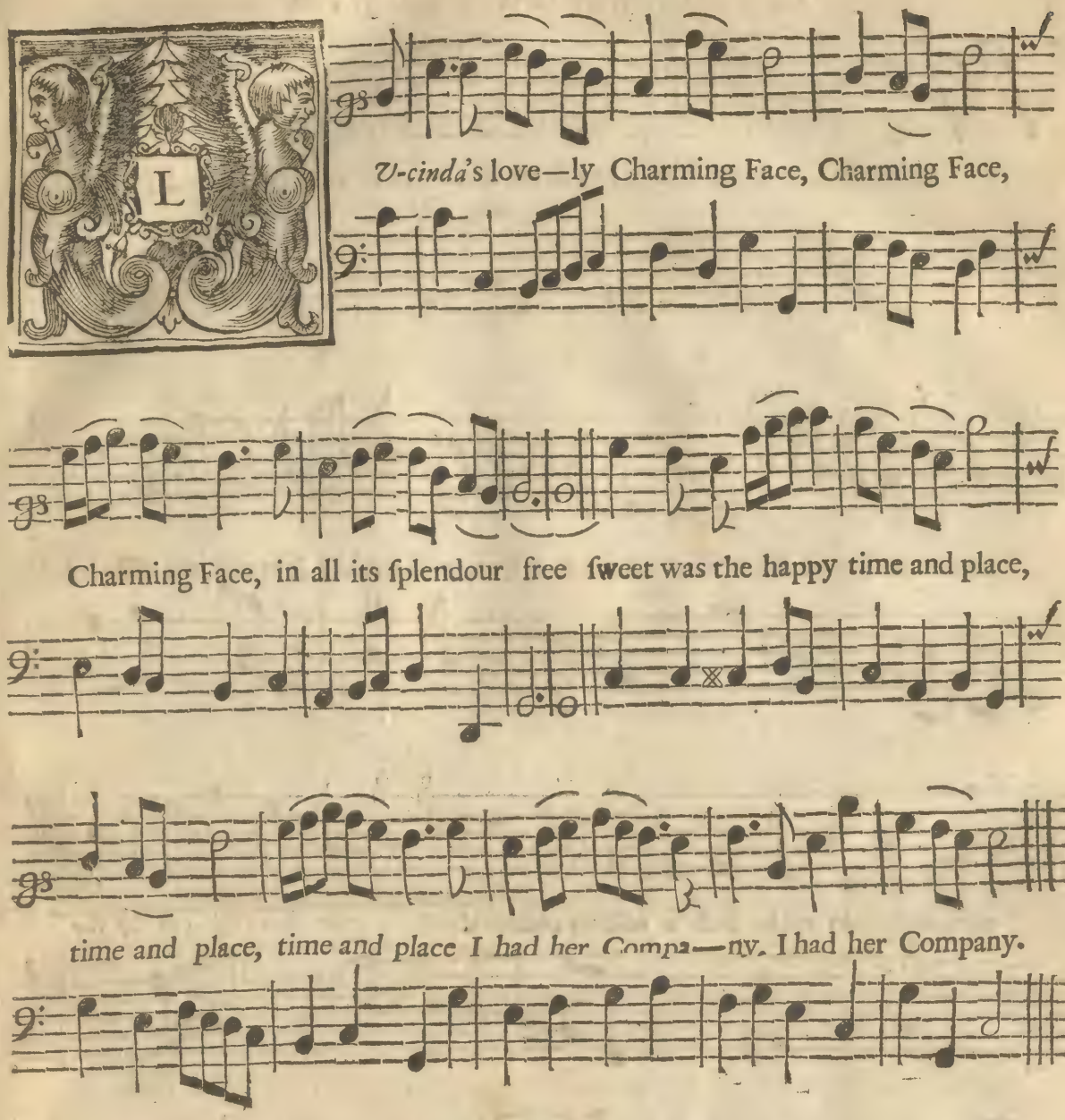
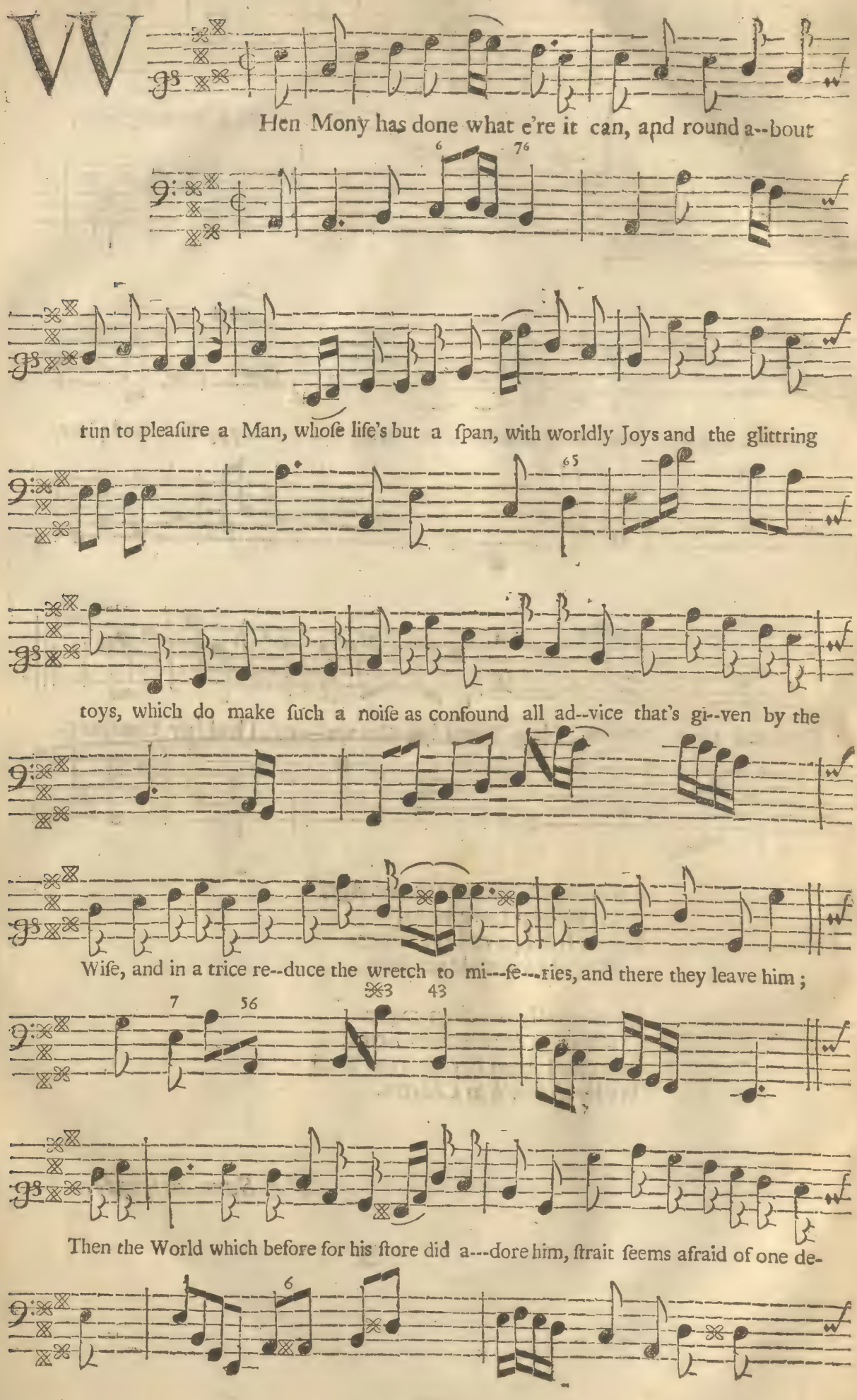


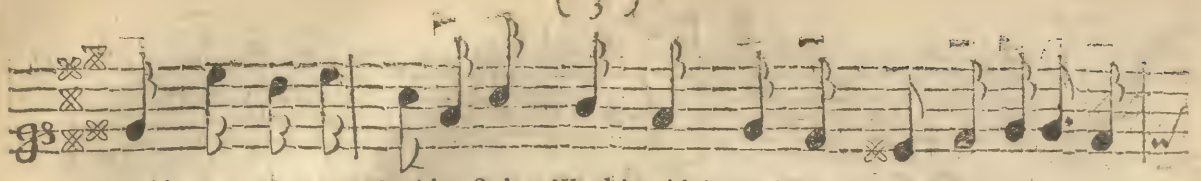
I wiſh each Minute was an Age,
So bleſt in Love was I,
I preſt her lips and did ingage
What Love could not deny.

Both equally we ſoon expreſt,
Claſpt in each others Arms,
My Head upon her Snowy Breſt
We lay deſolv'd in Charms.

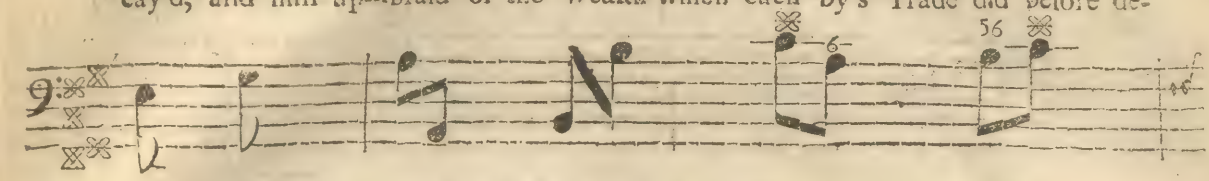
Mr. *Sam. Ackroyde.*

The Words by Mr. *Weeden* to Mr. *Reddings* Tune.

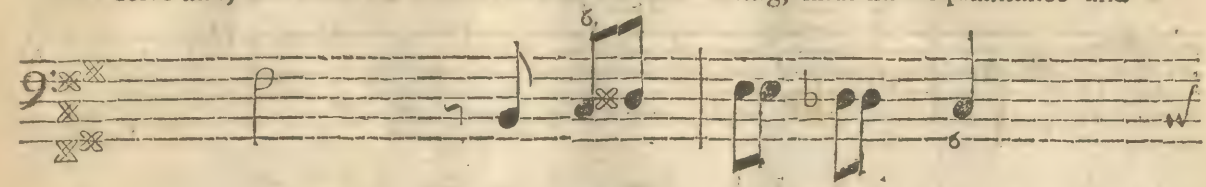




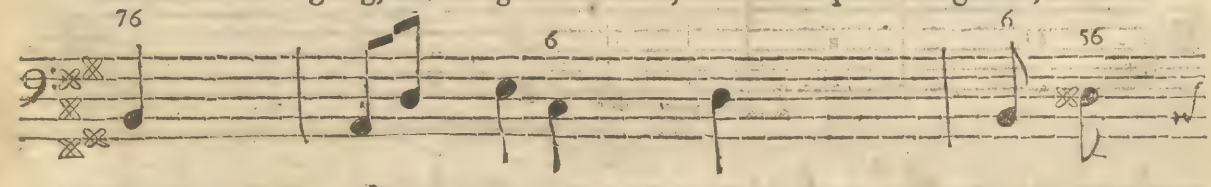
cay'd, and him up---braid of the Wealth which each by's Trade did before de-



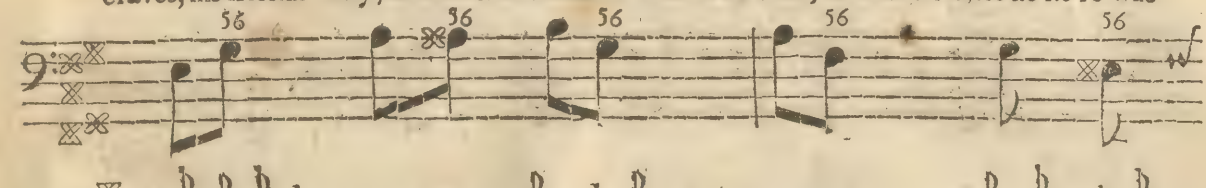
ceive him, but when the Mortal ſees his own un---doing, finds his acquaintance and



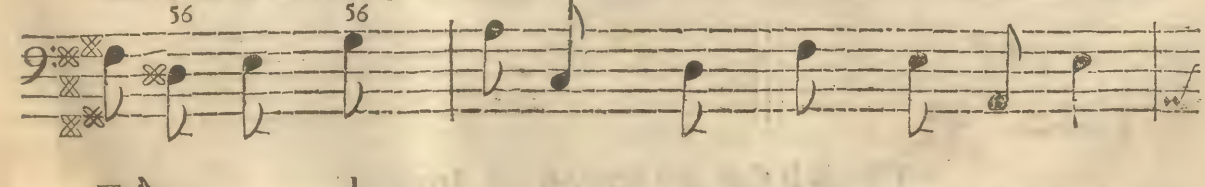
friends are all a going, then he ſighs and moans, and then he pines and groans, at laſt he



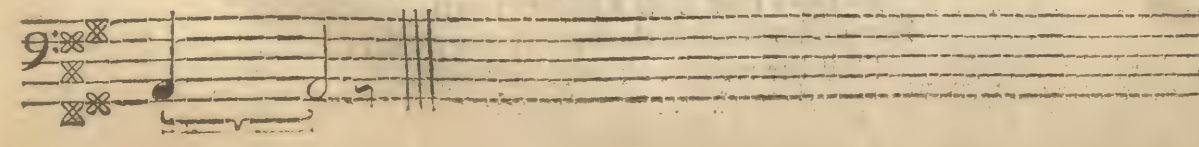
craves, his friends deny, at which he raves & ſwares he'l die, & thus he cries he ne're was

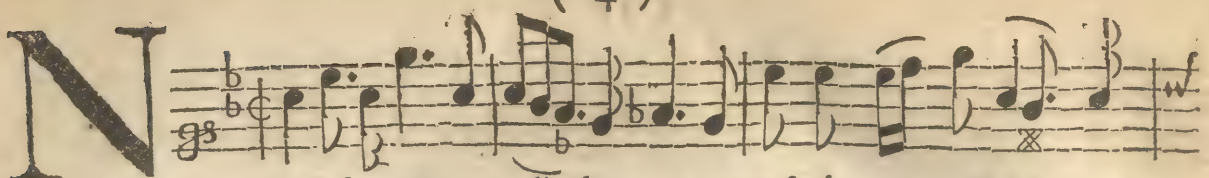


wiſe until in mi---ſe---ry he dies, and thus the wretched ſpendthrift lies, fare him well for

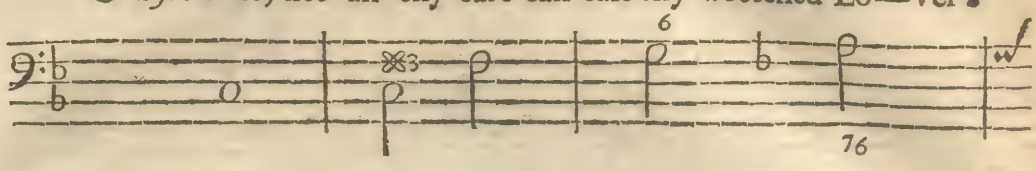


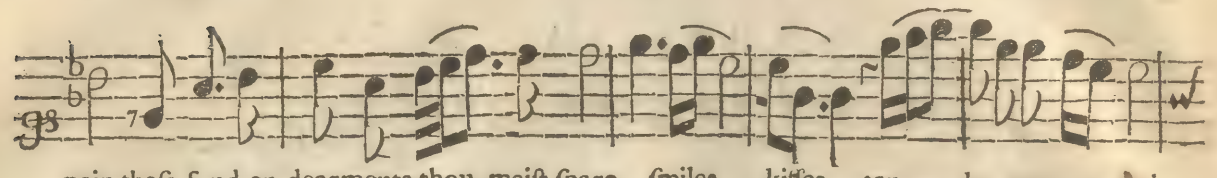
e---ver more, A--men.



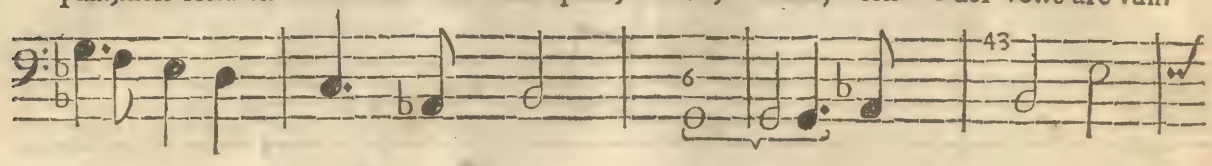


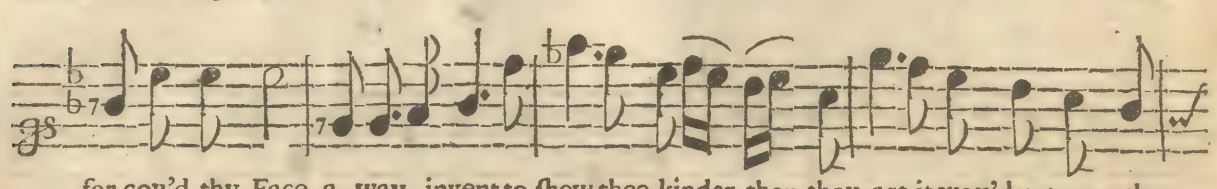
NO *Sylvia* no, not all thy care can eaſe thy wretched Lo—ver's



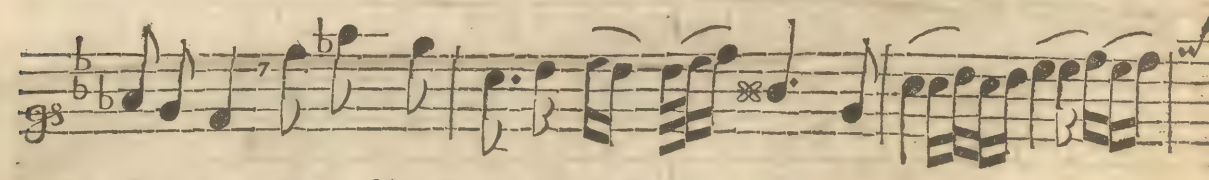


pain, theſe fond en-dearments thou maiſt ſpare, ſmiles, kiſſes, ten-----der vows are vain

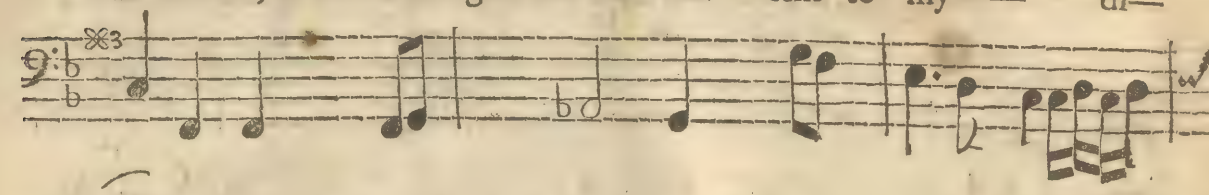


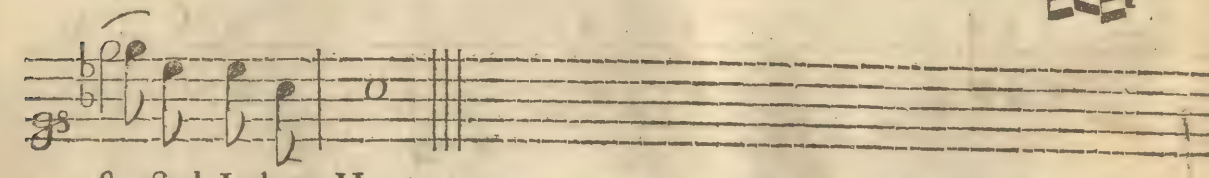


for cou'd thy Face a way invent to ſhew thee kinder then thou art it wou'd not give the

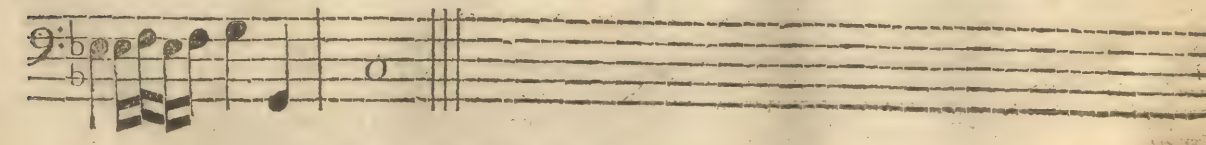


leaſt content, it wou'd not give the leaſt con---tent to my—— di—



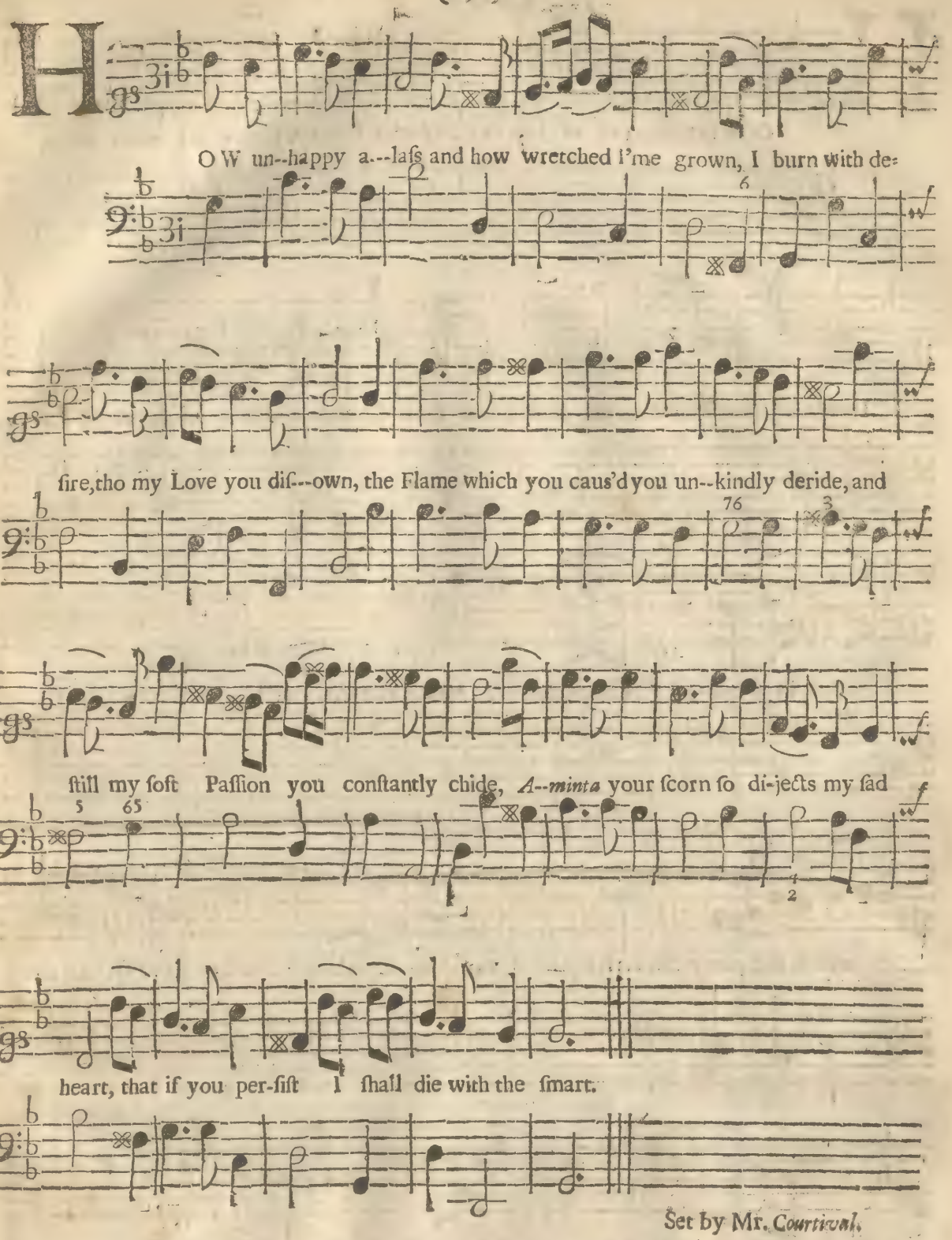


ſtracted Jealous Heart. Mr. *Peter Iſack.*



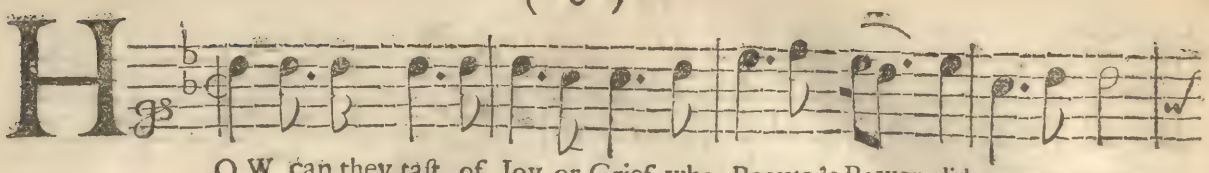
Why is it that thy Snow-white Arms
So eagerly claſps me to thy Breaſt,
When all thy Beauties, all thy Charms,
By *Damon* are each Night poſſeſt.

Then ſtrive no more my grief to eaſe,
In Love I'me ſuch a Miſer grown,
Not all the Wealth thou giv'ſt con pleaſe,
'Till the rich ſtock be all my own.

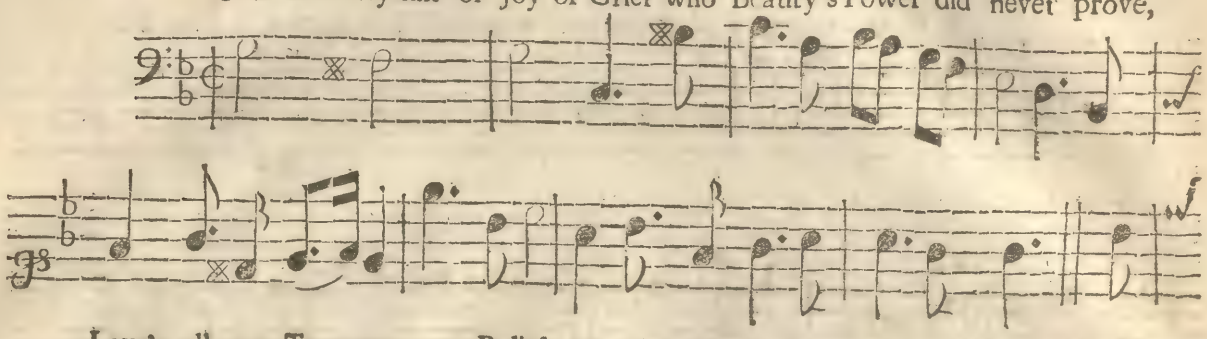


Set by Mr. *Courtival.*

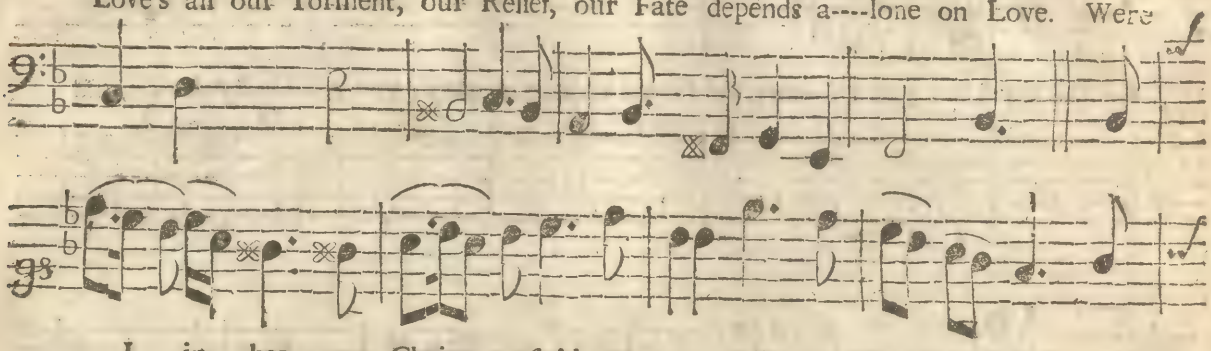
VVhen alone I lament and sigh out my anguish,
Deluded with hopes you still let me languish,
Your Eyes are so bright and so feed the fierce fire,
VVith Love still I burn and consume with desire,
I sigh, much oppreſt, to give ease to my pain,
But the Flame in my Breſt does still burn and remain.



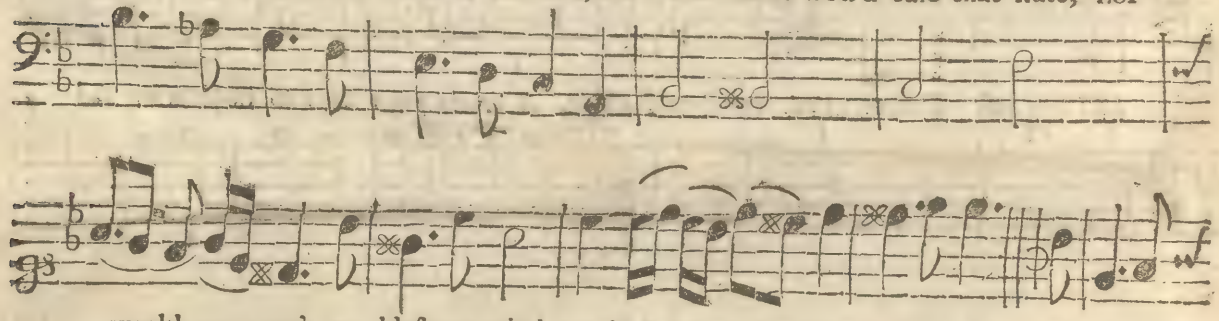
HOW can they taſt of Joy or Grief who Beauty's Power did never prove,



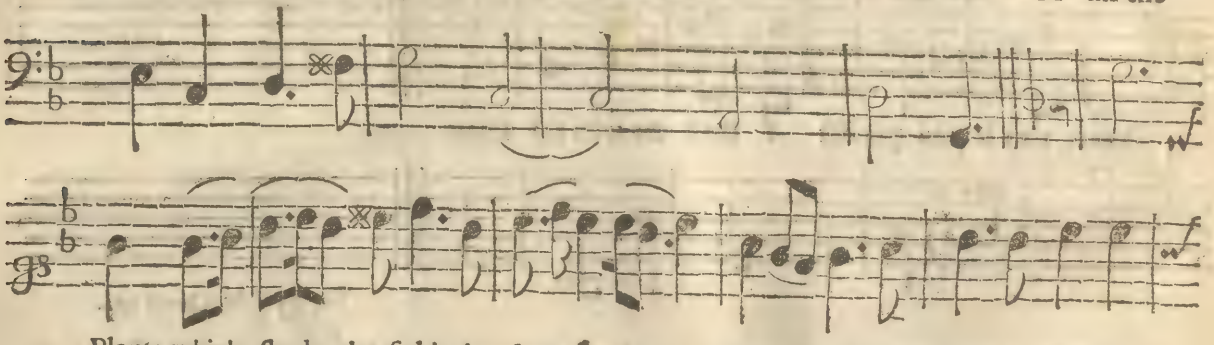
Love's all our Torment, our Relief, our Fate depends a----lone on Love. Were



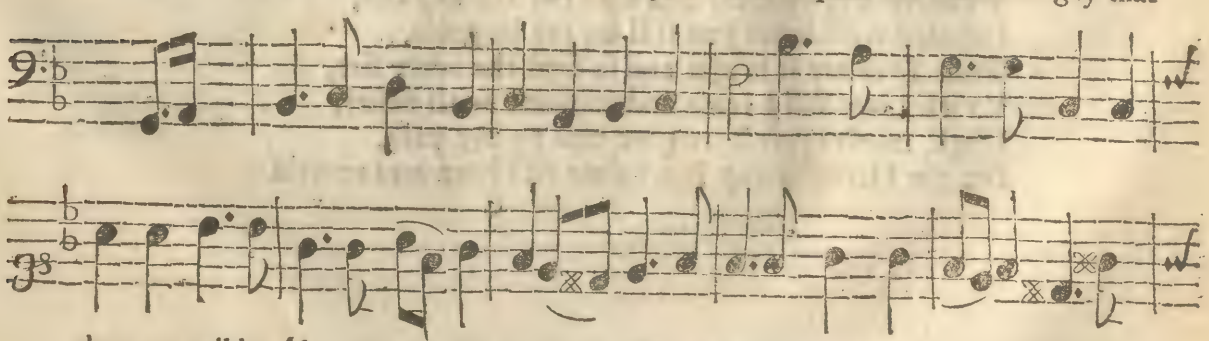
I in hea-----vy Chains confin'd, *Ne--eras* ſmiles wou'd eaſe that ſtate, nor



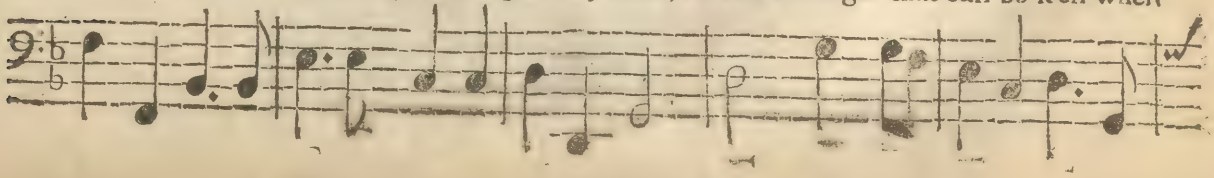
wealth nor pow'r can bleſs my mind, curs'd by her ab--ſence or her hate. Of all the

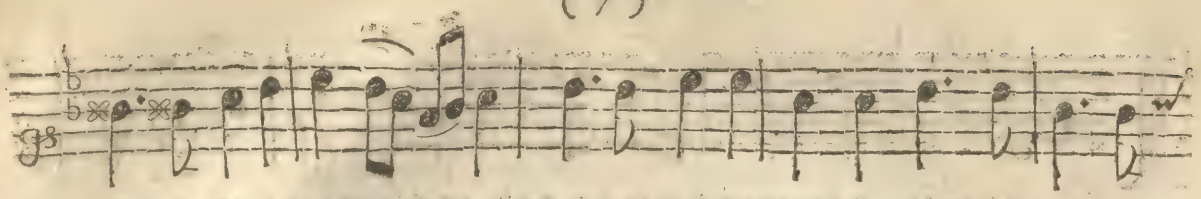


Plants which ſhade the field, the fragrant Myrtle does ſurpaſs, no Flow'r ſo gay that

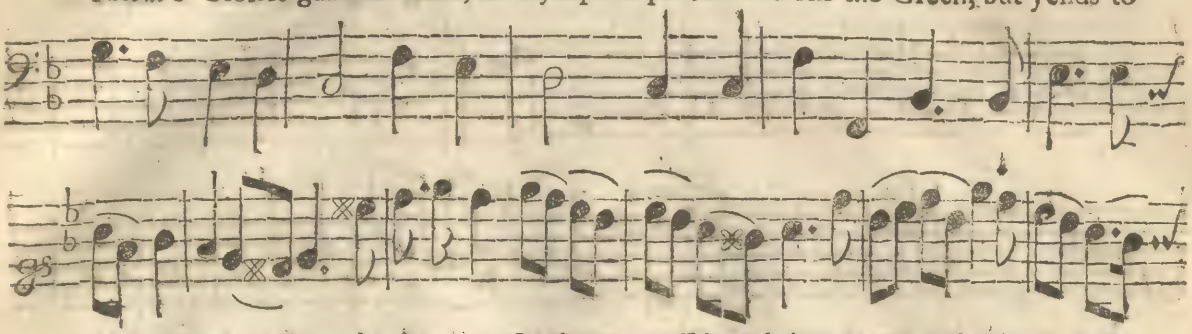


does not yeild to blooming Ro-ſes gau---dy dreſs, no ſtar ſo bright that can be ſeen when

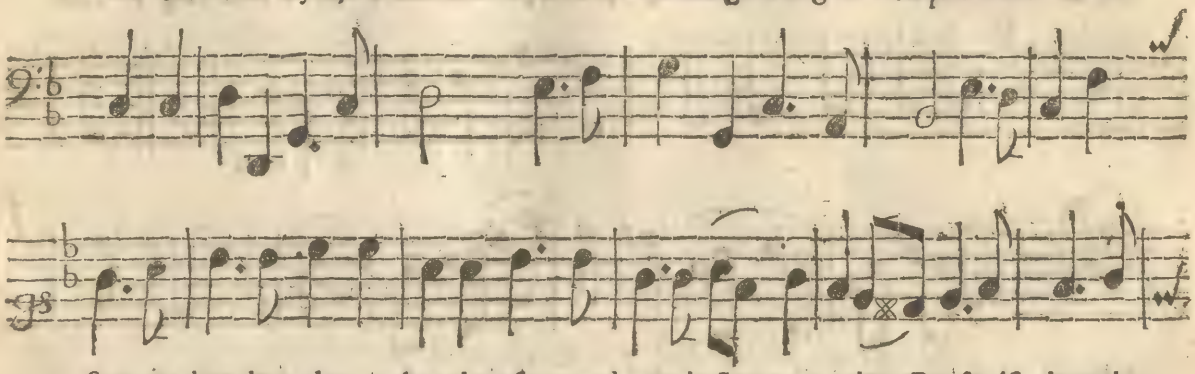




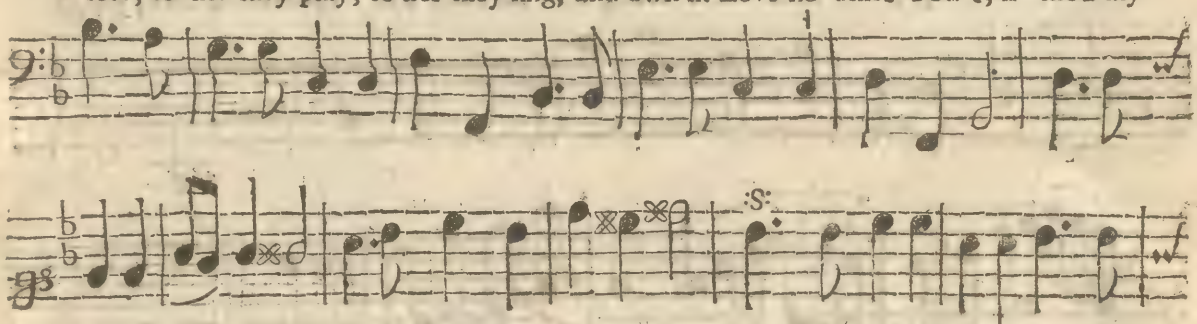
Phebus's Glories guild the Skies, no Nymph so proud a--dorns the Green, but yeilds to



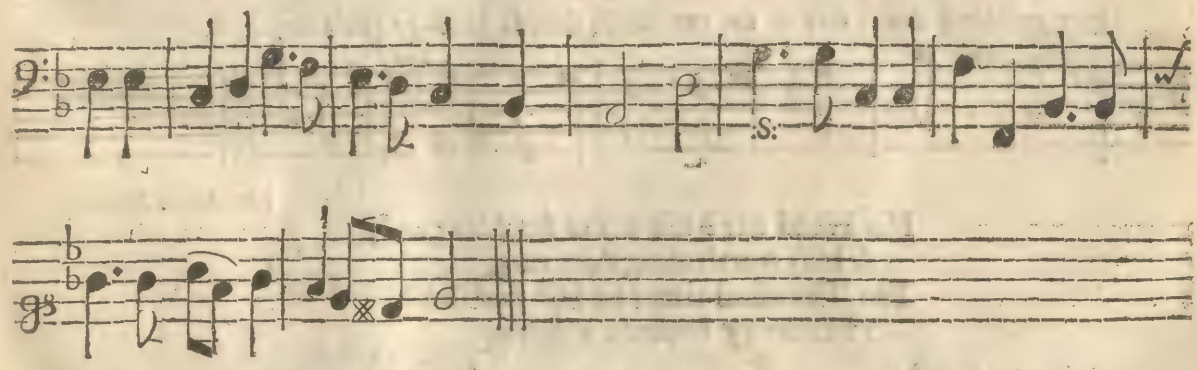
fair *Ne---eras* Eyes, the Amorous Swains no Offrings bring to *Cu-pids* Altar as be-



fore, to her they play, to her they sing, and own in Love no other Pow'r, if thou thy

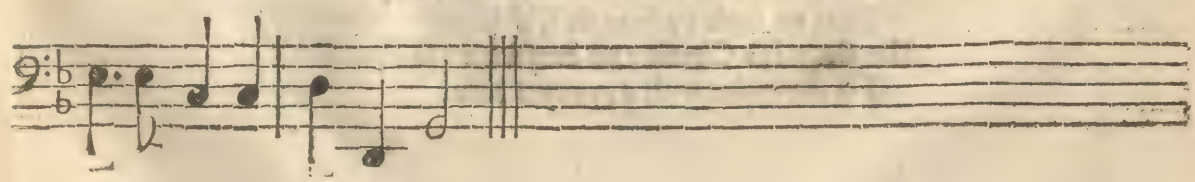


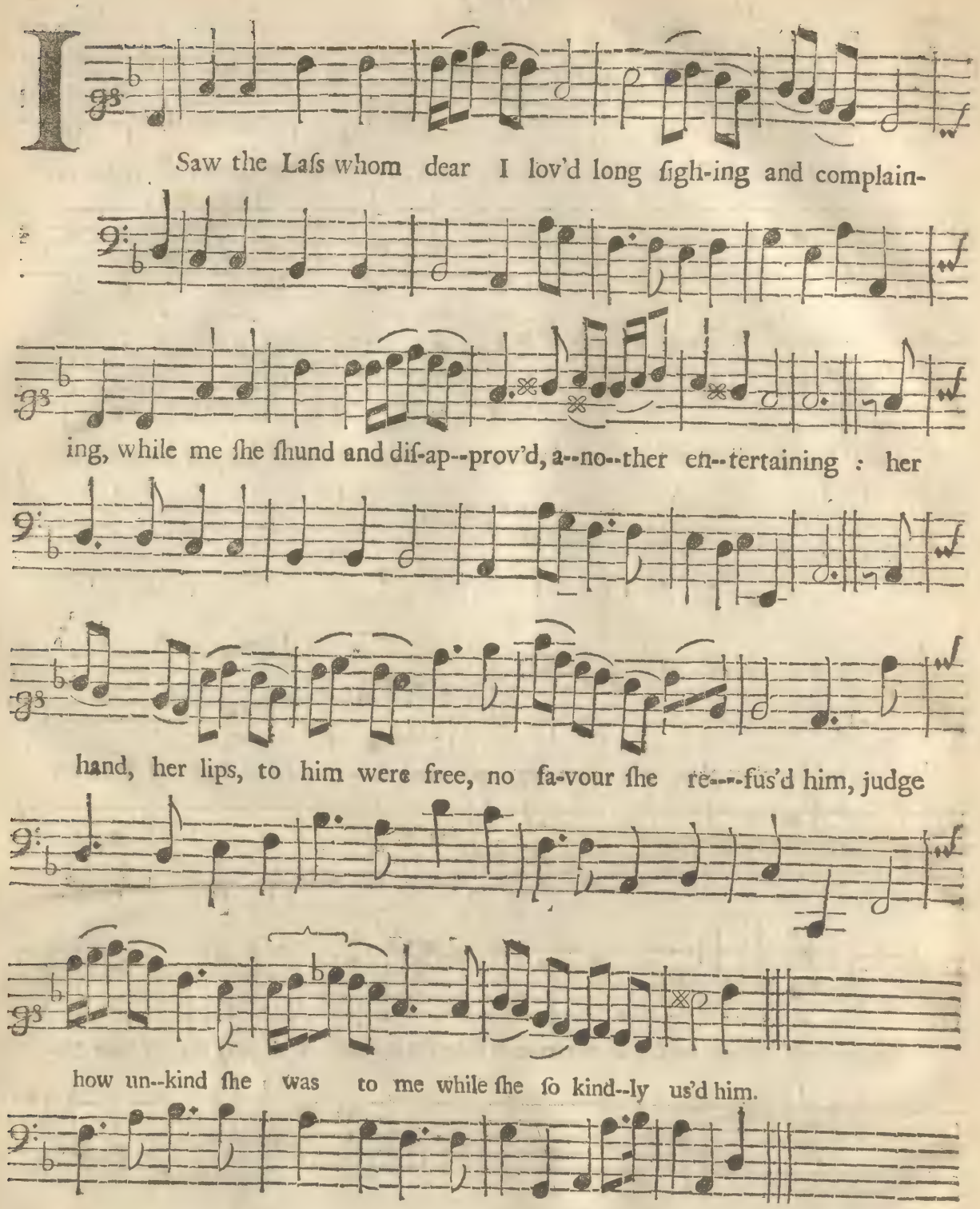
Empire wilt regain, on thy Conqu'rour try thy Dart, touch with pitty for my pain *Ne-*



e--ras's cold dis--dain-ful Heart.

Mr. *James Hart.*

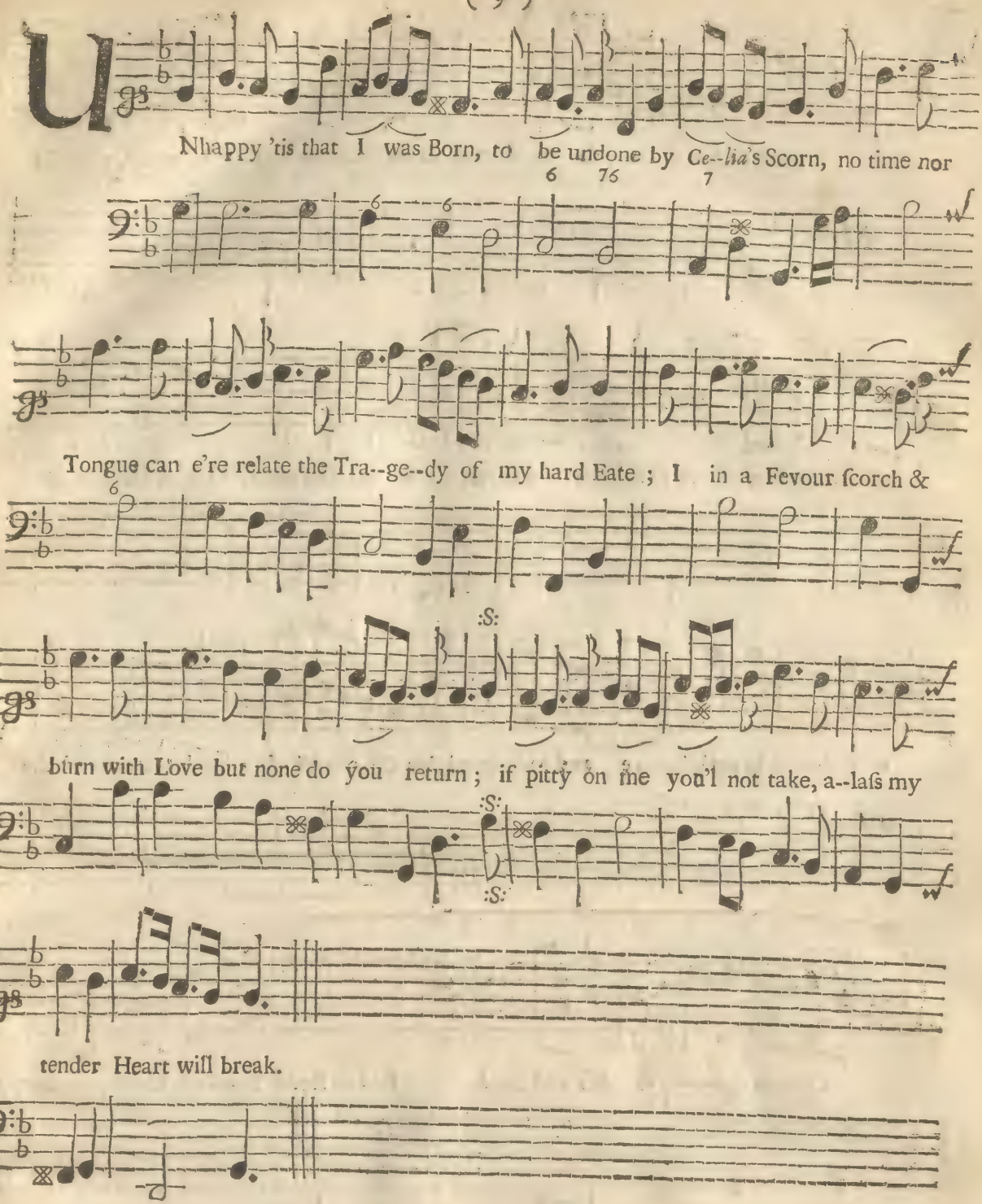




Mr. *Moſes Snow.*

His Hand her Milk white Bubbies preſt,
A bliſs worth Kings deſiring,
Ten Thouſand times he kiſt her Breſt,
The Snowy Mounts admiring.

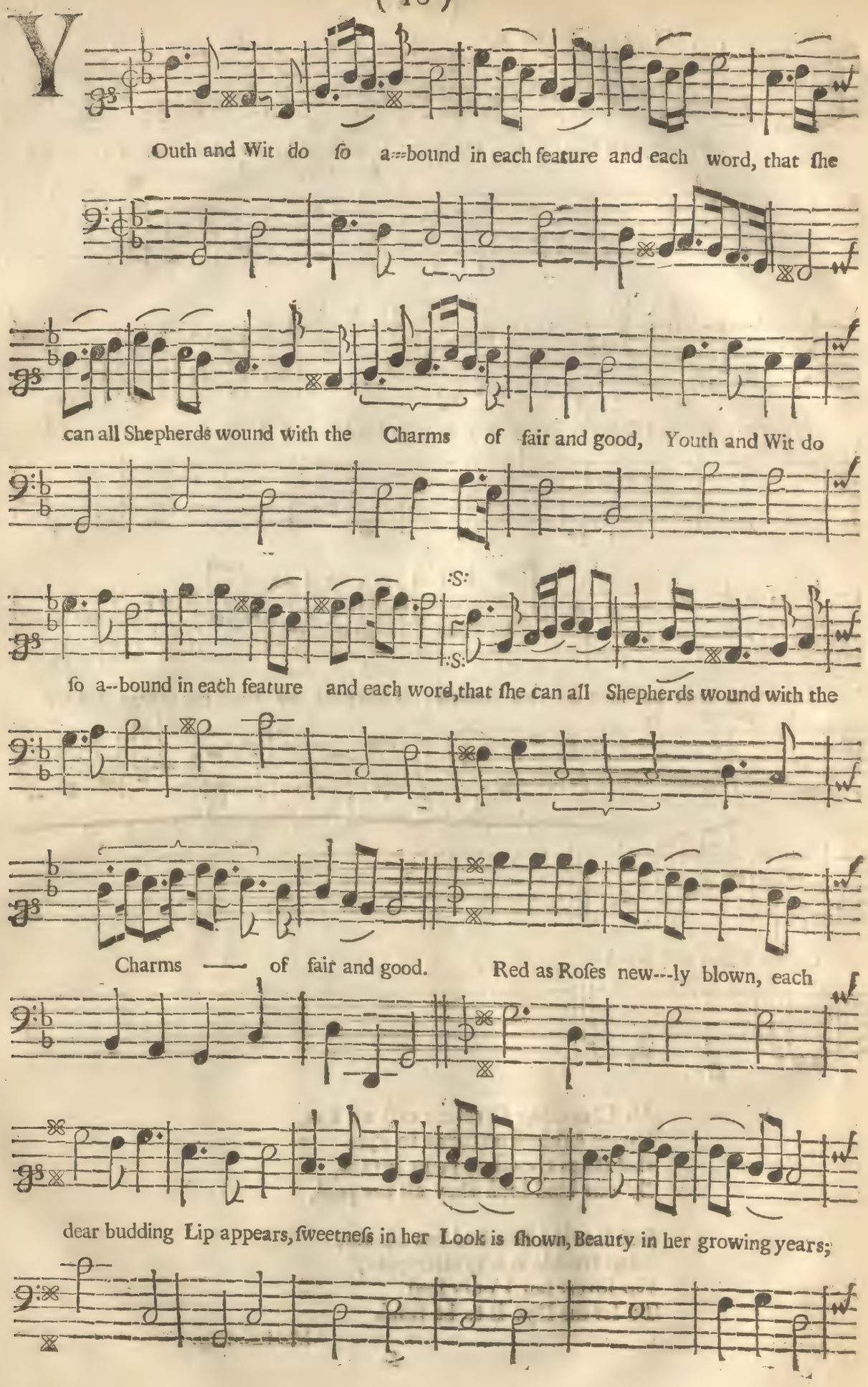
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to ſuch Paſſion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheek and curl'd his Hair,
To ſhew ſhe well approv'd him.

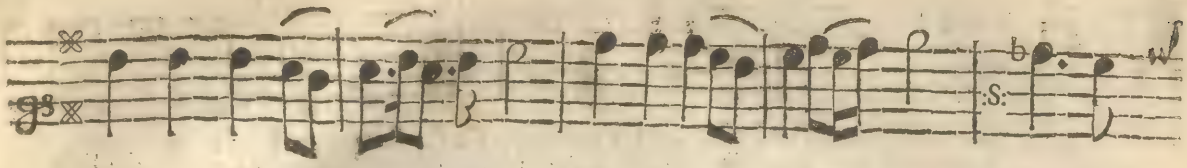


Ah Charming Creature caſt an Eye,
I wiſh a thouſand times to dye,
But if ten thouſand pains invade,
By one kind look they all are paid,

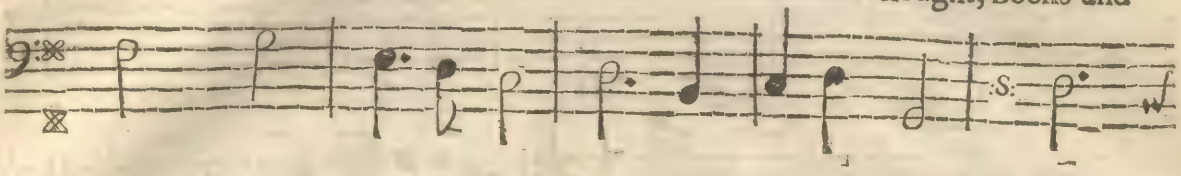
For ſhould I live and not obtain,
That trouble is a greater pain,
No lovely fair I only find
To let me Dye is to be Kind.

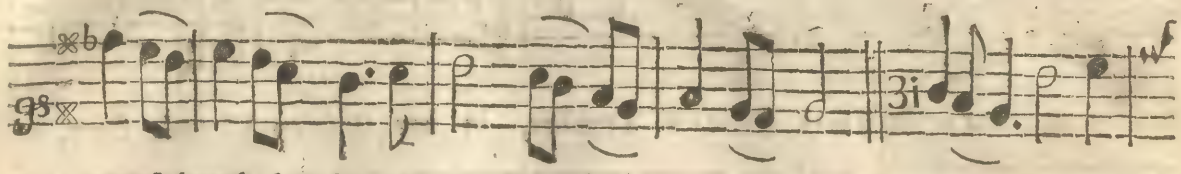
Mr. *Rob. King.*


Youth and Wit do so a--bound in each feature and each word, that she
can all Shepherds wound with the Charms of fair and good, Youth and Wit do
so a--bound in each feature and each word, that she can all Shepherds wound with the
Charms —— of fair and good. Red as Roses new---ly blown, each
dear budding Lip appears, sweetness in her Look is shown, Beauty in her growing years;

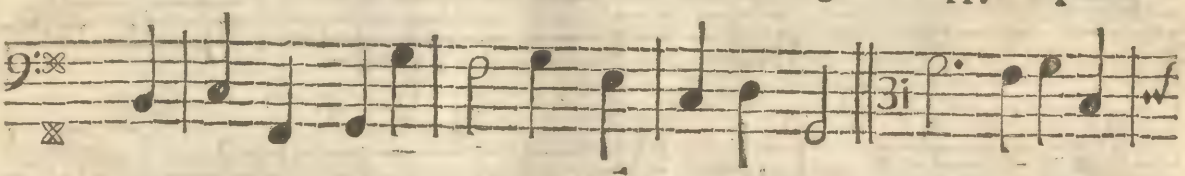


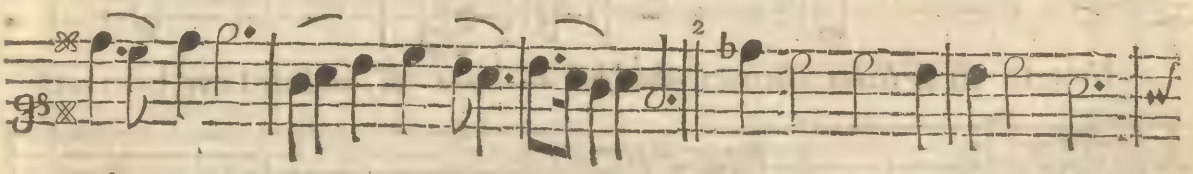
True and Conſtant are her ways, kind & ſecret is each thought, Books and



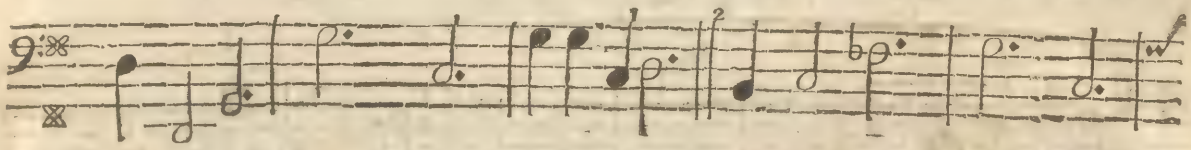


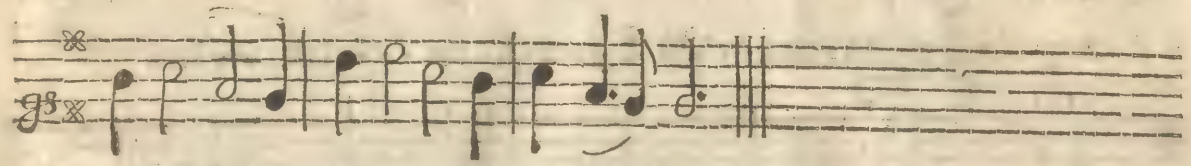
Muſick paſs dull days, in pure Dreams her Love is ſought. Happy Shepherd



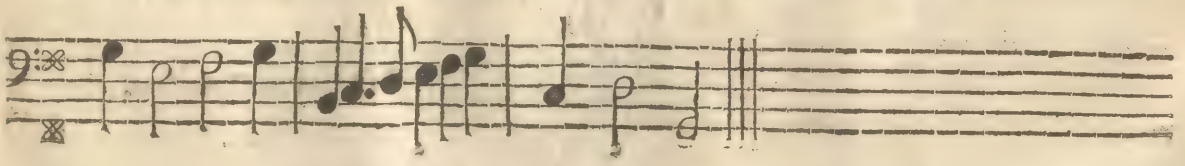


that can ſay, all her Love is his Entire; Happyer much in *Cupids* Play,

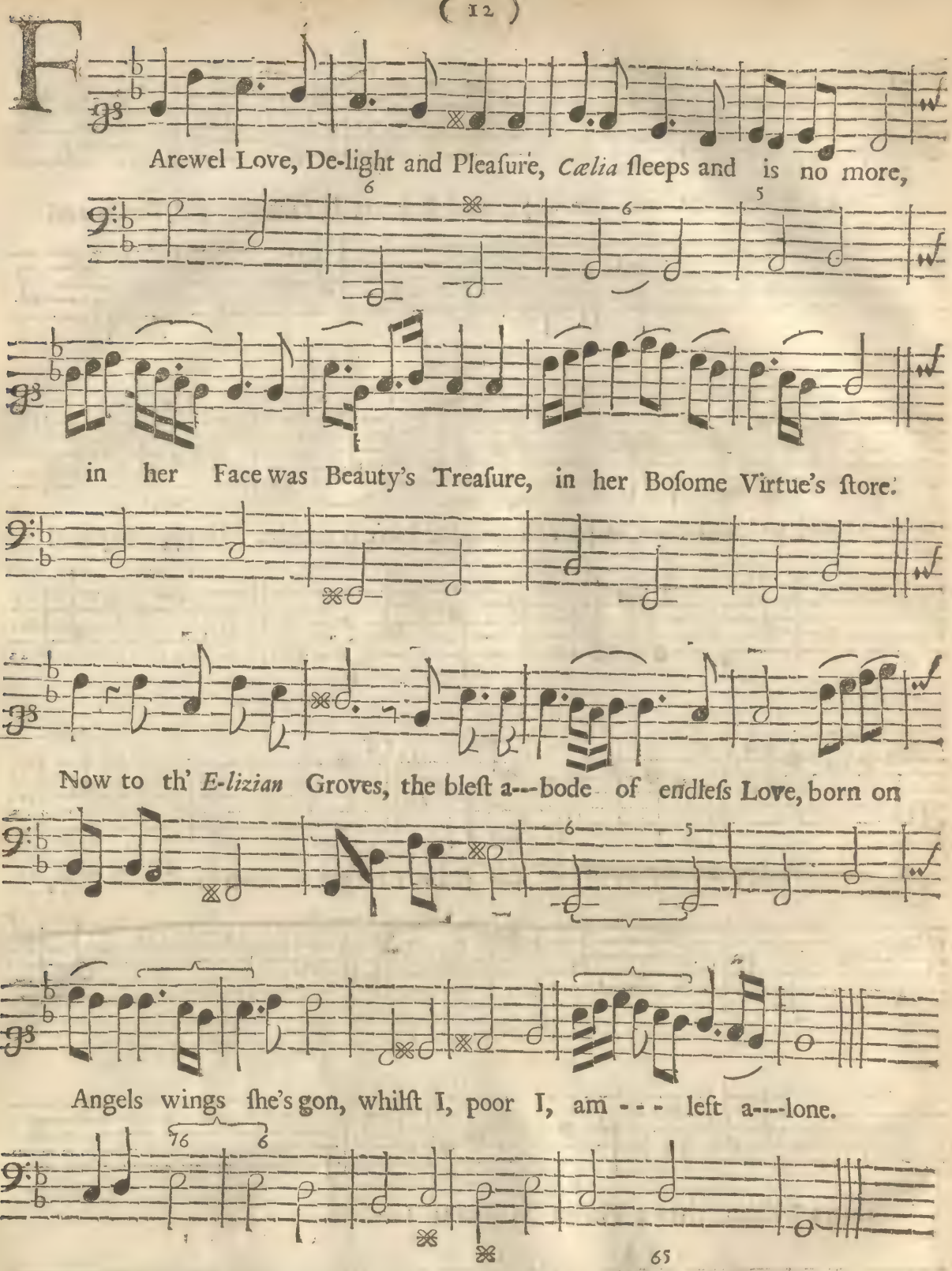


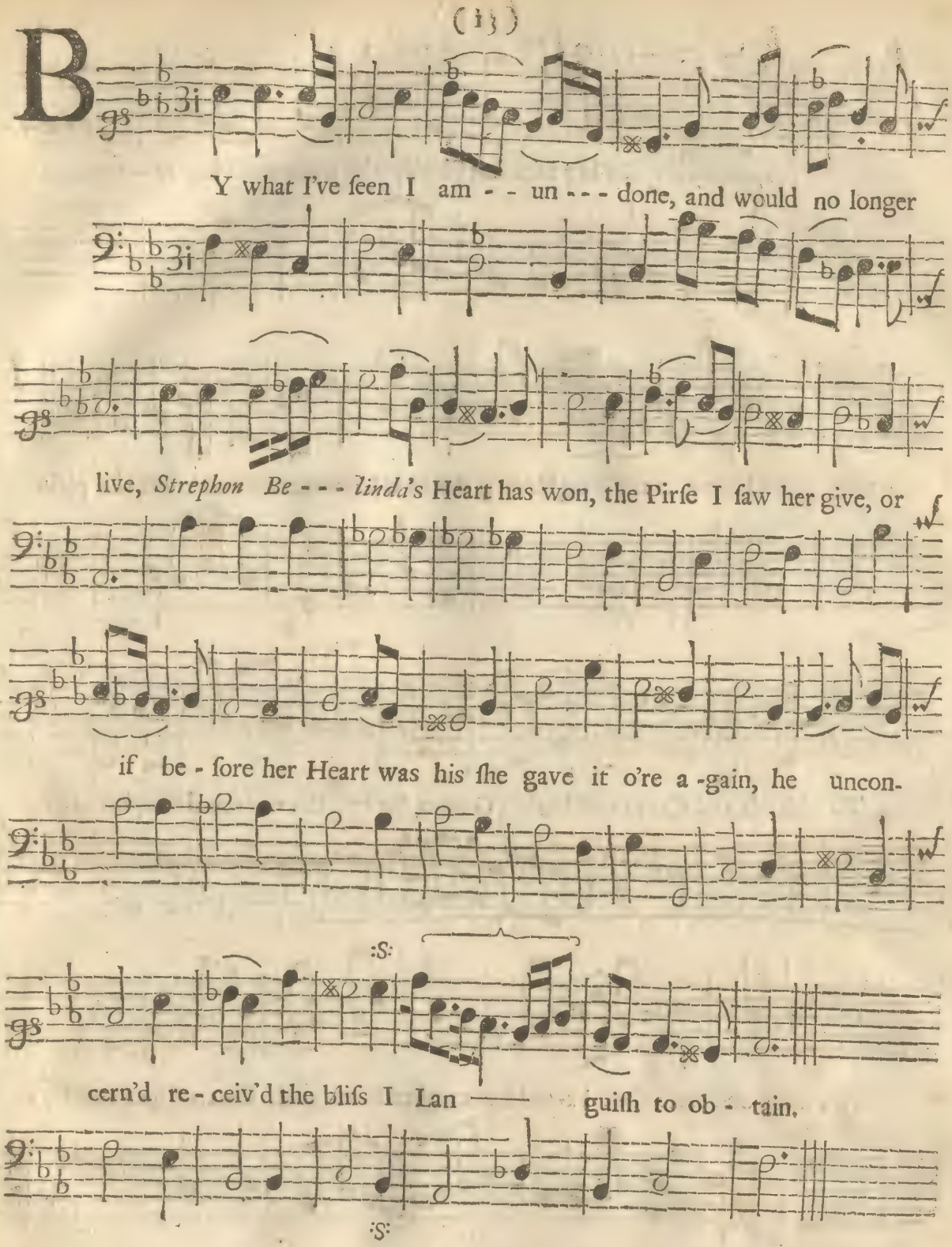


than a Victim, than a Victim in Loves Fire.



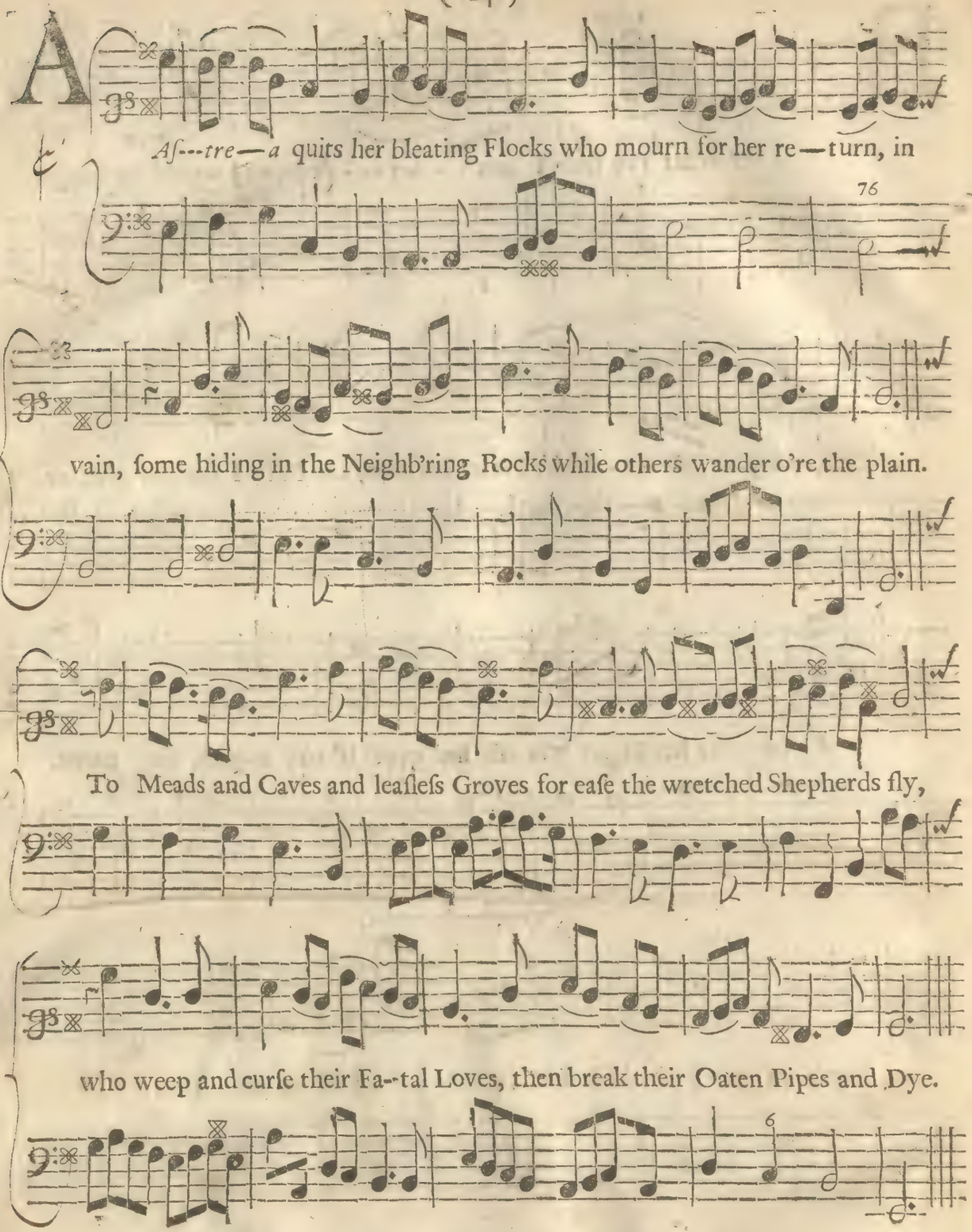
Mr. *James* Hart.


Farewel Love, De-light and Pleasure, *Cælia* sleeps and is no more,
in her Face was Beauty's Treasure, in her Bosome Virtue's store.
Now to th' *E-lizian* Groves, the blest a---bode of endless Love, born on
Angels wings she's gon, whilst I, poor I, am - - - left a----lone.
Mr. *Alex. Damasano.*



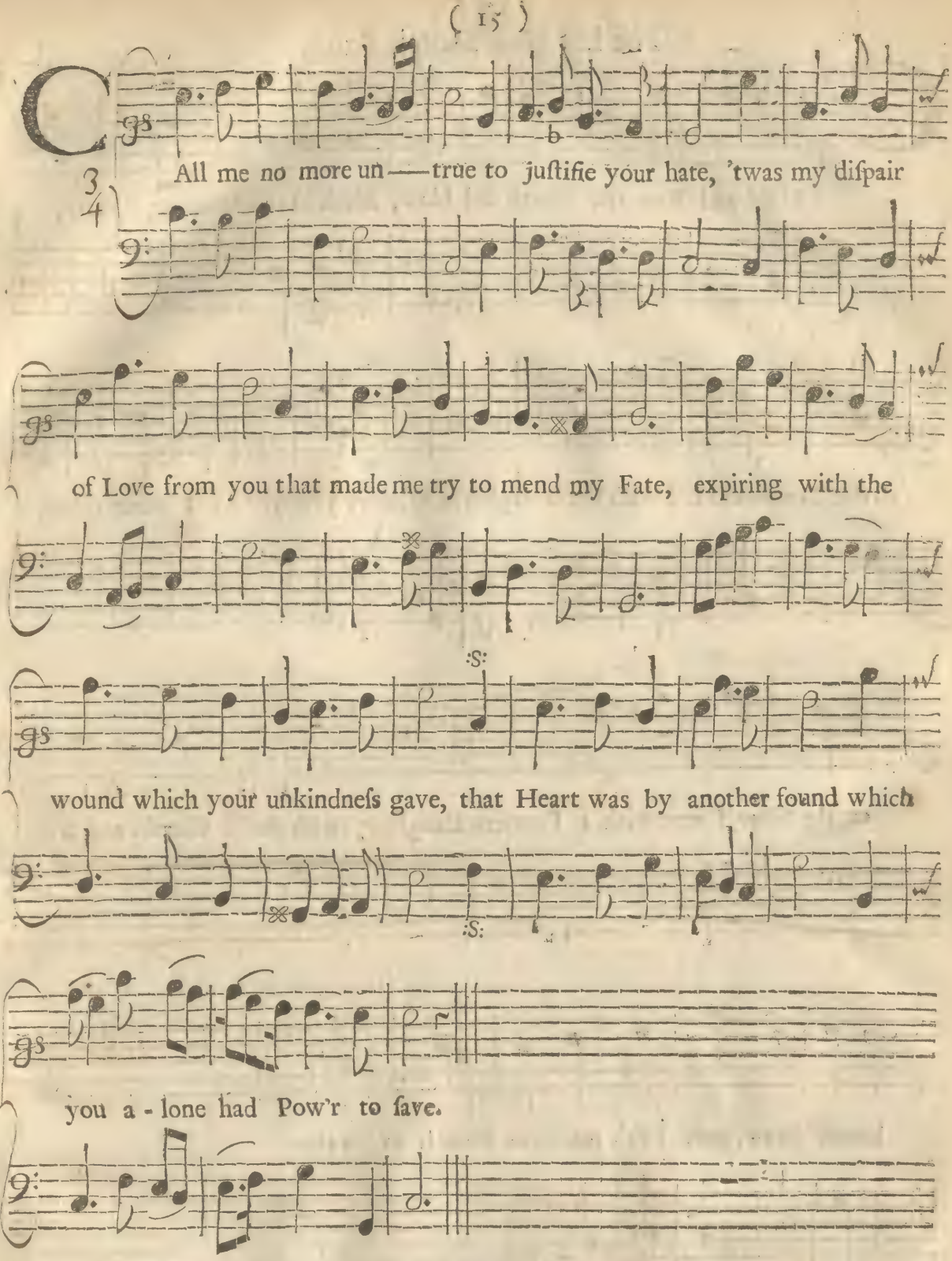
Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

Cruel *Belinda* ceaſe to give
  Thoſe looks when I am by,
Cannot my Rival happy live
  Unleſs he ſee me Dye.
If you delight to puniſh me,
  I will no more complain,
But let not him my Torments ſee,
  To glory in my pain.



But now Revenge their wrongs require,
And find her guilty of the Plot,
Her Charms will ſet the Town on Fire,
Then Marr'age Chains muſt prove her lot,
So ſhe from whence ſuch wonders ſpring,
VVhere Graces all in Conſort meet,
This Bird confin'd too late will ſing,
O Virgin's Liberty is ſweet.

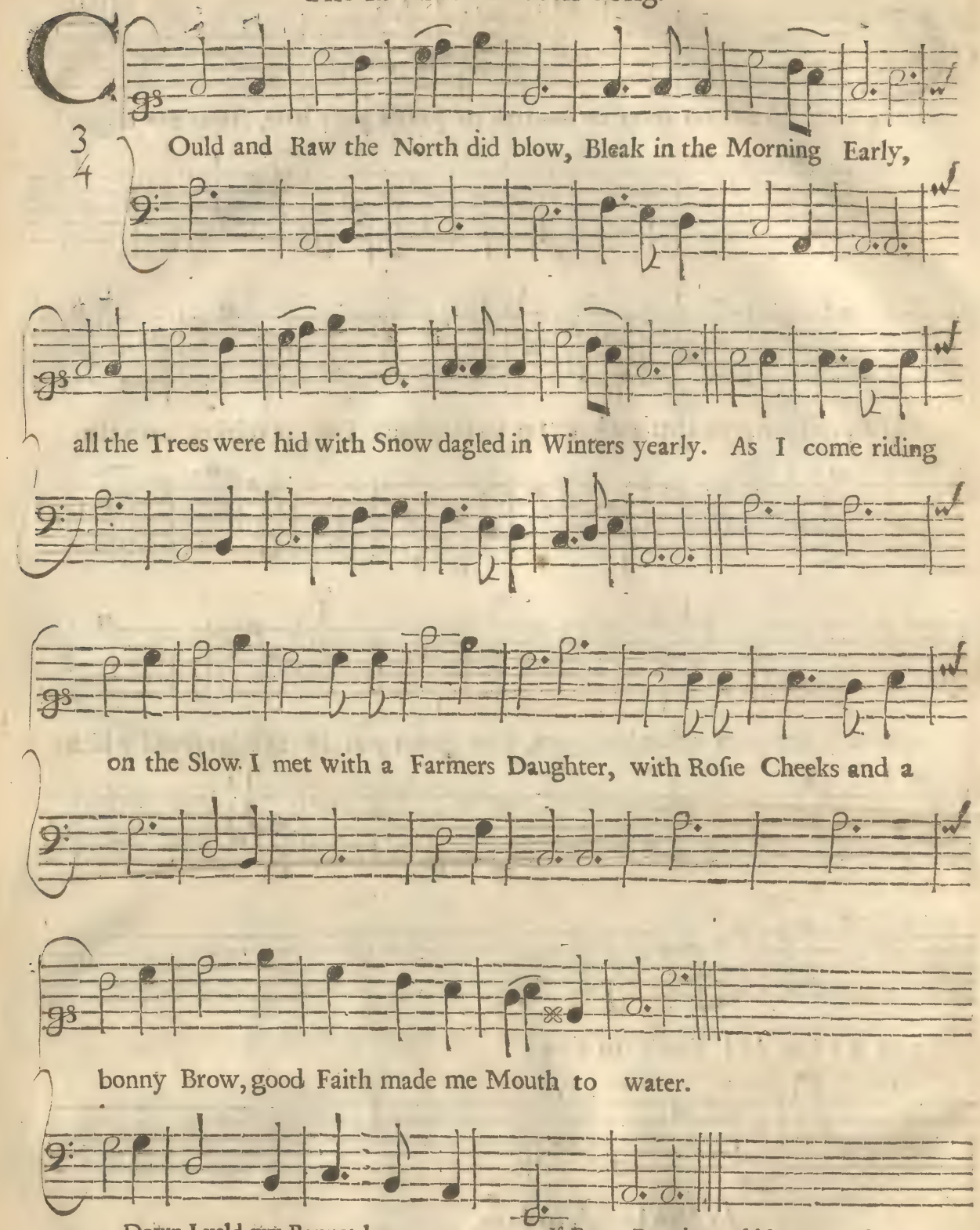
Mr. *William Turner.*



As Men benighted stray,
  Led by some treacherous Fire,
Pleas'd with false Light I lost my way,
  And mist the place of my desire.
A Morning Sinners Vow
  Just Heaven with Pity meet,
My Soul forsakes all Idolls now
  To serve for ever at your Feet.

Mr. *William Turner*.

The laſt New Scotch Song.

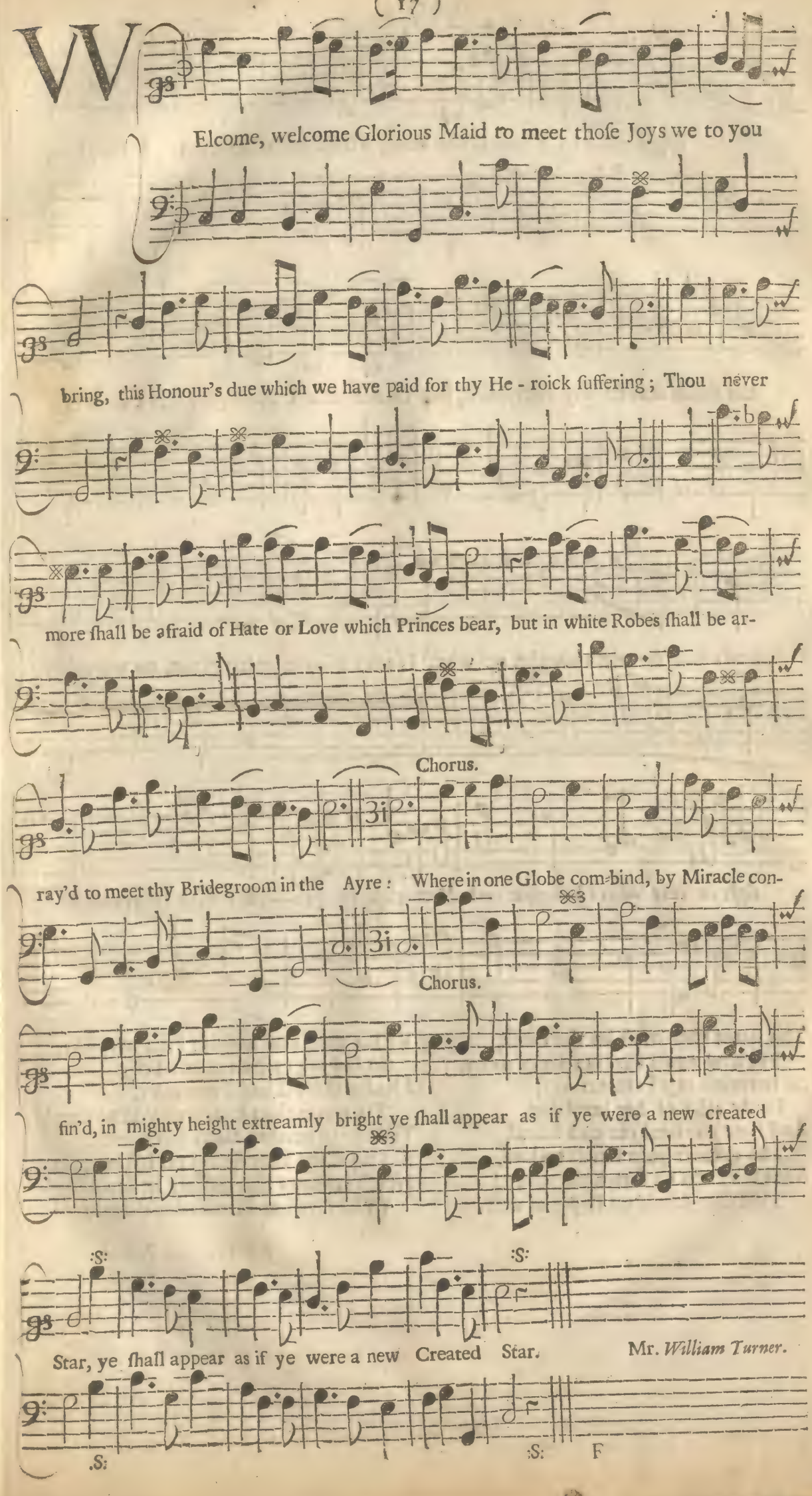


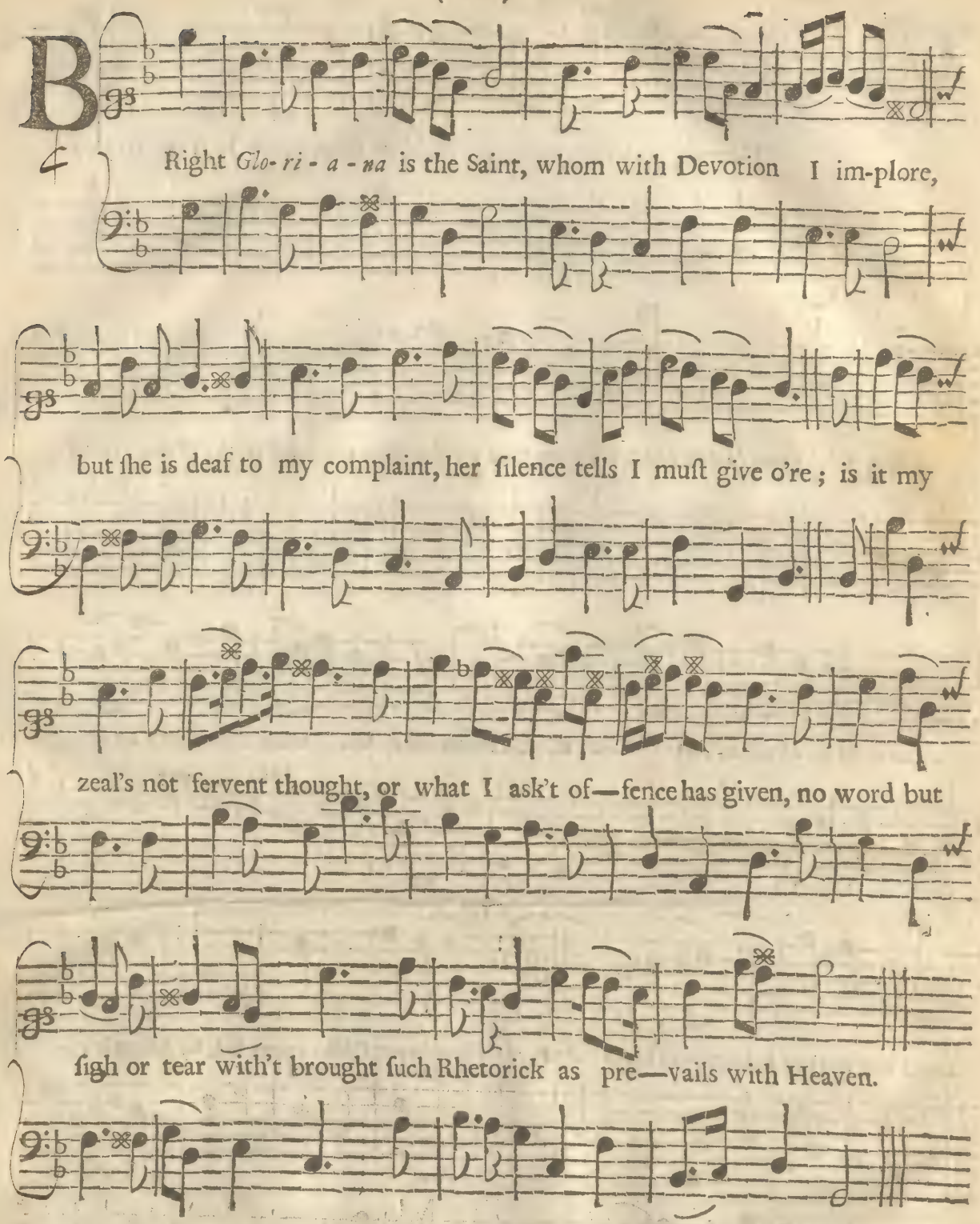
Down I veld my Bonnet low,
Thinking to ſhow my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding,
I ask'd her where ſhe went ſo ſoon,
I long'd to begin a parley ;
She told me to the next Market Town
On purpoſe to ſell her Barley

In this Purſe ſweet Soul ſaid I
Twenty pounds lye fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For I'le take all thy Barley,
Twenty more ſhall purchaſe delight,
Thy Perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wot lig with me this Night
And go home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I wou'd not do Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as *Job*
I would not raiſe them ſo Sir,
For if this Night you prove my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'l be gon at the Nine Months end,
And where ſhall I find a Father.

I told her I had Wedded been
Fourteen Years or longer,
Elſe I would take her for my Queen
And tye the knot much Stronger,
She bid me then no further come
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purſe for poor Spouſe at home,
For ſome other ſhould have her Barley.

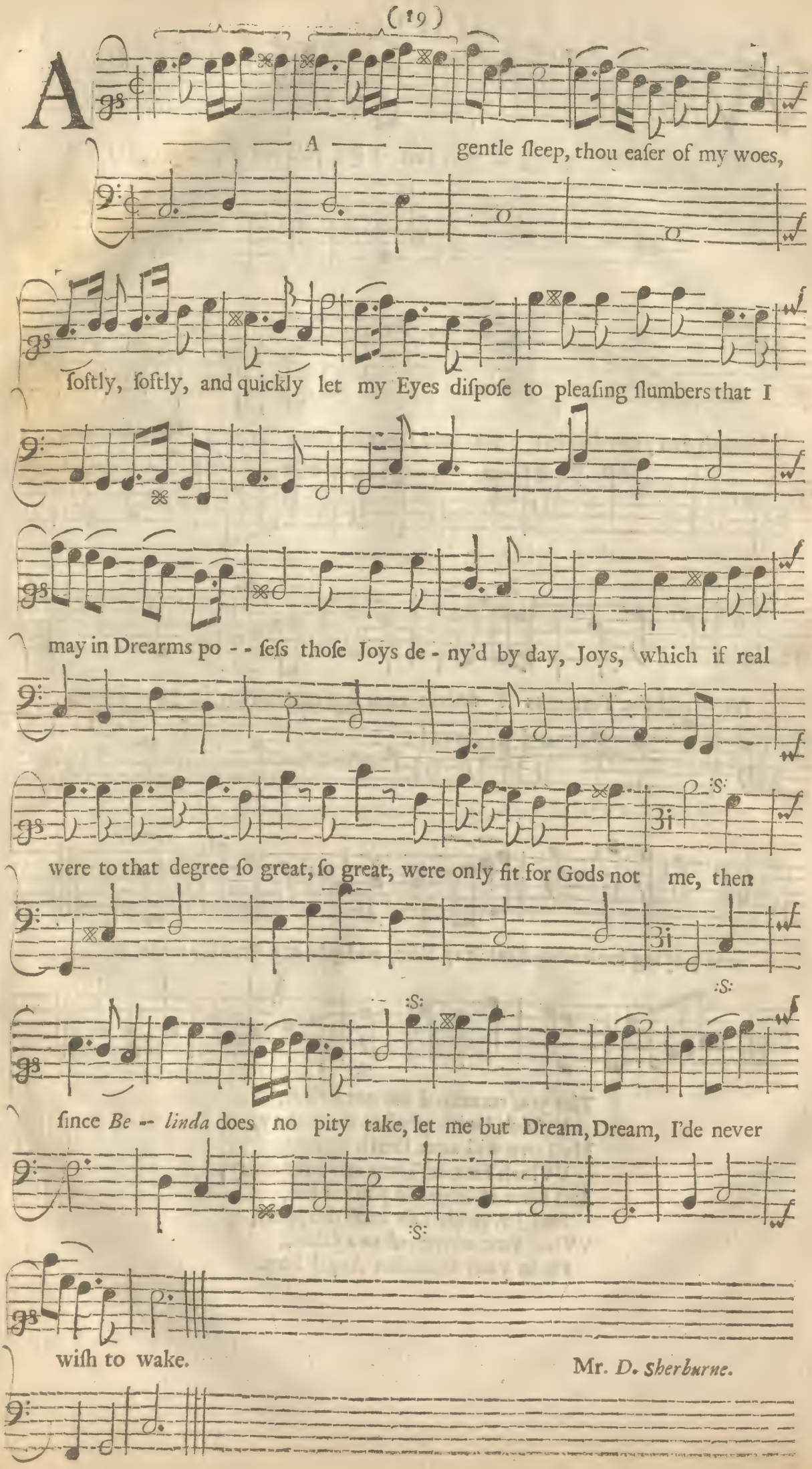

WElcome, welcome Glorious Maid to meet those Joys we to you
bring, this Honour's due which we have paid for thy He - roick suffering; Thou never
more shall be afraid of Hate or Love which Princes bear, but in white Robes shall be ar-
Chorus.
ray'd to meet thy Bridegroom in the Ayre: Where in one Globe com-bind, by Miracle con-
Chorus.
fin'd, in mighty height extreamly bright ye shall appear as if ye were a new created
:S:
:S:
Star, ye shall appear as if ye were a new Created Star.
Mr. William Turner.
:S:
:S:
F

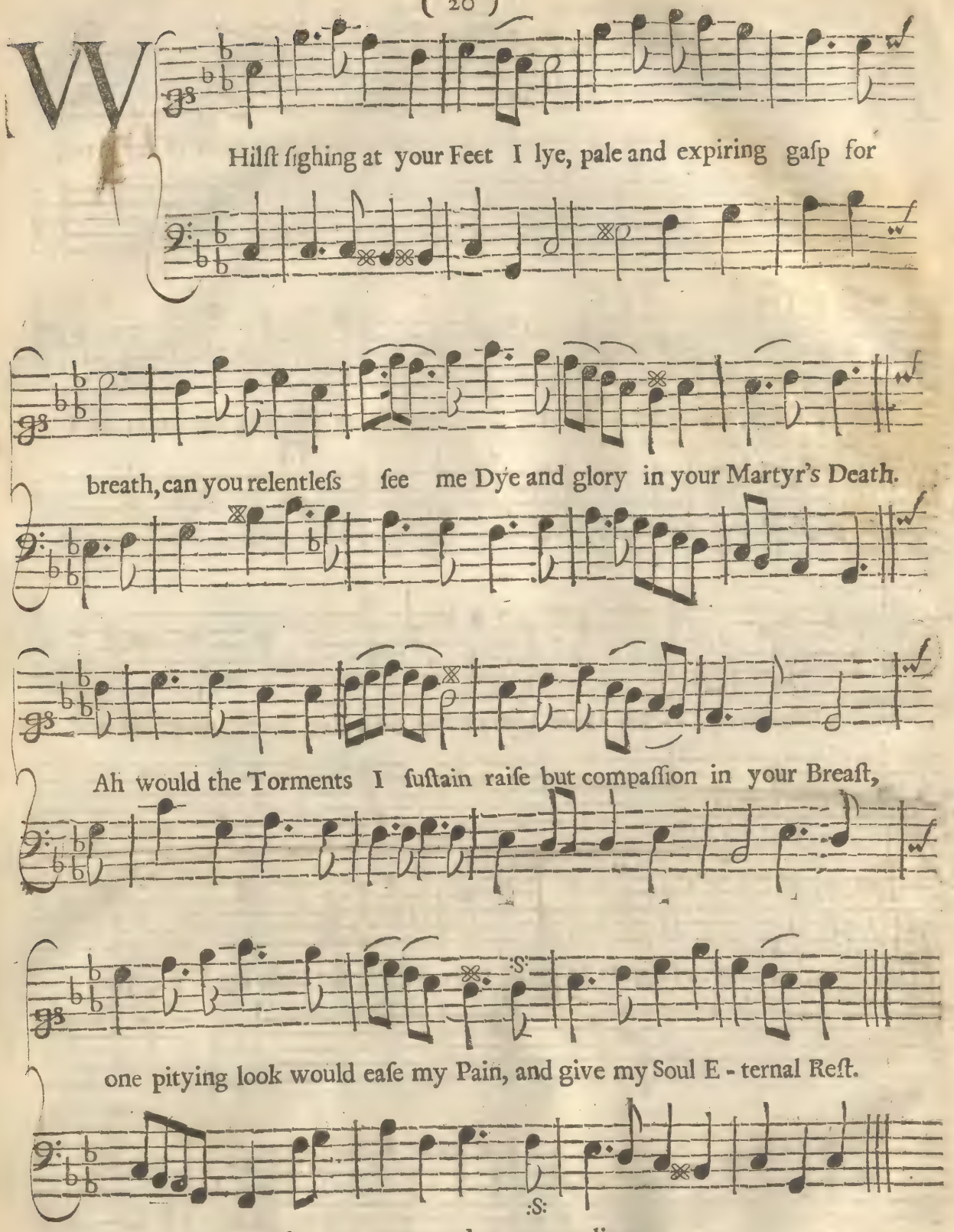


The latter then muſt be the cauſe,
Yet how cou'd that her anger move,
So harmleſs my Petition was,
I only ask't of her her Love,
And now the fatal reaſon's found,
The greater pain I muſt endure,
Such folly 'tis to ſearch the wound
That does admit no hopes of cure.

VVith grief and anguiſh I'me perplext,
So ſad my caſe on either ſide,
I had not liv'd had I not ask't,
'Tis worſe than Death now I'me deny'd;
Tell me of neither racks nor wheels,
Tho ſharp they bring no laſting pain,
Nor Torments like to that he feels
VVho loves and is not lov'd again.

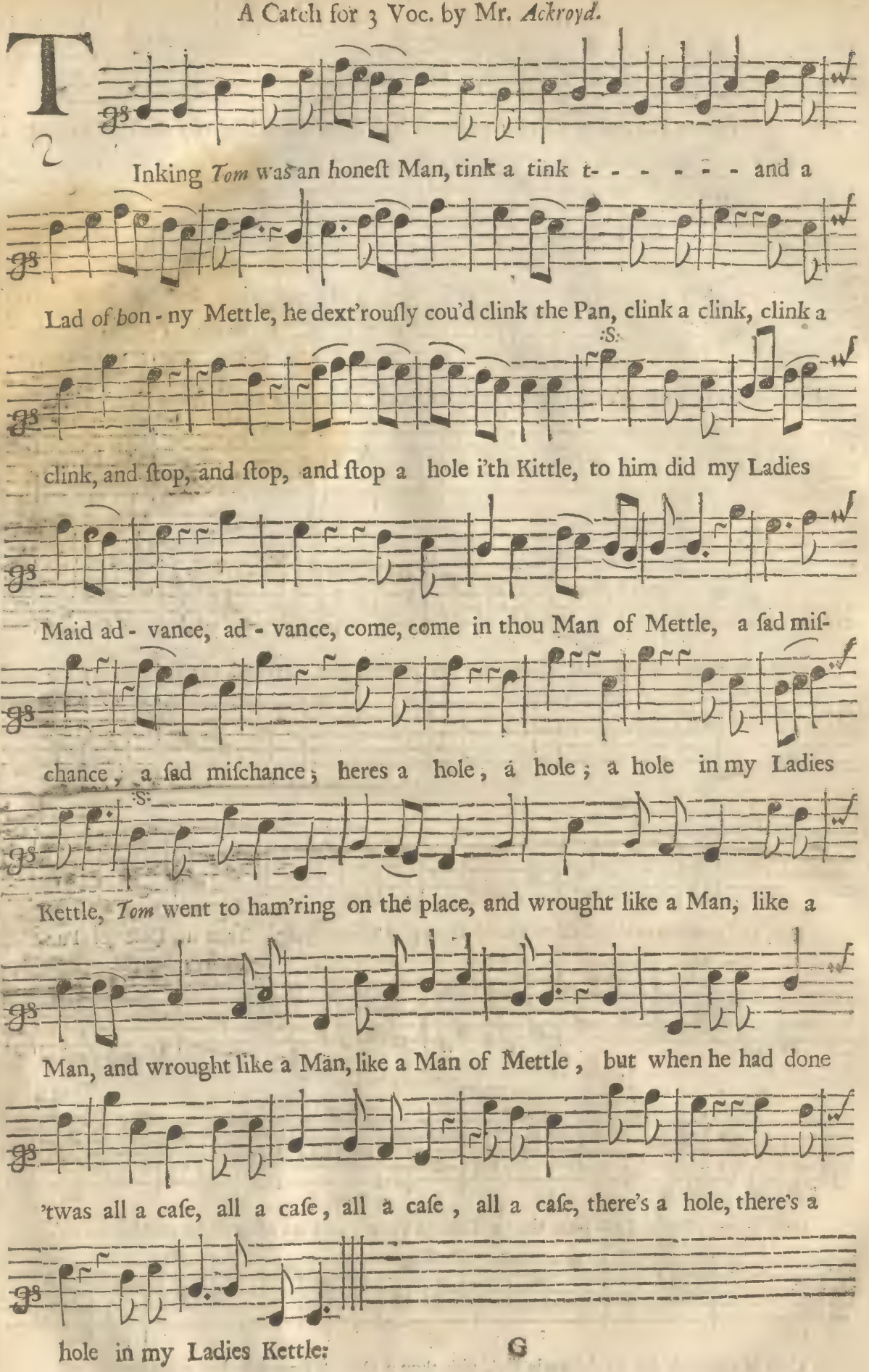
Mr. *William Turner*.

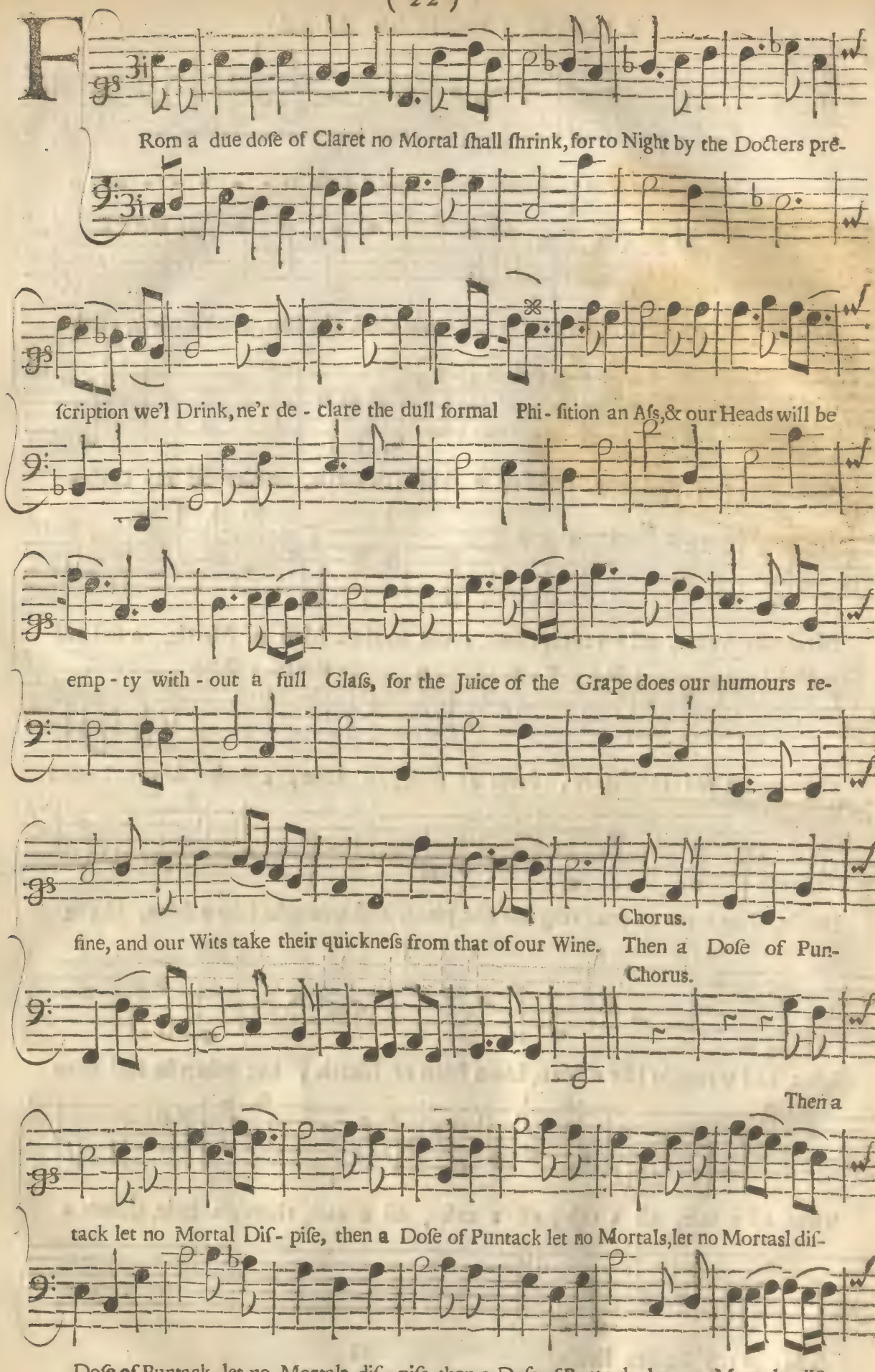

A — — A — — gentle ſleep, thou eaſer of my woes,
ſoftly, ſoftly, and quickly let my Eyes diſpoſe to pleaſing ſlumbers that I
may in Drearms po - - ſeſs thoſe Joys de - ny'd by day, Joys, which if real
were to that degree ſo great, ſo great, were only fit for Gods not me, then
ſince Be -- linda does no pity take, let me but Dream, Dream, I'de never
wiſh to wake.
Mr. D. Sherburne.

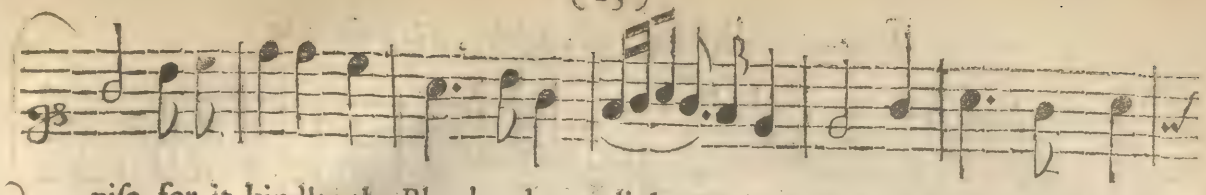


Tho you command me not to live,
VVhich I with pleasure must obey,
My Love will after Death survive,
VVhich Fate or Time can ne're decay,
And since all hopes of you are lost,
And Joy with Life must disappear,
VVhen I'me converted to a Ghost,
I'le be your Guardian Angel here.

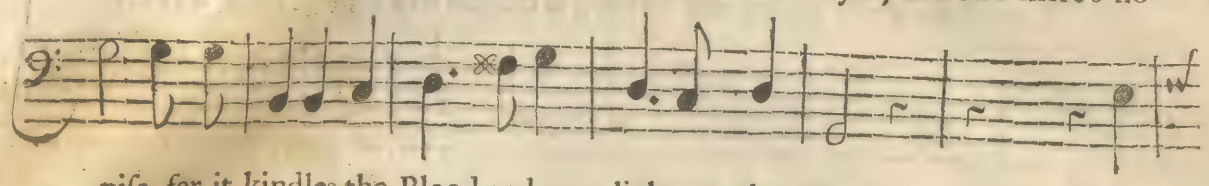
A Catch for 3 Voc. by Mr. *Ackroyd.*



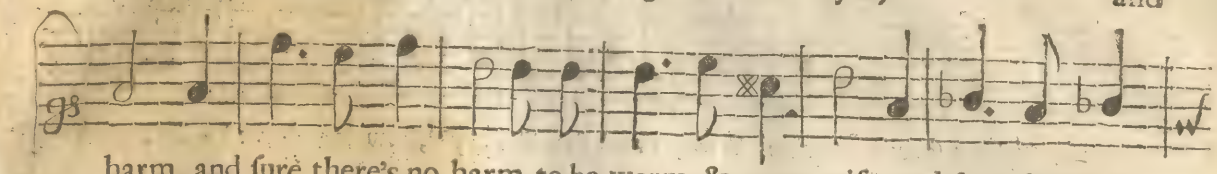

Rom a due dose of Claret no Mortal shall shrink, for to Night by the Docters pre-
scription we'l Drink, ne'r de - clare the dull formal Phi - sition an Ass, & our Heads will be
emp - ty with - out a full Glass, for the Juice of the Grape does our humours re-
Chorus.
fine, and our Wits take their quickness from that of our Wine. Then a Dose of Pun-
Chorus.
Then a
tack let no Mortal Dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals, let no Mortasl dis-
Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis-



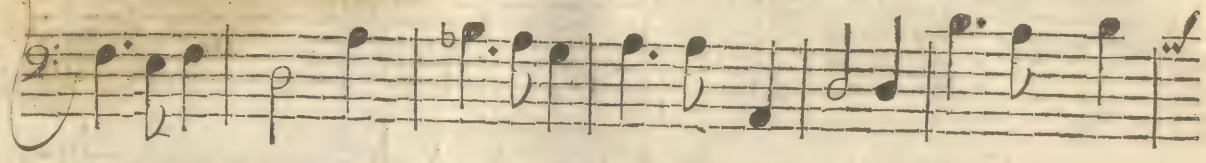
pise, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and sure there's no



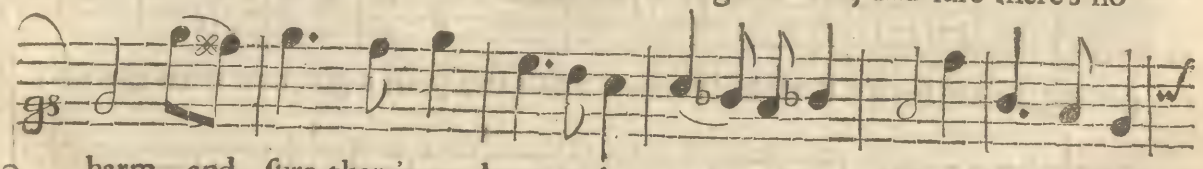
pise, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and



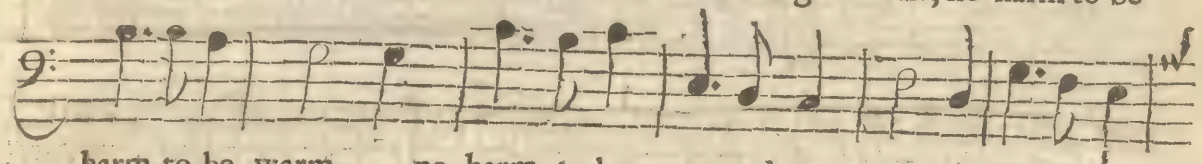
harm, and sure there's no harm to be warm & grow wise, and sure there's no



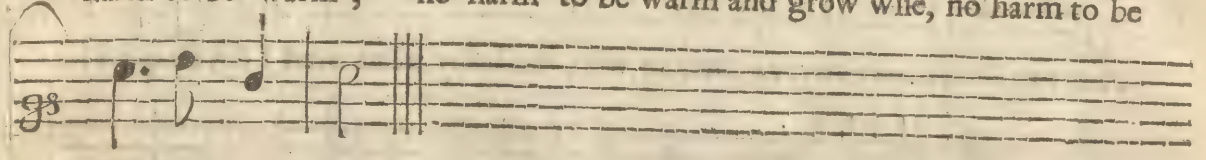
sure there's no harm, no harm to be warm & grow wise, and sure there's no



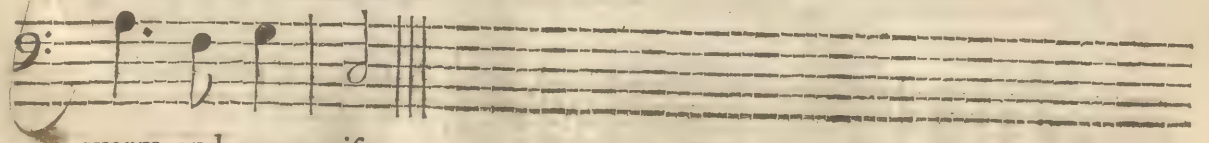
harm, and sure there's no harm to be warm and grow wise, no harm to be



harm to be warm, no harm to be warm and grow wise, no harm to be



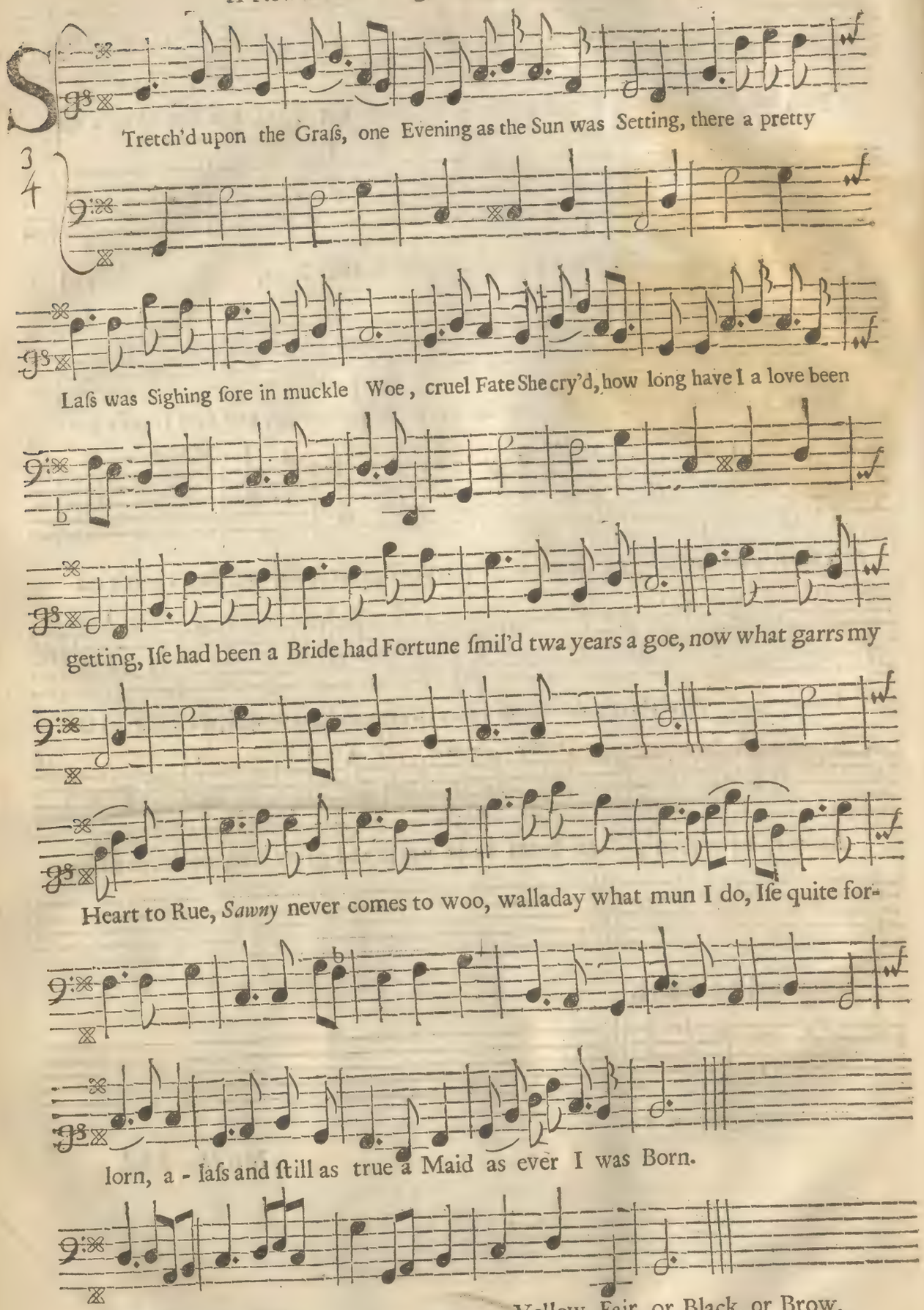
warm and grow wise.



warm and grow wise.

Mr. *Hen. Hall.*

A New Scotch Song, set by Mr. *Ackroyd*.



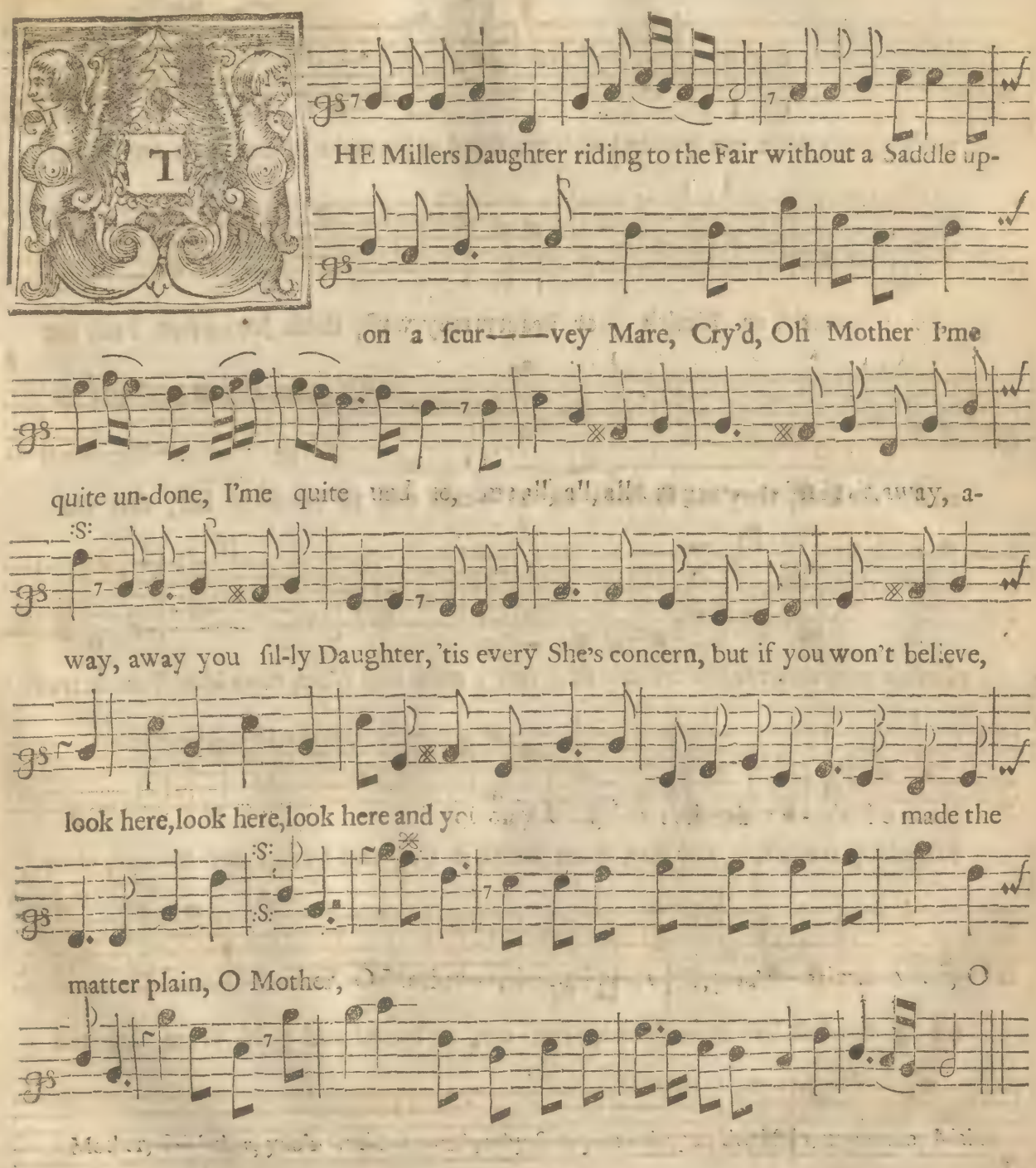
Moggy that was foul
As Hicks of Leith in Rainy weather,
Yet to make her glad
Has got a Lad full six Foot high.
Jenny black as coal
And *Wully Cragg* are link'd together,
Ev'ry dowdy Fool
Has always better luck than I,

Yellow, Fair, or Black, or Brow,
Every Trollop now goes down,
Nene is left but I alone;
Ise past Eighteen,
And yet as right a Maid as e're,
The Deek's in aw the Men.

FINIS.

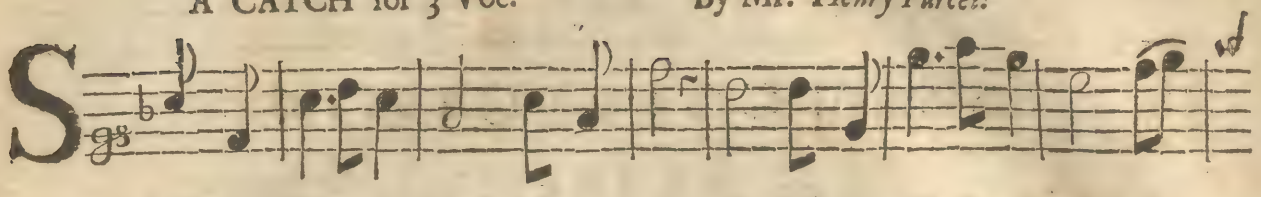
A Small COLLECTION OF THE Newest CATCHES

For 3 Voices.

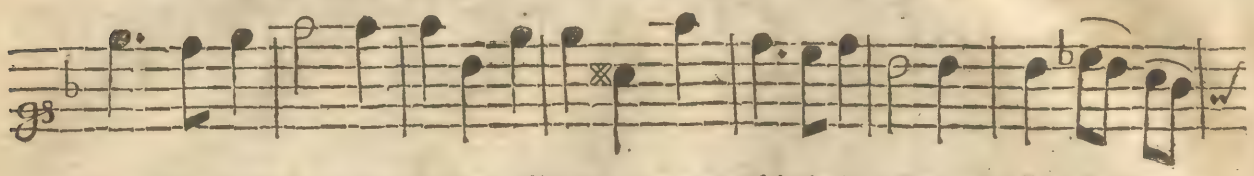


Dr. *John Blow.*

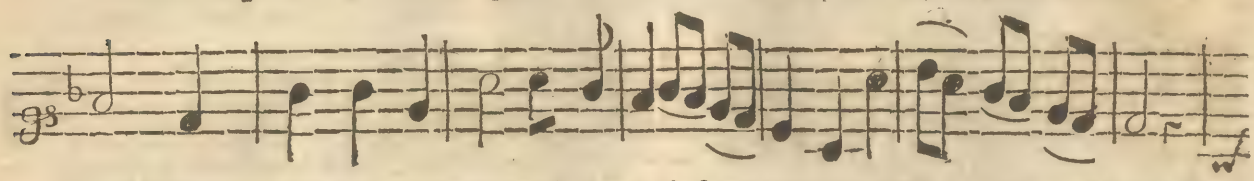
A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. *Henry Purcel.*



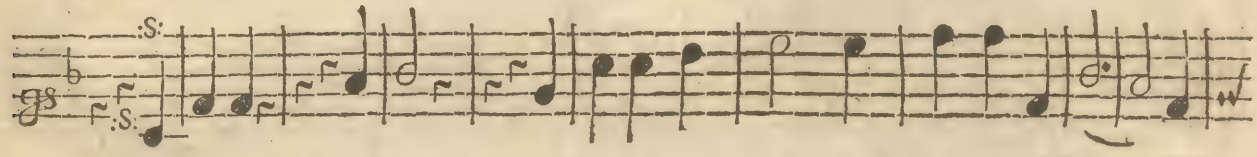
SUM up all the de-lights, ſum up all, all, ſum up all the delights the



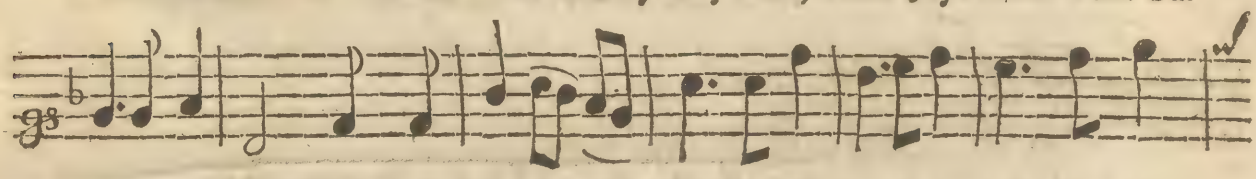
World does produce, the darling allurements now chiefly in uſe, you'l find when com-



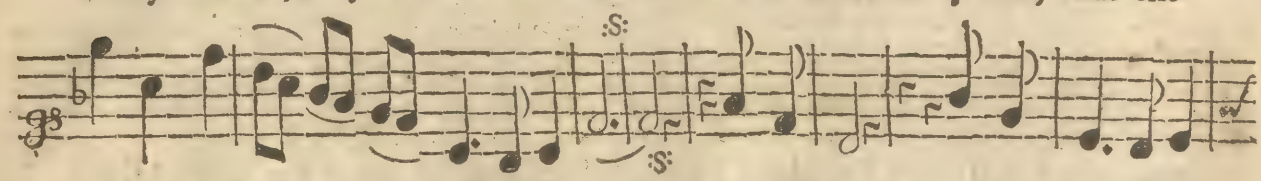
par'd there's none can contend with the ſolled enjoyment of Bot—tle and Friend,



for Honour or Wealth or Beauty may waſt, thoſe Joys often Fade but

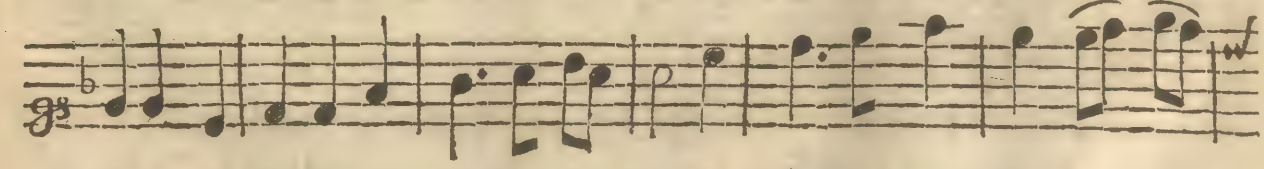


rarely do Laſt, they're ſo hard to at—tain and ſo ea--ſi--ly loſt, that the

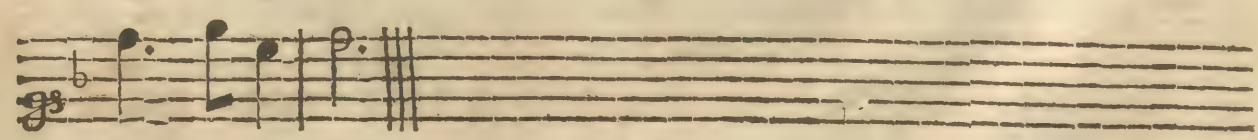


pleaſure nere anſwers the trouble & coſt ; none like Wine, none like Wine & true

Friendſhip are laſting and ſure, from Jealouſie free, and from Envy ſe--cure, then



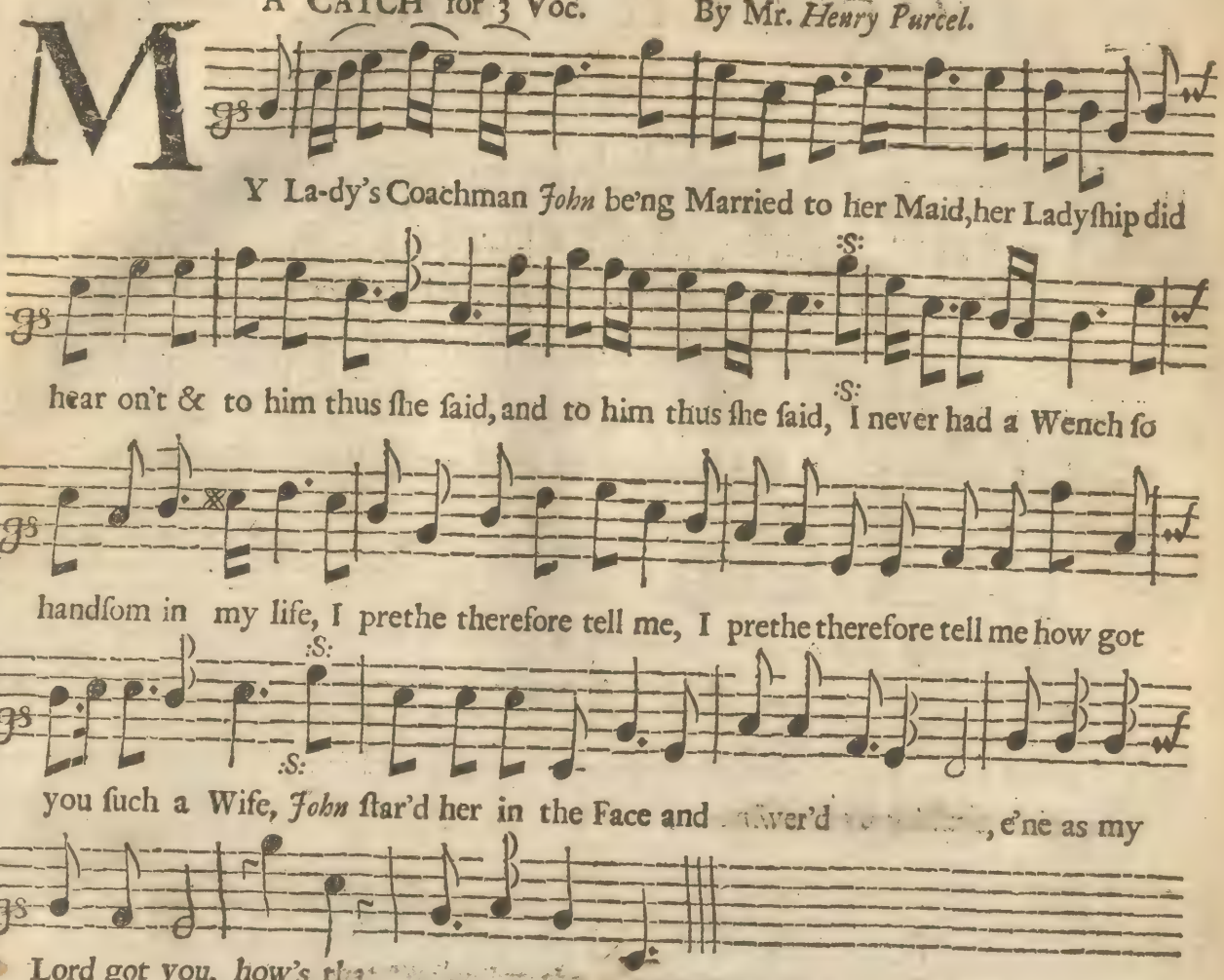
fill up the Glaſſes un—til they run ore, a Friend and good Wine are the



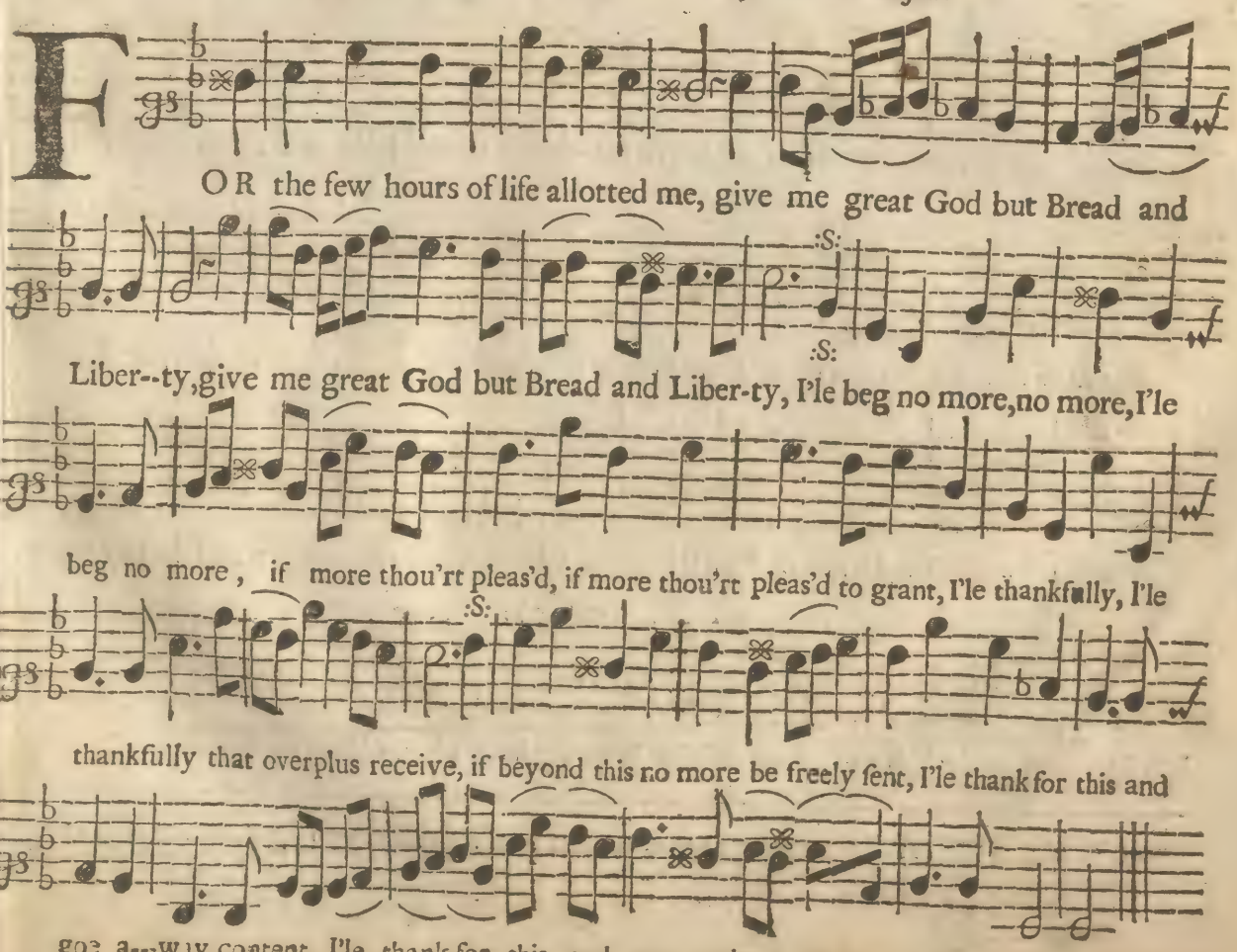
Charms we A—dore.

LONDON, Printed for *John Carr* at the *Middle Temple-Gate*. 1687.

A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

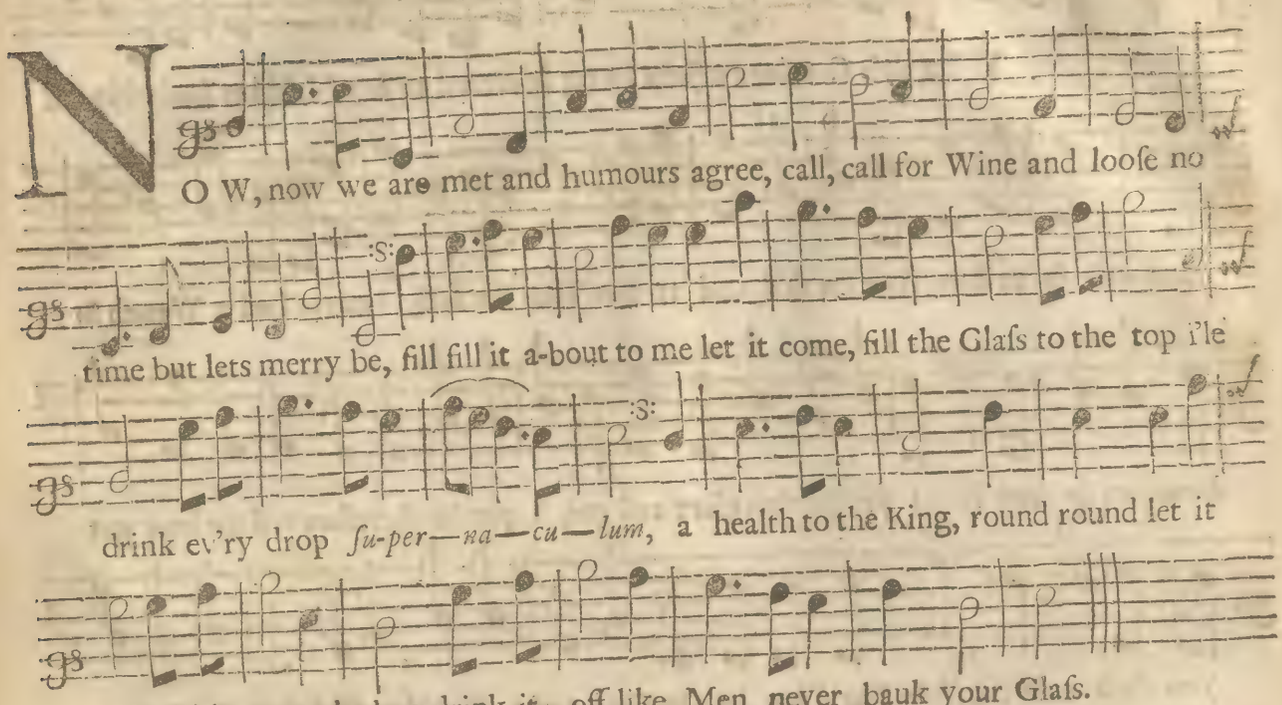


A CATCH for 3 Voc. By Mr. *Nicholſon.*



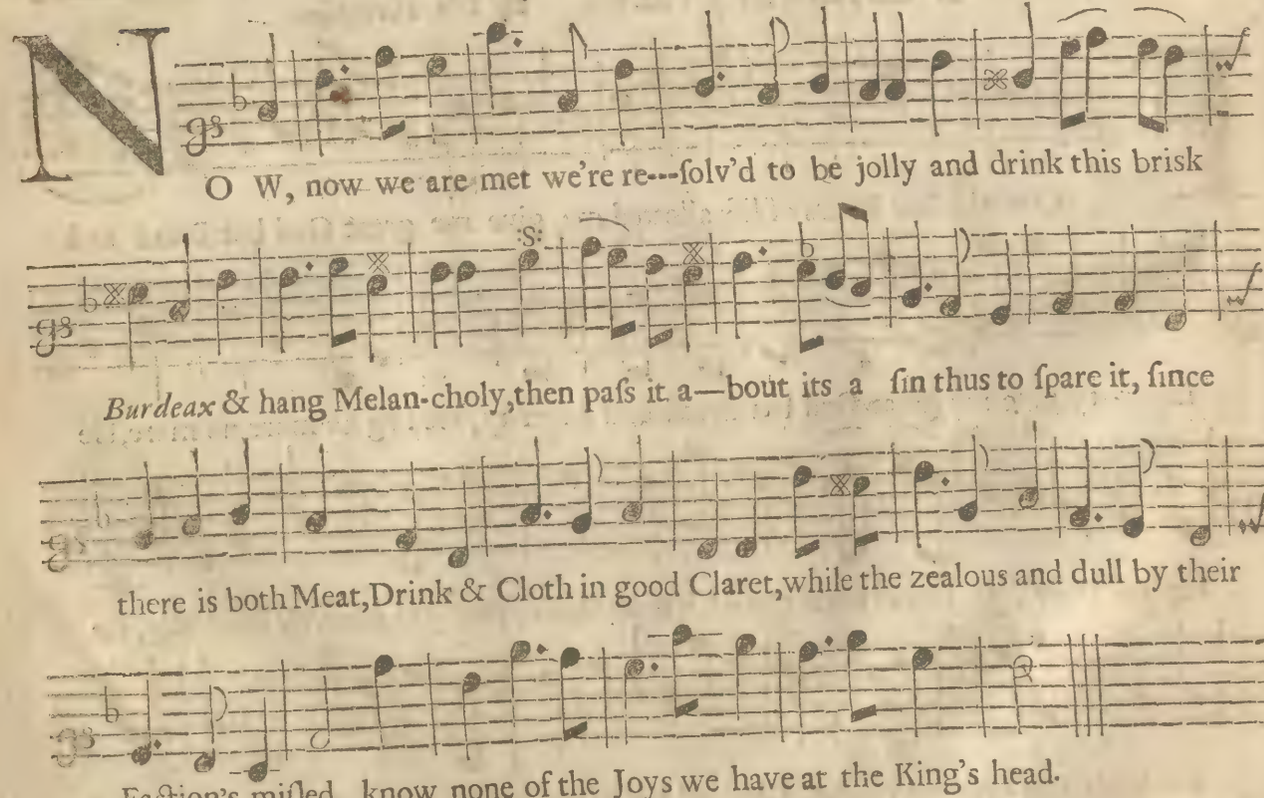
A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. *Henry Purcel.*



A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. *Snow.*



LONDON, Printed for *Sam. Scott* next door to the *Devil-Tavern* by *Temple-Bar*. 1687.

COMES AMORIS:

OR THE

Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION

Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpsichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol.*

THE FOURTH BOOK.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall* for *John Carr*, and *Samuell Scott*, at the *Middle Temple Gate* in *Fleet-street*, 1693.

D63B
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A *Table* of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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TO

Lionell Duckett,

OF

HARTHAM, in the County of *WILTS*, Esq;

SIR,

WE *hope it will be no Offence in us to tell the World that you are pleased to be an Encourager of the* Musical Faculty, *since the Patrons of that* Art *have been observed to be the Best sort of Men. They are Persons whose Minds and Tempers seem to be made up of an Agreeable Harmony. You are so great an Instance of this Truth, that You your self are not more an Admirer of* Musick *than Mankind are of You, as many as have the happiness to know you. 'Tis your great Felicity to be both a Lover of your Country and beloved by your Country. We confess 'tis above our Station to pretend to Panegyrick, yet the Sense of our Obligations to you will not permit us to be altogether silent. If this little Volume prove acceptable to you, it will be as great a satisfaction to us as if it were approv'd by an* Orpheus *or* Apollo. *'Tis the utmost of our Ambition to add, (as much as in us lies) to the Diversion of Gentlemen whose Souls are refin'd enough to relish the Charms of Musick. We have therefore made bold to offer this Endeavour to your Patronage, depending upon that Goodness and Candour which are the natural Result of your Temper. Wherefore amongst the number of your Admirers we beg leave to subscribe ourselves as we are in all Respect and Sincerity,*

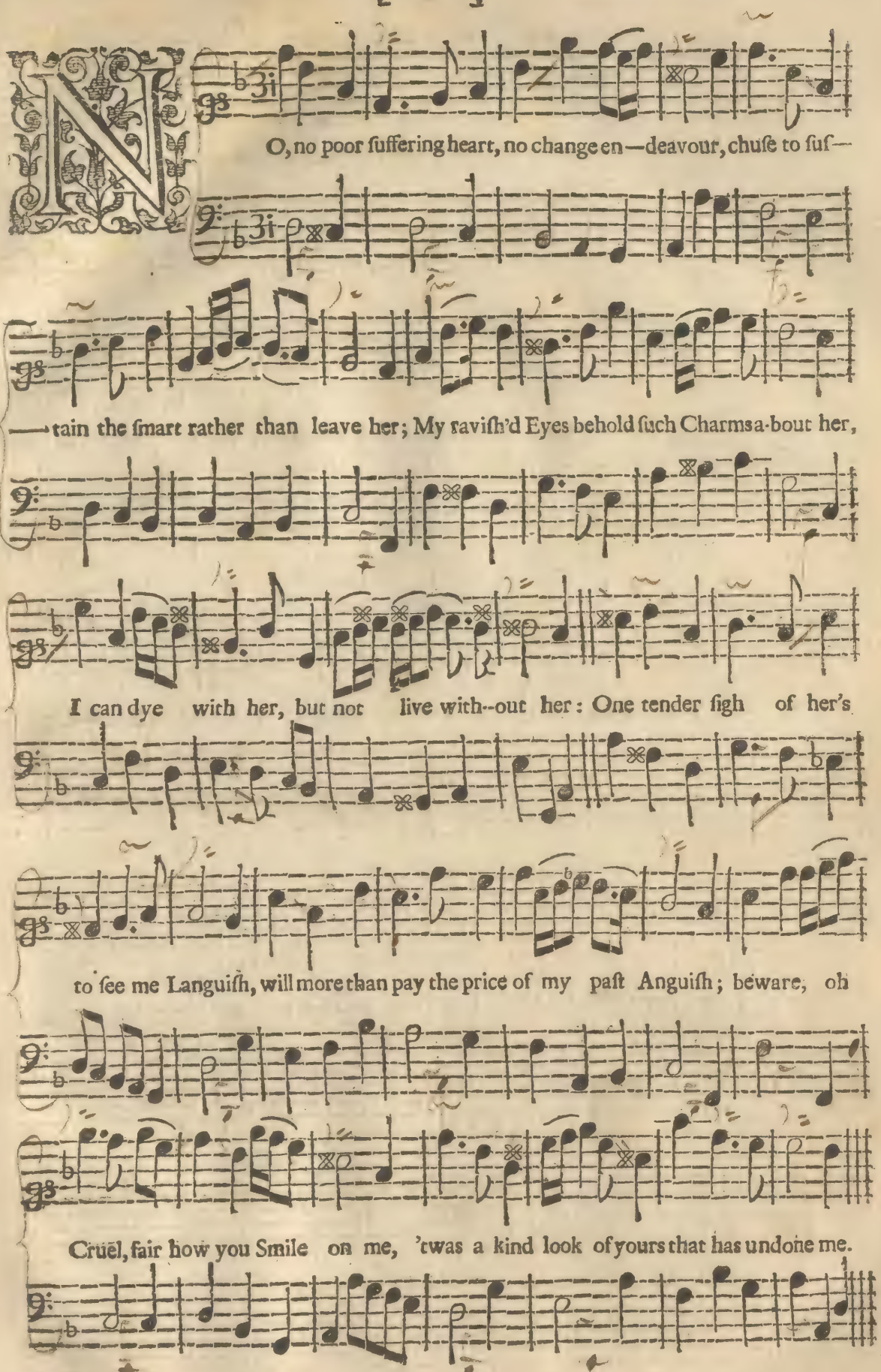
Sir,

Your most devoted

humble Servants,

John Carr,
Samuell Scott.

in Cleomenes.

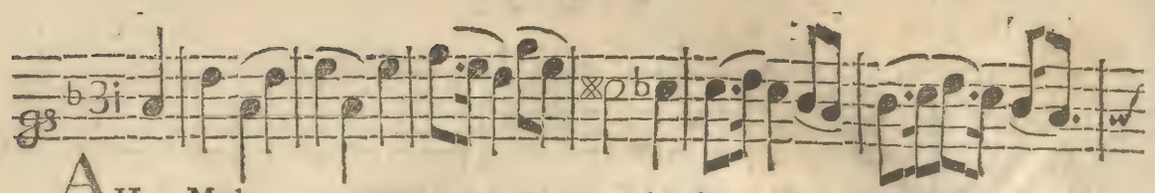


II.

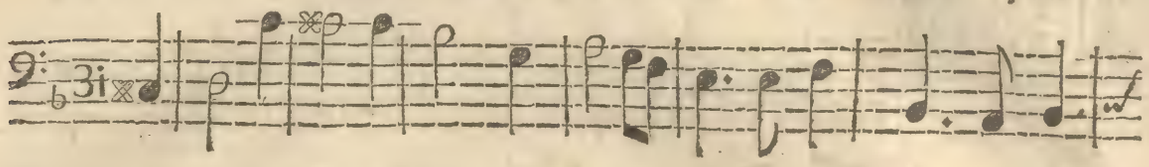
Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day Void of Bliss, and Pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time, and Death, when they wou'd seize us,
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by dying.

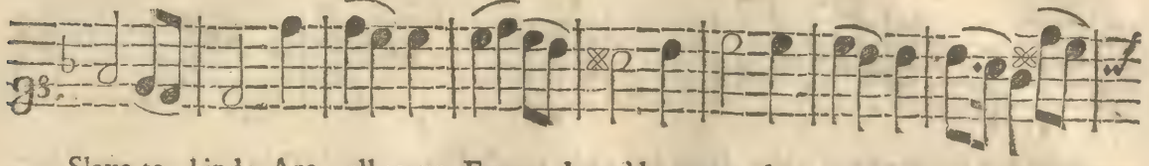
Hen:

The Words by Mr. *Dryden*. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.

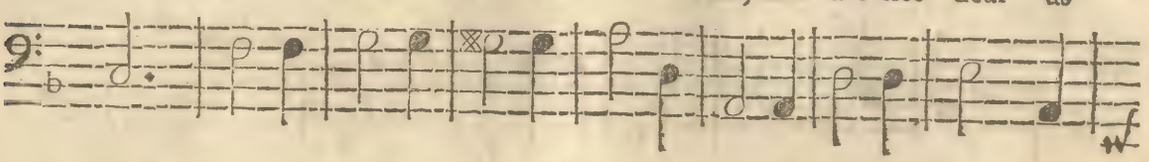


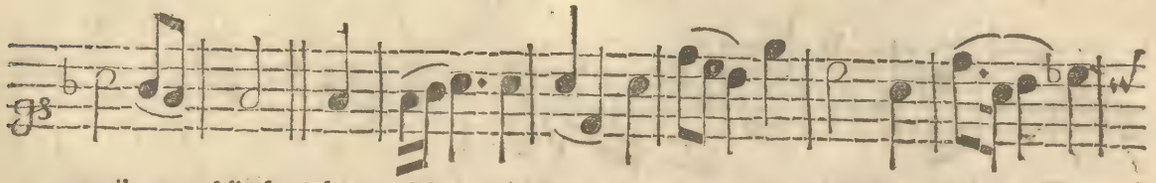
AH Madam you are too ſe—vere, in dou——ble Chains your



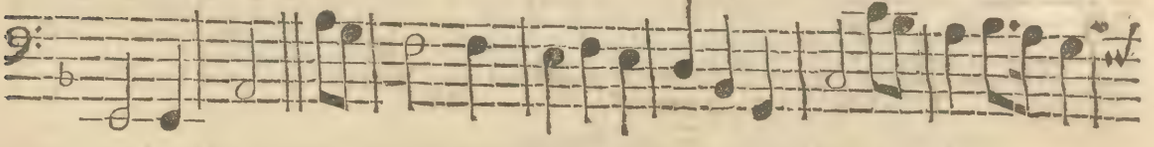


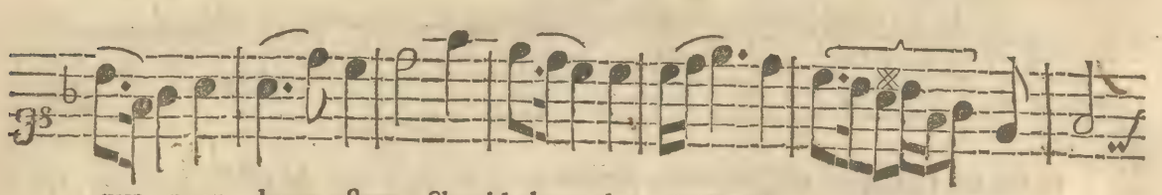
Slave to bind; Are all your Fetters doom'd to wear, that are not deaf as



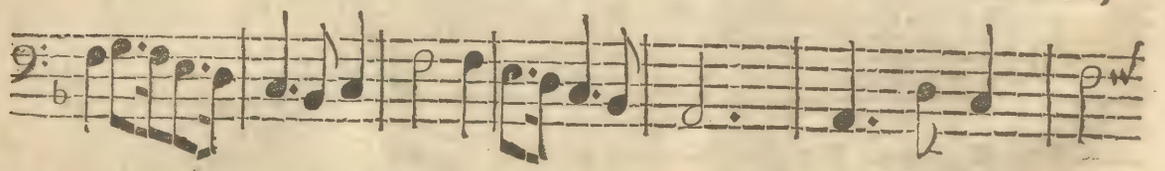


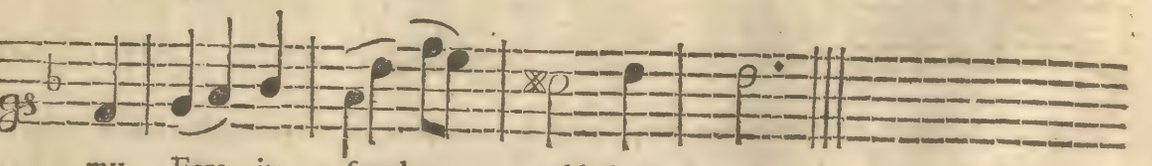
well as blind? Then I'le no more my Eyes ac—cuſe, for lead—ing



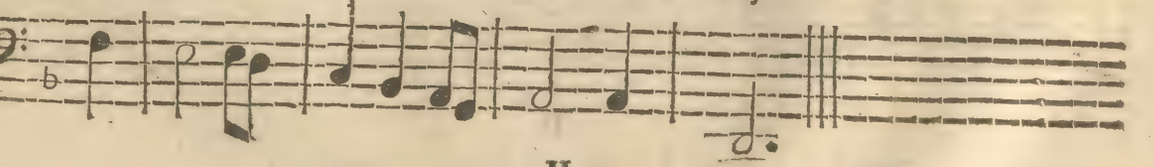


my poor heart aſtray; Should they the ſtrict--eſt cau——tion uſe,





my Ears its freedoom would be——tray.

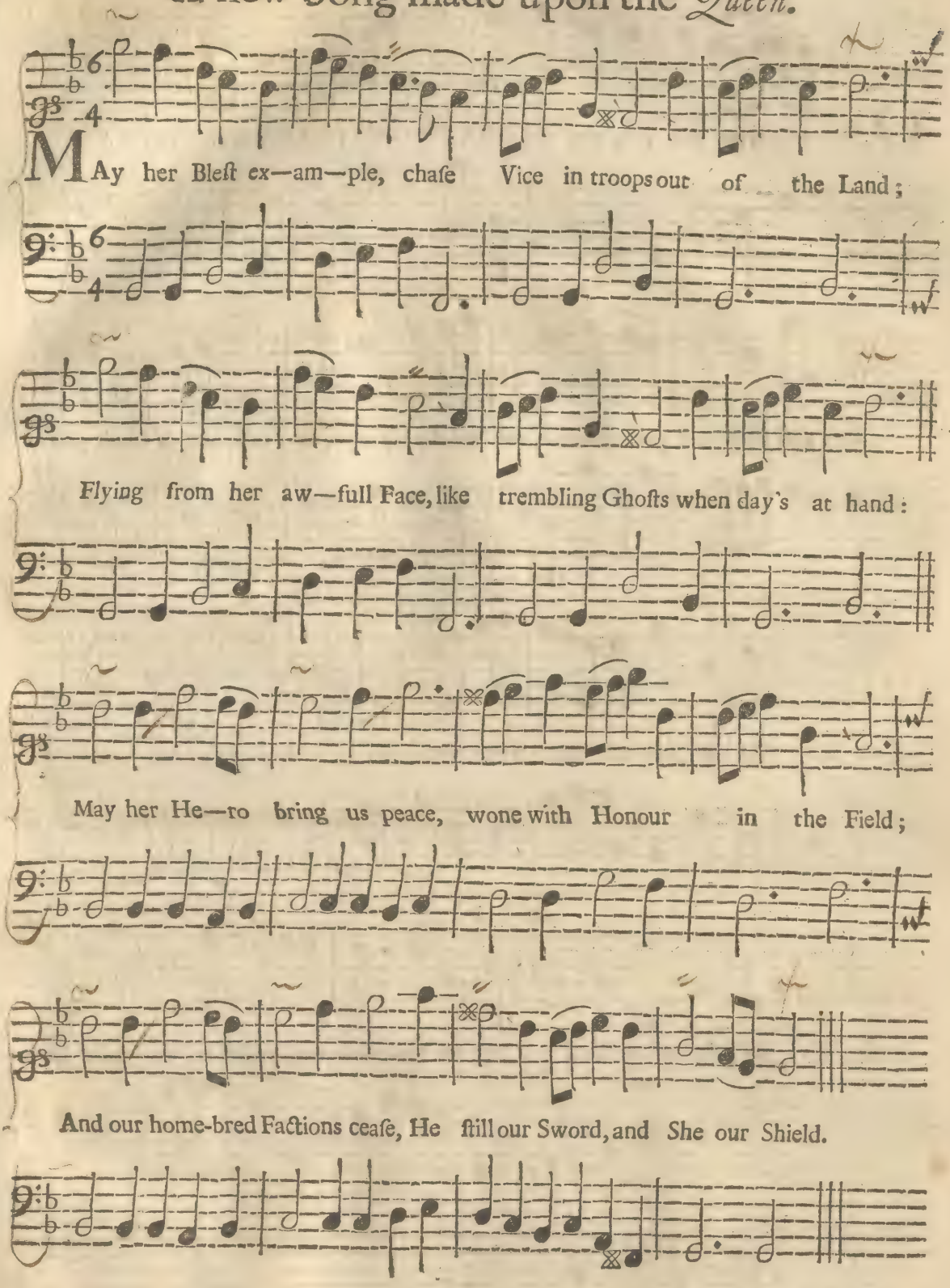


II.

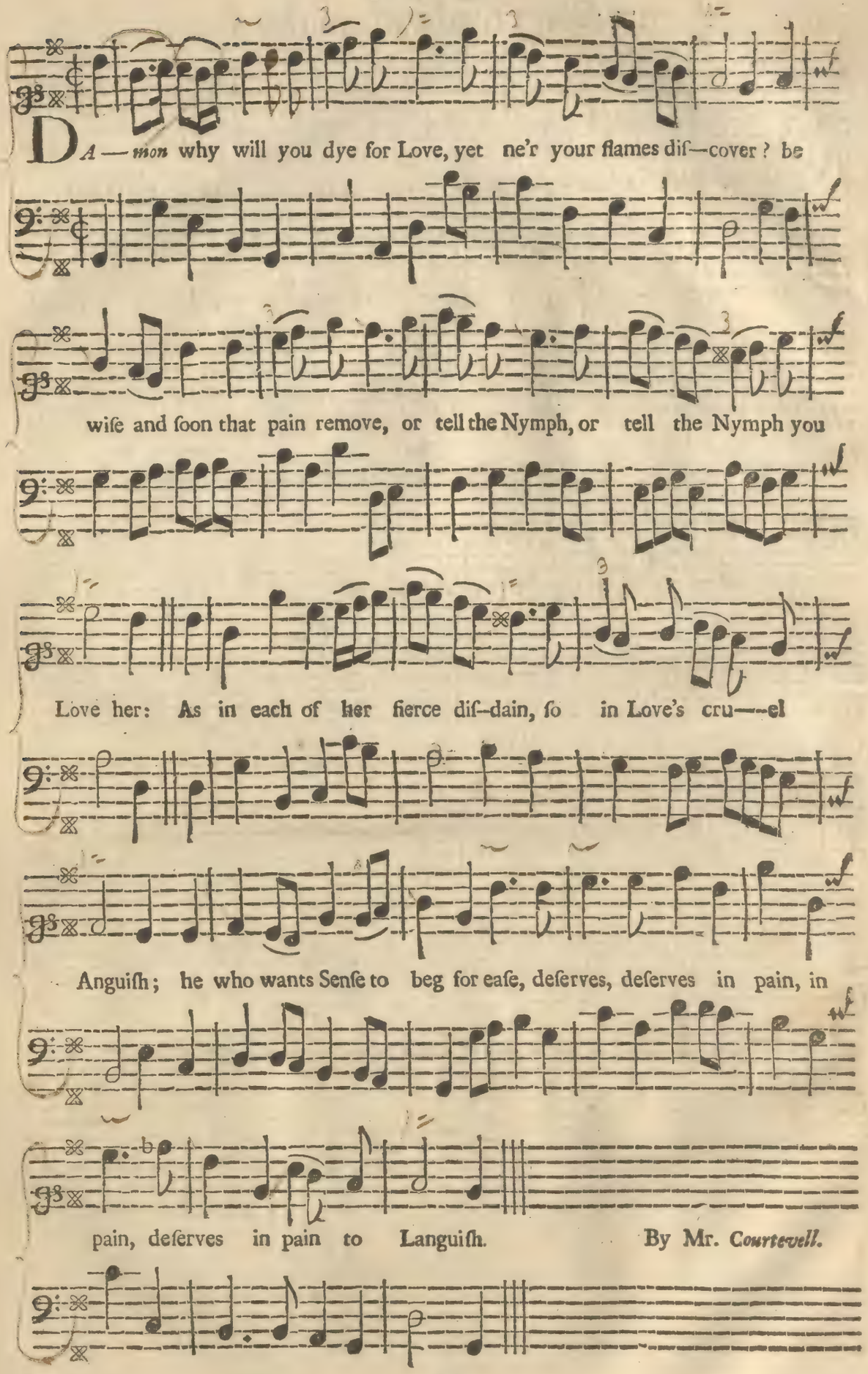
The Fortreſs cannot be maintain'd,
Already more than half or'ethrown;
For ſince my Eyes and Ears are gain'd,
The chiefeſt Out-works are your own:
Then freely I'le my Heart reſign,
Let at leaſt my comfort be;
She nothing cruel can deſign,
That's all made up of Harmony.

By Mr. *Moſes Snow*.

A new Song made upon the *Queen.*

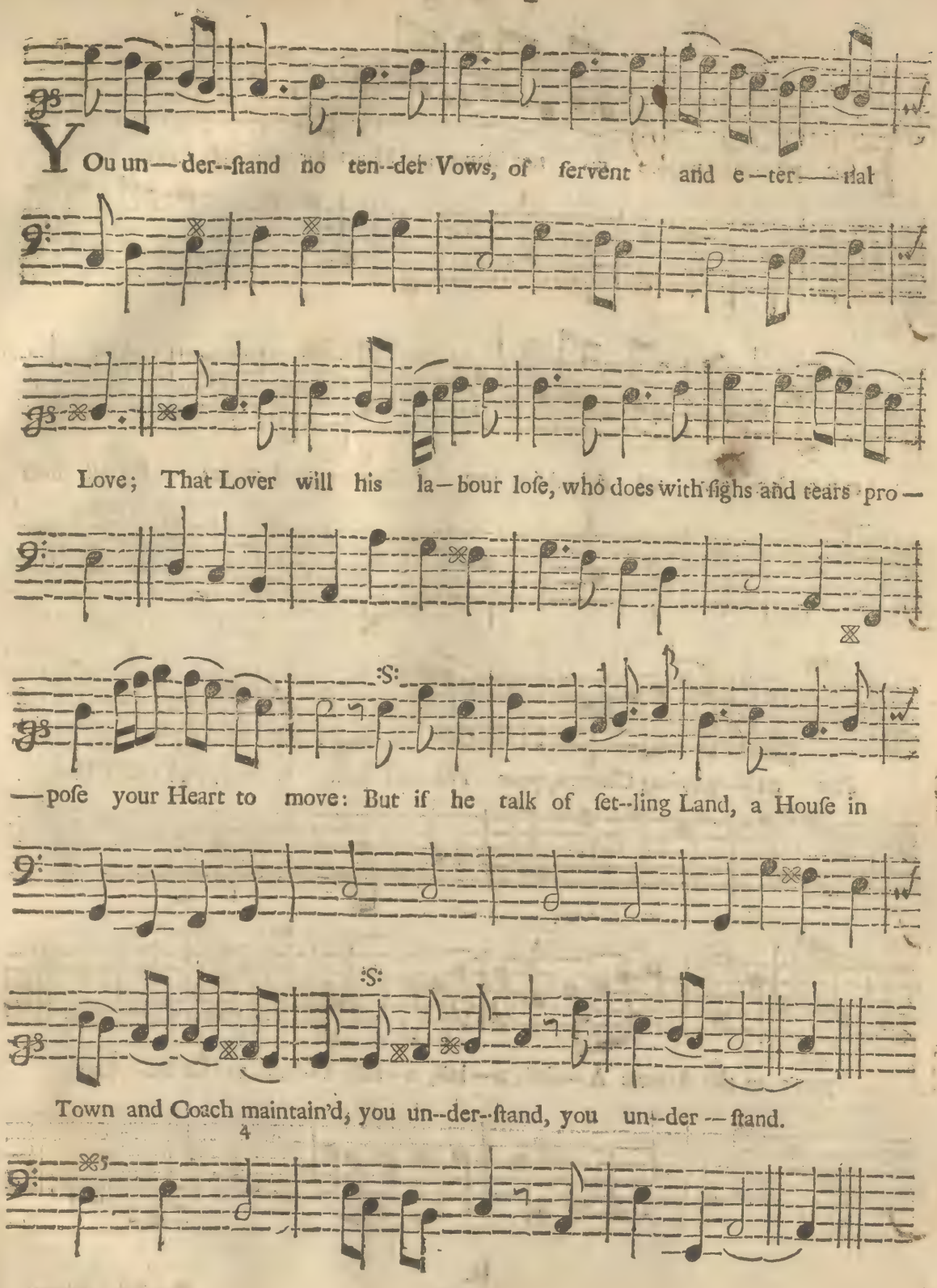


By Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



II.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
Like her their minds they vary;
Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,
With you the next She'll Marry:
Be ſure be true if She is kind,
If cruel then forget her;
With little pains you ſoon will find,
A Nymph who'll uſe you better.



II.

By Mr. *Robert King.*

You underſtand no Charm in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
To any Fop you will ſubmit,
The Nauſeous Clown, or fulſome Citt
If rich they are,
Who Guineas can may you command,
Put Gold, and then put in your——
You underſtand, you underſtand.

For pit—ty *Strephon* do not blame my Heart for want of Love; I

can no lon—ger act dis—dain, our Passion e—qual move: By all those

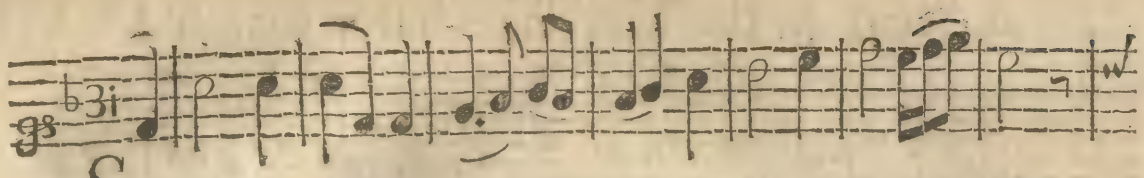
dear en—gage-ing Charms, poor *Phi—lis* now is won, and yields her

pow'r to thy Armes; A—lass, a—lass, a—lass, a—lass to be un—done.

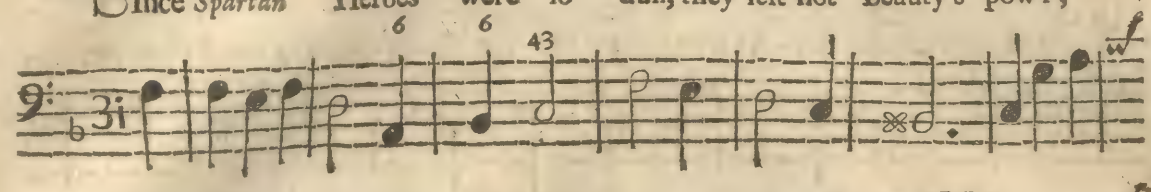
II.

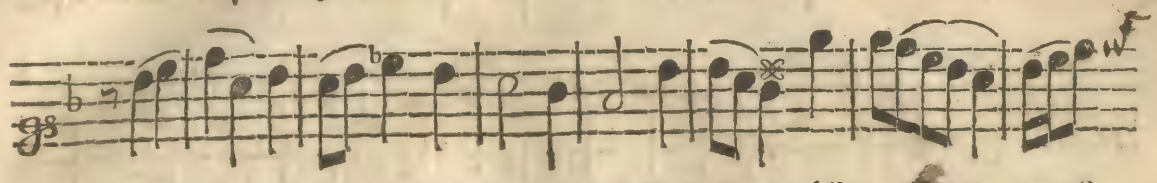
By Mr. *Biron.*

Too late I find it is in vain,
Love's Fire to conceal;
The soft, the wishing dying pain,
My tell-tale Eyes reveal:
It is decree'd, nor can my fear,
Divert what Fate will doe;
The Purchase will be Rich and Dear,
Be *Strephon* false or true.

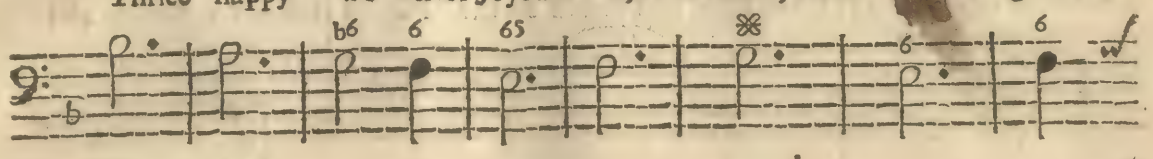


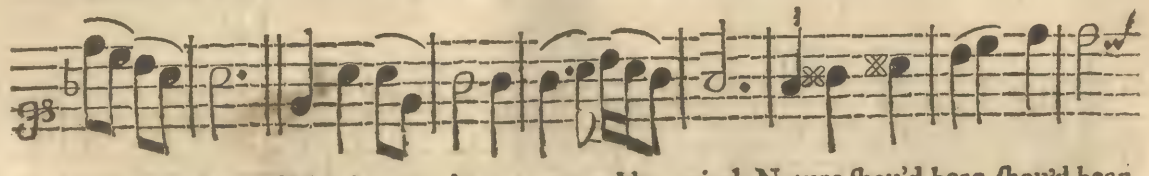
SInce *Spartan* Heroes were so dull, they felt not Beauty's pow'r;



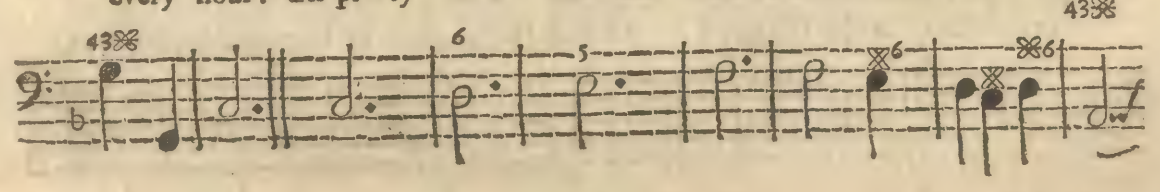


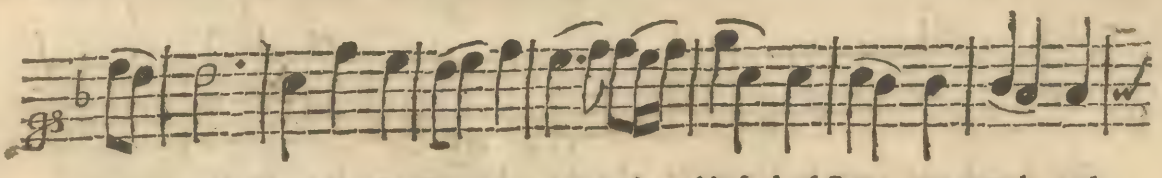
Thrice happy we whose Joys are full, While Love, while Love grows



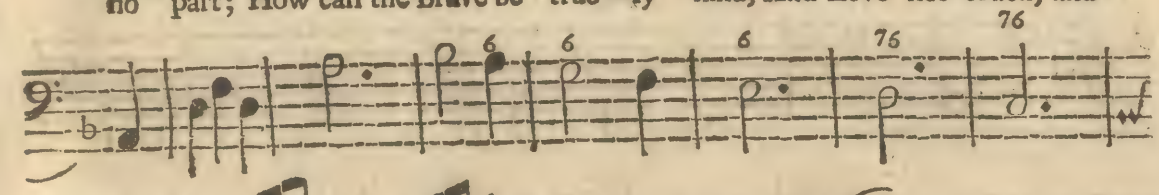


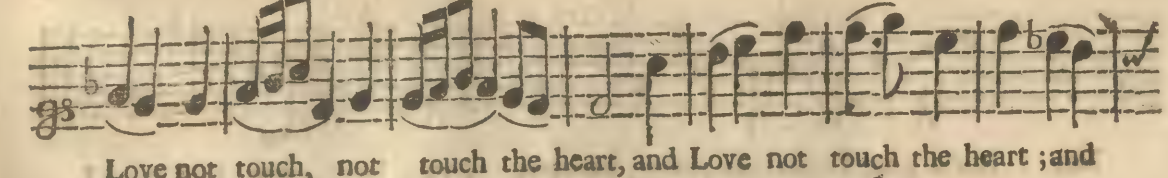
every hour: 'Tis pi—ty in a no—ble mind Nature shou'd bear, shou'd bear



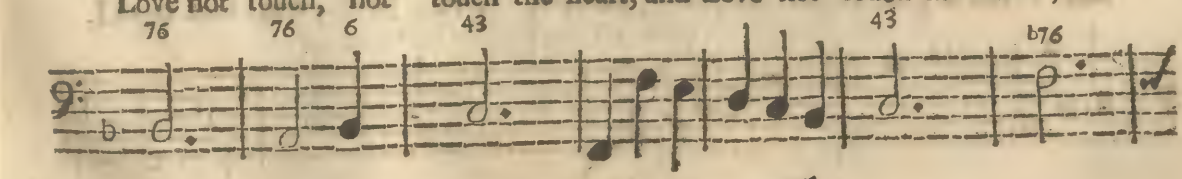


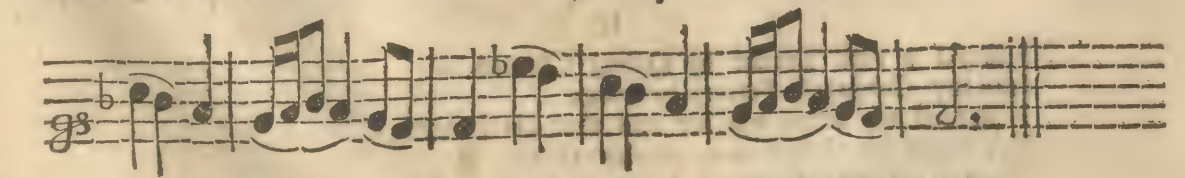
no part; How can the Brave be true—ly kind, And Love not touch, and



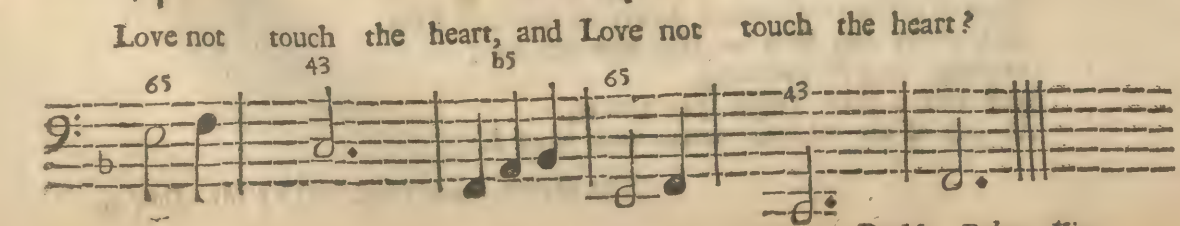


Love not touch, not touch the heart, and Love not touch the heart; and



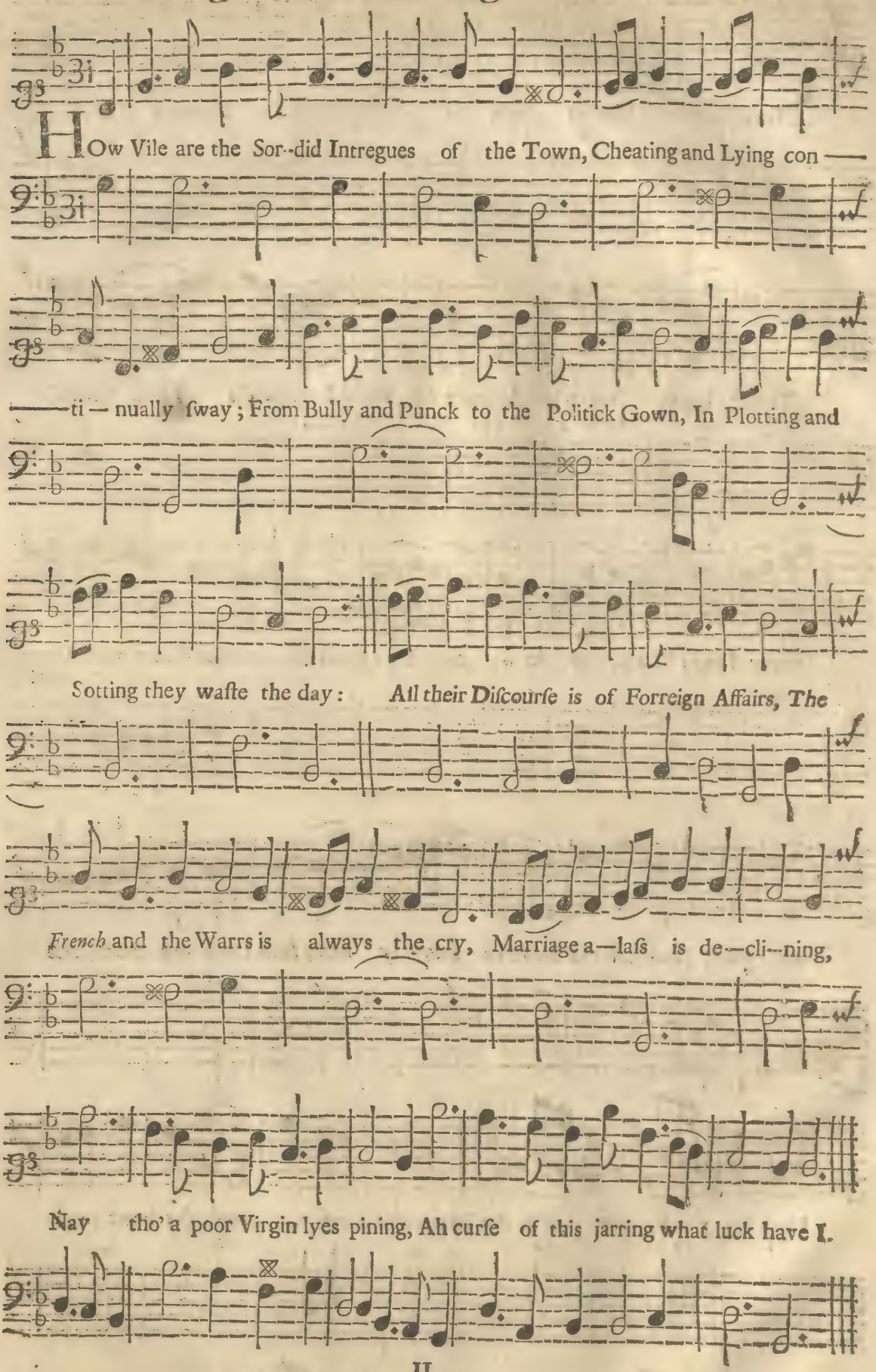


Love not touch the heart, and Love not touch the heart?



By Mr. *Robert King*.

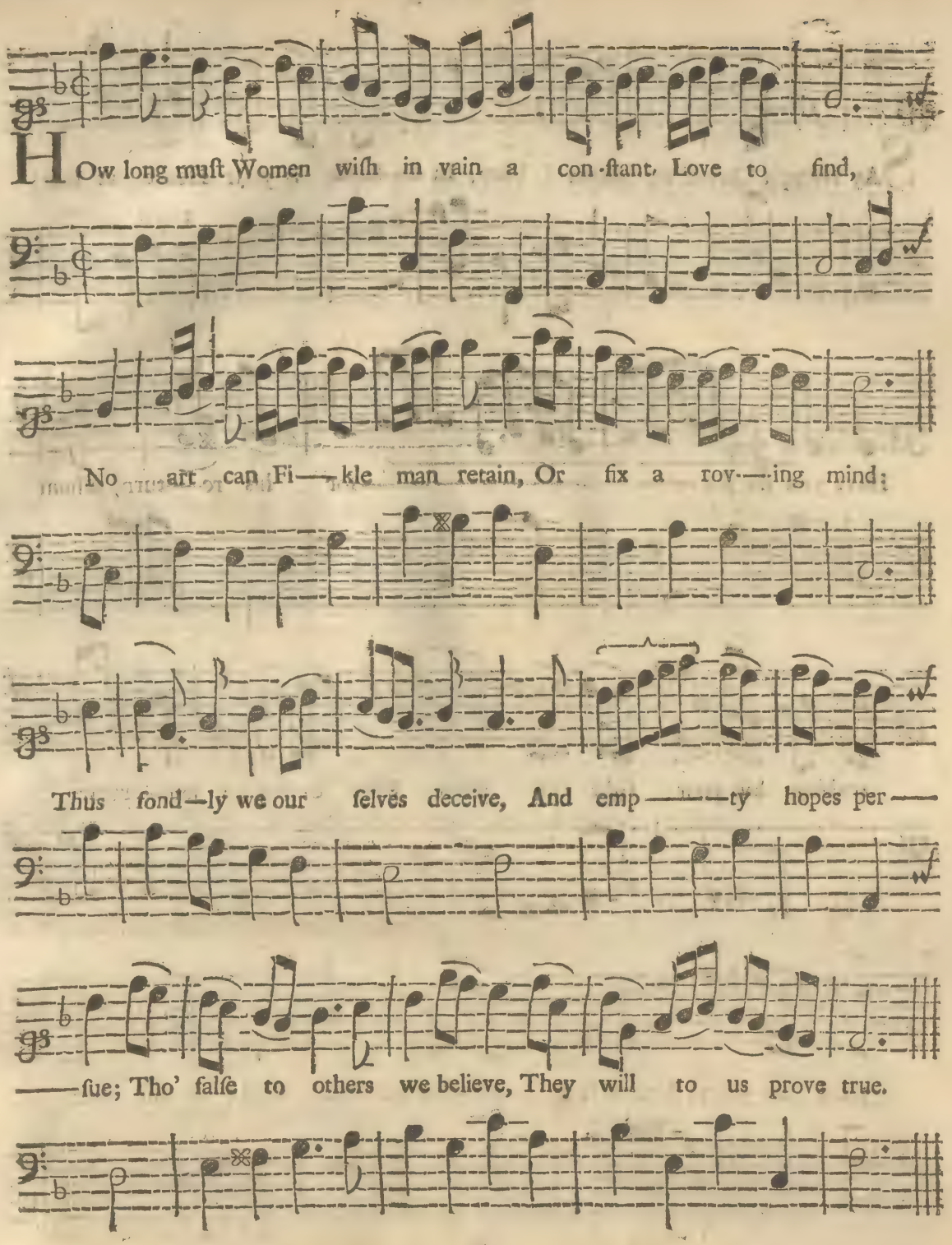
A Song in the Marriage-hater match'd.



II.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
Into my Conjugall Fetters to bring;
I planted my ſnare too for one that lov'd Arms,
But found his deſign was another thing:
From the Court Province down to the dull Citts,
Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are ſhy;
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay tho' a poor Virgin lyes pining,
Ah pox of the *Monſieur* what luck have I.

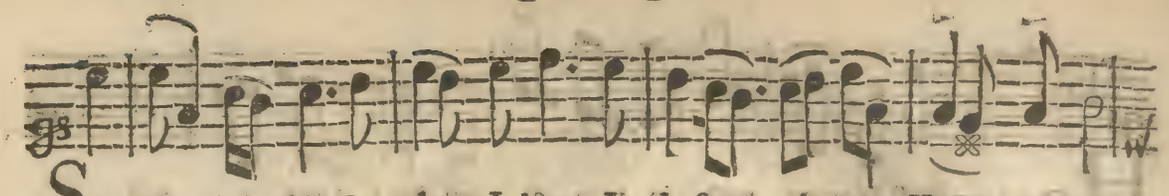
The Words made (and Set) by Mr. *Durfee*.



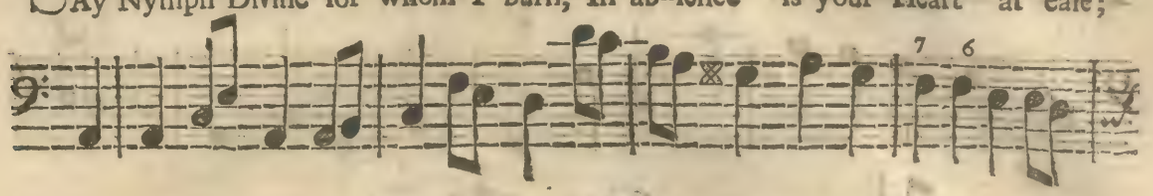
II.

But Oh! the Torment to diſcern,
  A perjur'd Lover gone;
And yet by ſad experiance learn,
  That we muſt ſtill love on:
How ſtrangely are we fool'd by Fate,
  Who tread the Maze of Love;
When moſt deſirous to retreat,
  We know not how to move.

The Words by Mr. *Shadwell.* Set by Mr. *King.*

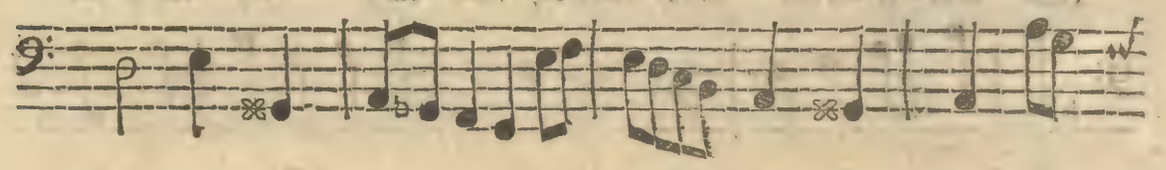


SAy Nymph Divine for whom I burn, In ab--ſence is your Heart at eaſe;

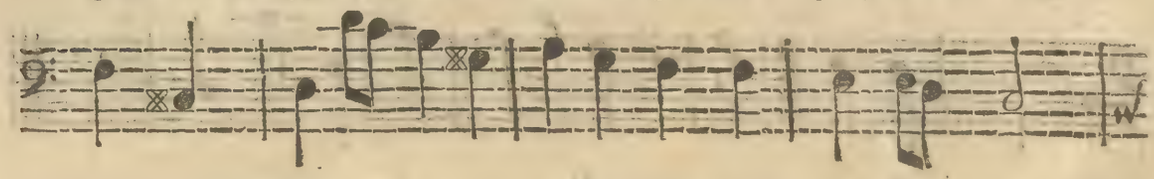


Have you no Joy——————————for his re——turn, whom

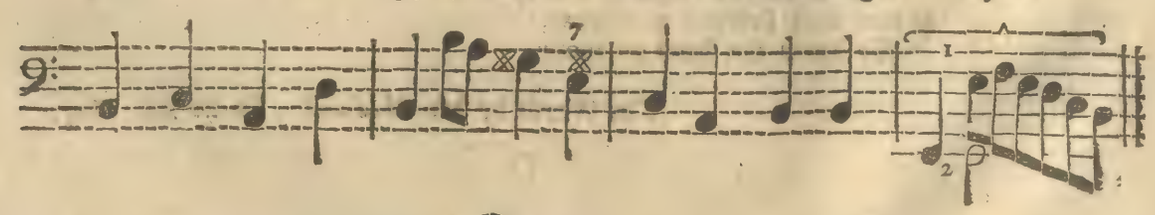
nothing but your ſight can pleaſe; Who ev——'ry mo——ment



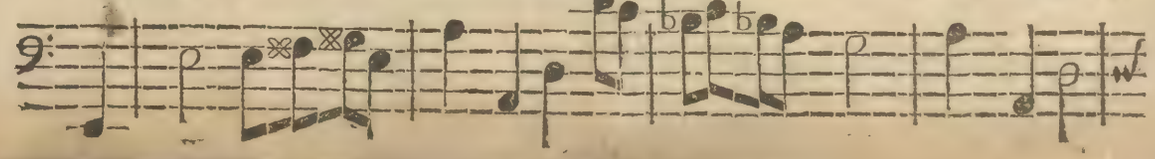
pines a——way, And with a ſul—len paſ-ſion dyes; If he but

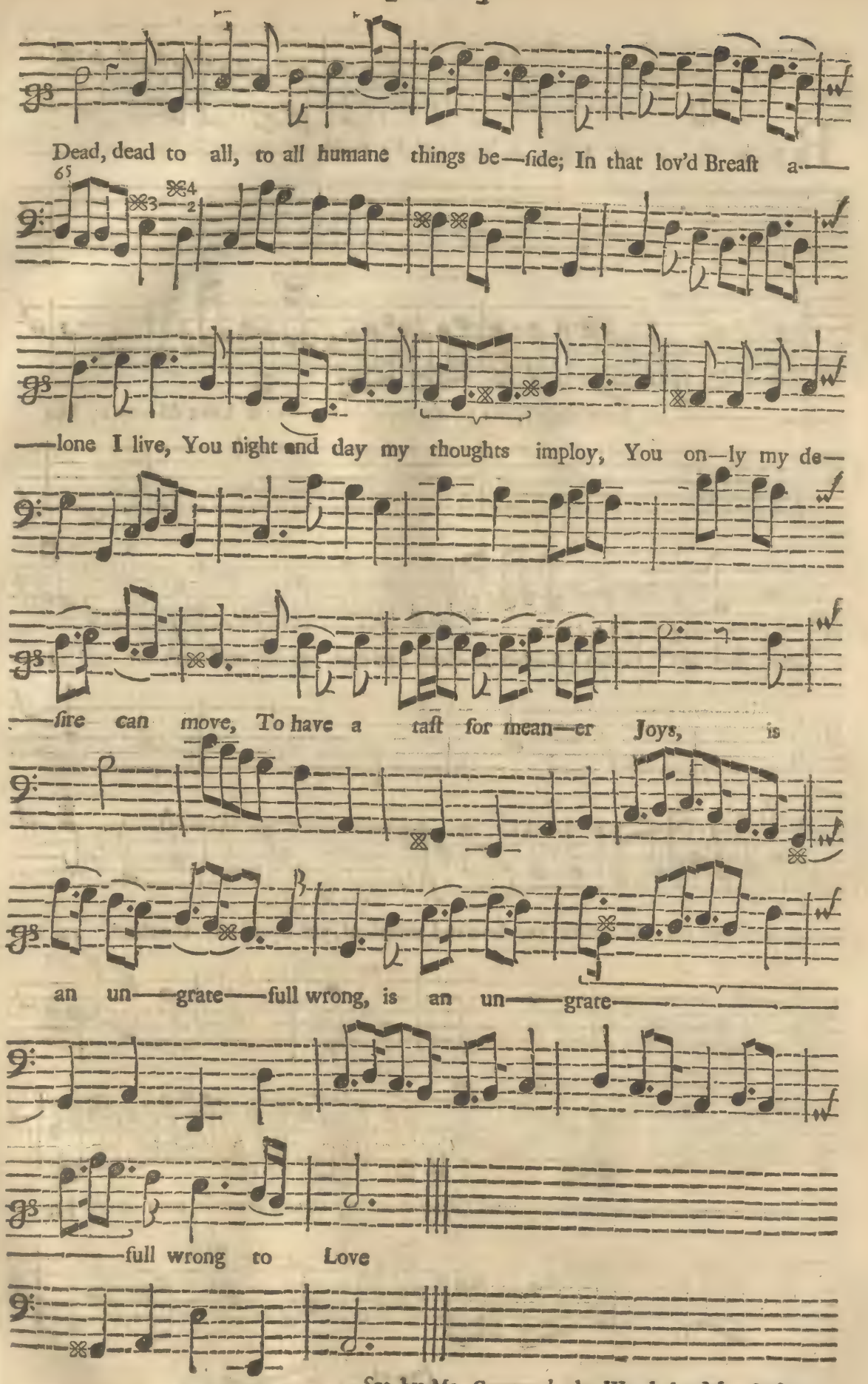


paſs one te—d'ous day, un-bleſt of thoſe all Charming Eyes:

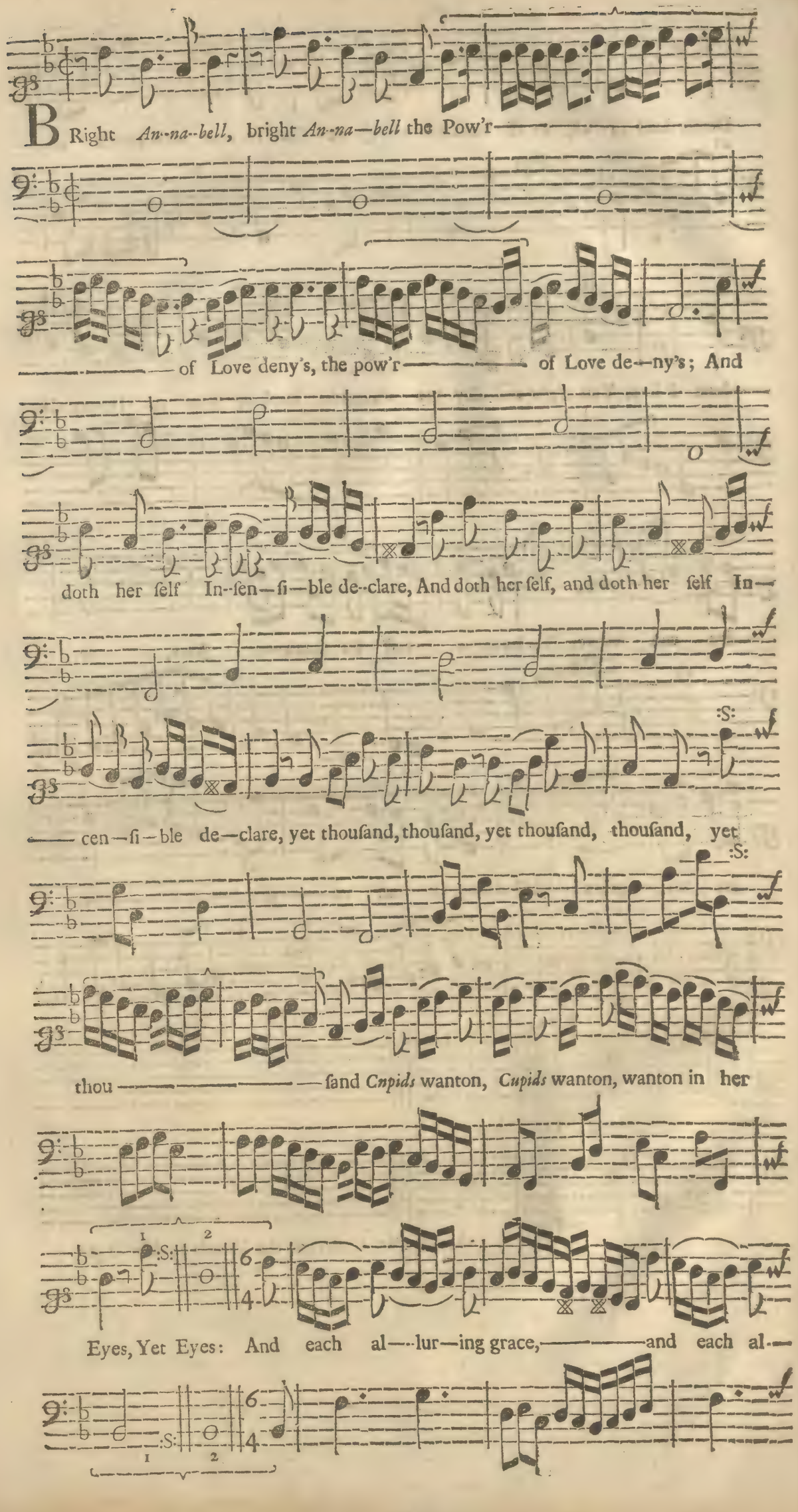


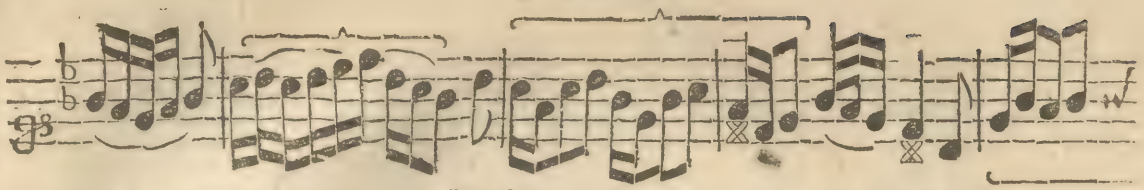
To ſerve you is my care and pride, To pleaſe you all this world can give;



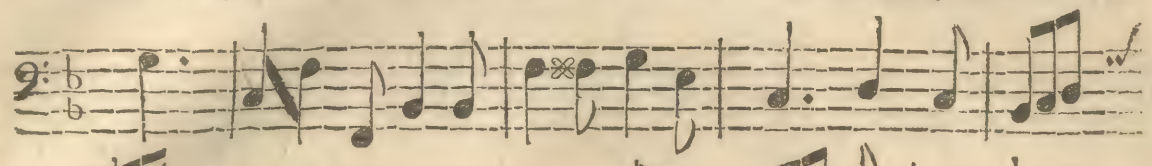


Set by Mr. *Courtevel.* the Words by Mr. *Ouſley.*

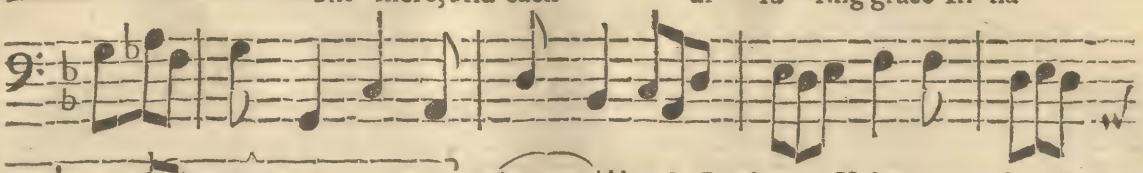

B Right An--na--bell, bright An--na—bell the Pow'r
of Love deny's, the pow'r of Love de—ny's; And
doth her ſelf In--ſen—ſi—ble de--clare, And doth her ſelf, and doth her ſelf In—
cen—ſi—ble de—clare, yet thouſand, thouſand, yet thouſand, thouſand, yet
thou ſand Cnpids wanton, Cupids wanton, wanton in her
Eyes, Yet Eyes: And each al—lur—ing grace, and each al—



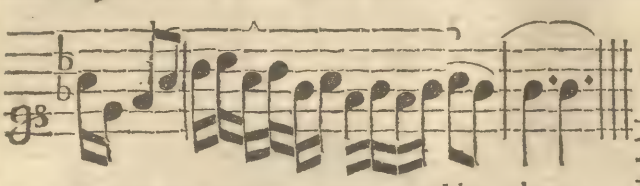
——lu——ring grace In—ha——————bits there, In-ha——



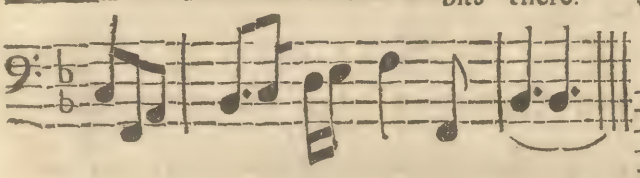
————————bits there, and each al—lu—ring grace In--ha——

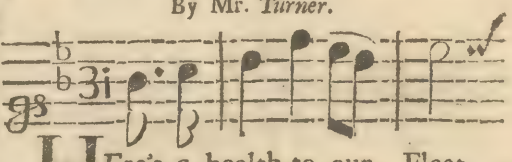


A Catch for 4 Voices upon the Fleet.
By Mr. *Turner*.

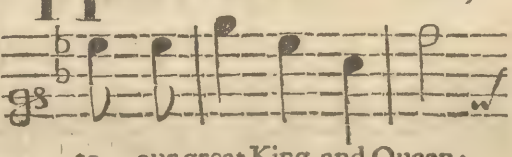


————————————bits there.

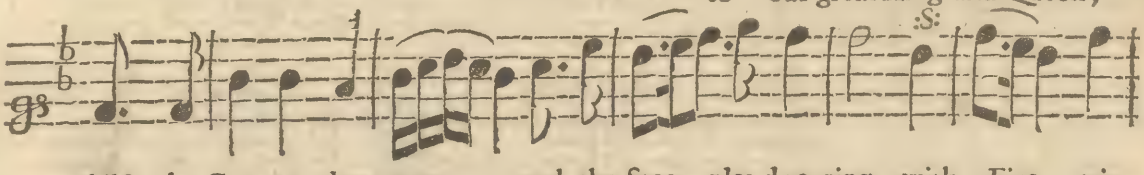




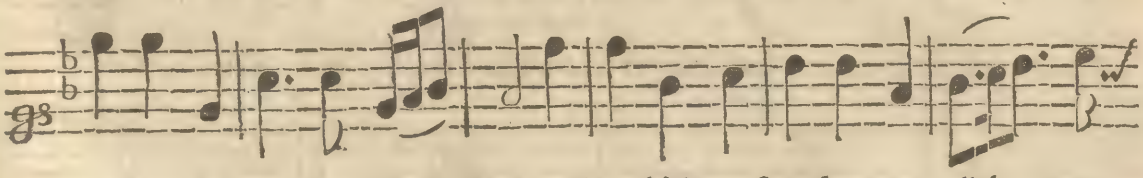
HEre's a health to our Fleet,



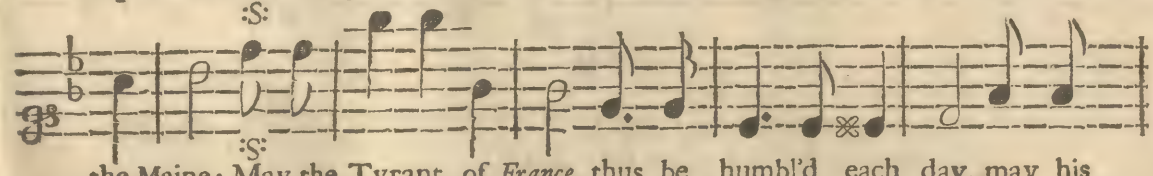
to our great King and Queen;



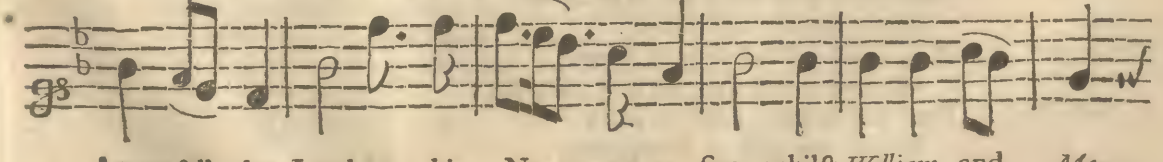
whilst the Cannon doe roar, and the Stee—ples doe ring; with Fire tri—



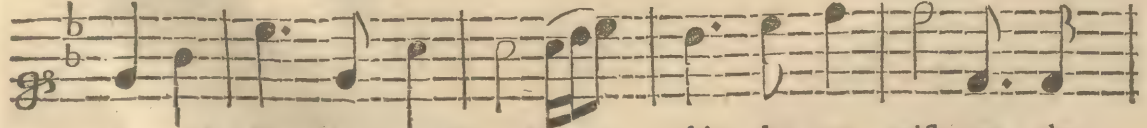
——umphant the Ci—ty shall shine, as *Tourvile*'s burnt Squadrons en—ligh——ten



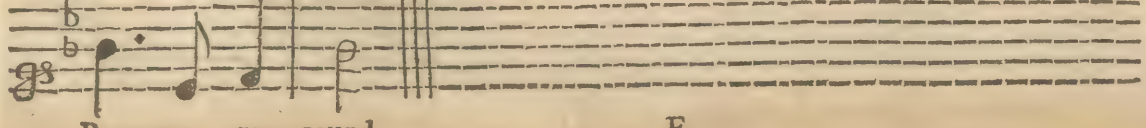
the Maine: May the Tyrant of *France*, thus be humbl'd each day, may his



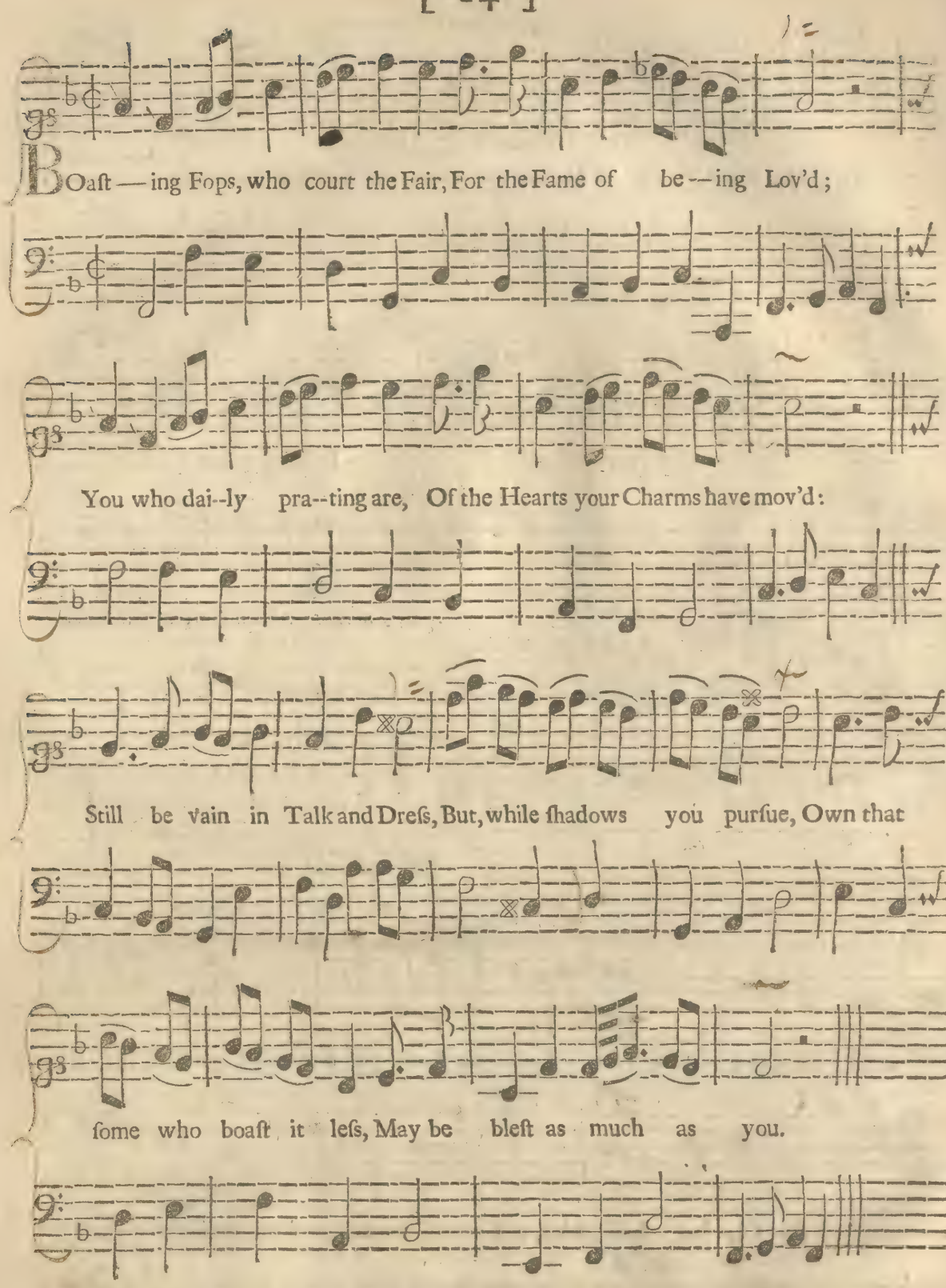
Armes fall by Land as his Na——vy at Sea; whilst *William* and *Ma*——



——*ry*, with Trophies are Crown'd, may this be our wish as the



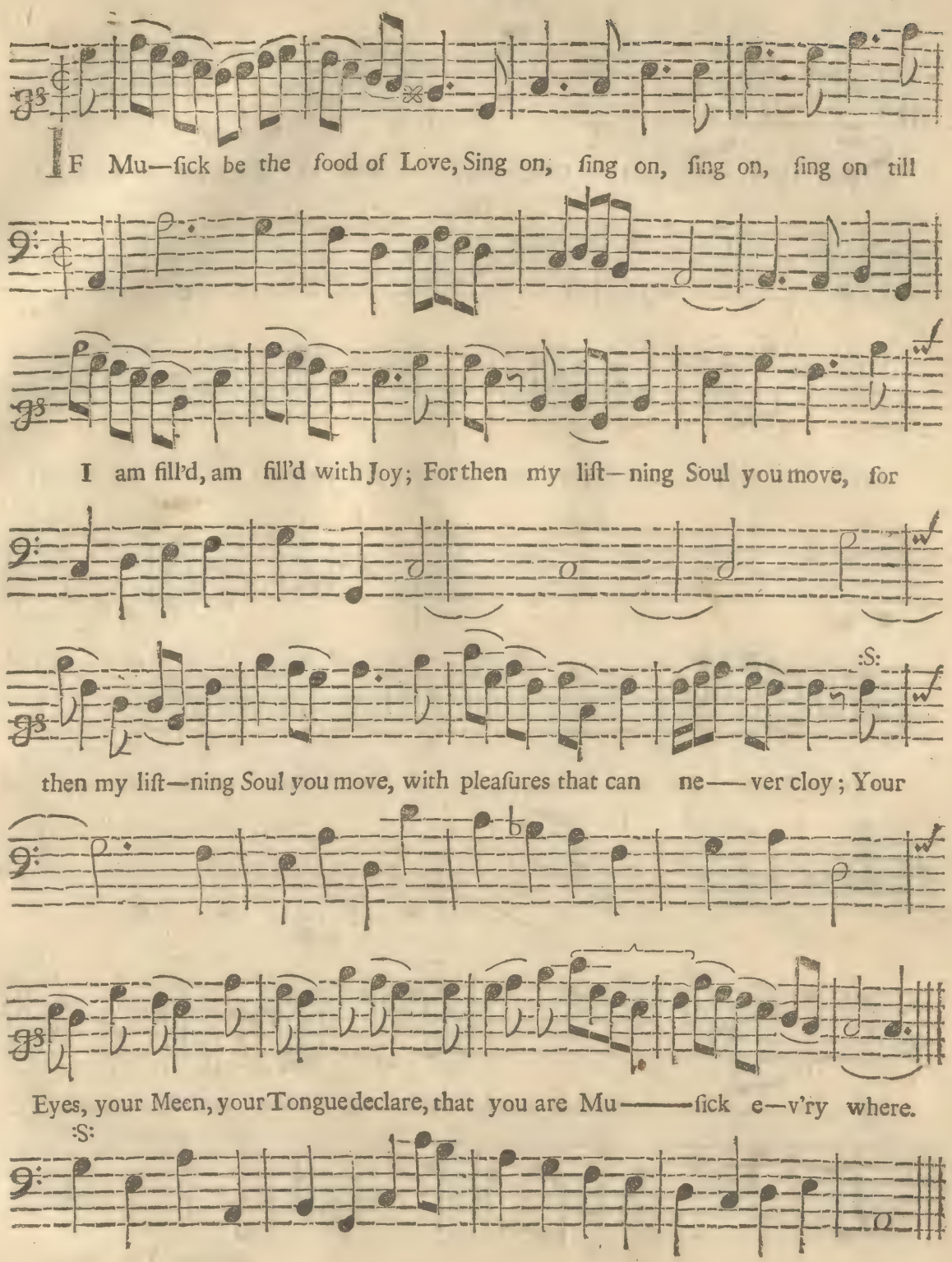
Bumpers go round.



II.

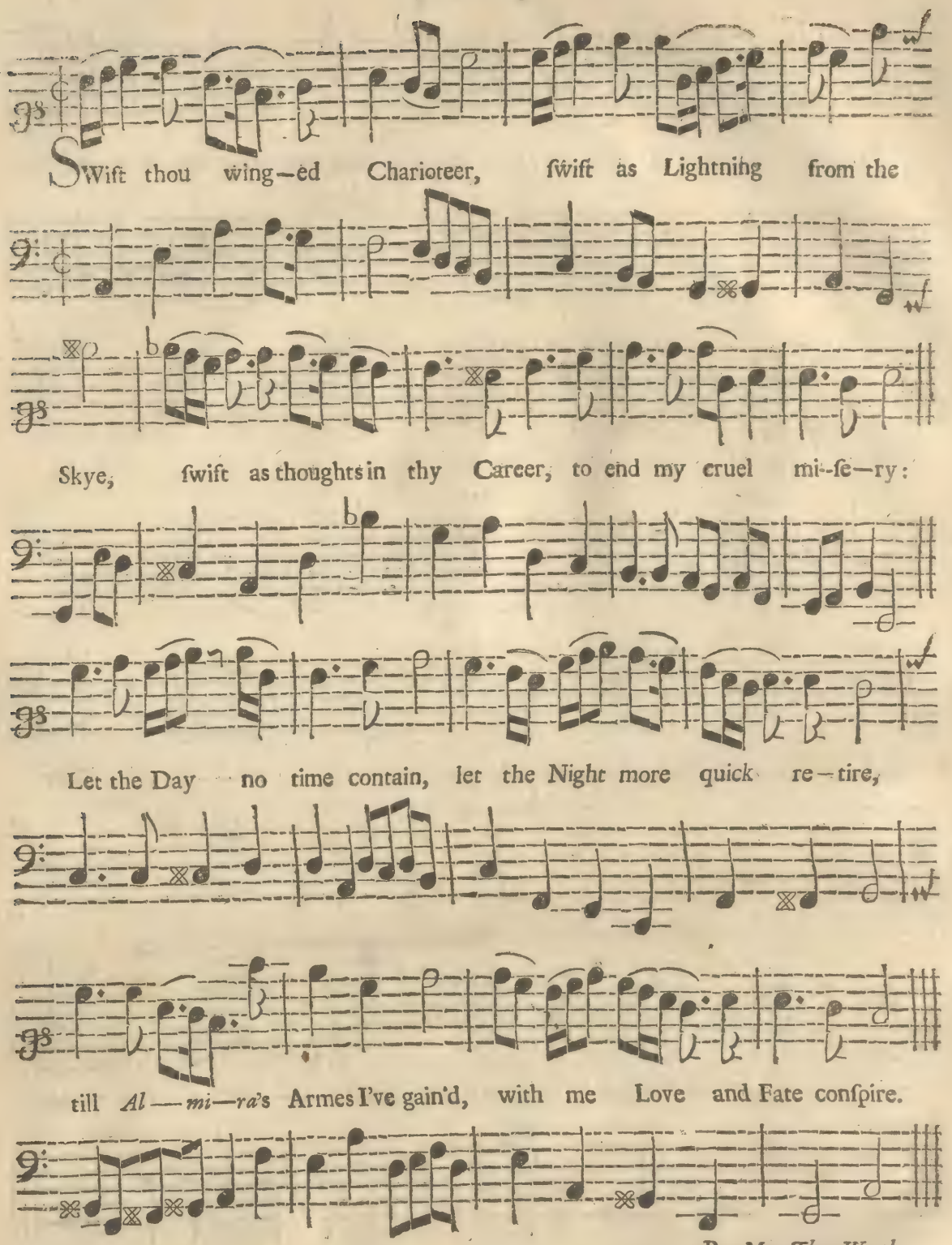
[By Dr. *Blow*.

Love and Birding are ally'd,
  Baits and Nets a-like they have;
The ſame Arts in both are try'd,
  The unwary to inſlave:
If in each you'd happy prove,
  Without noiſe ſtill watch your prey;
For, in Birding and in Love,
  While we talk it flyes away.



II.

Pleaſures invade both Eye, and Ear,
So fierce the tranſports are, they wound;
And all my Senſes feaſted are,
Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound.
Sure I muſt periſh by your Charmes,
Unleſs you ſave me in your Armes.



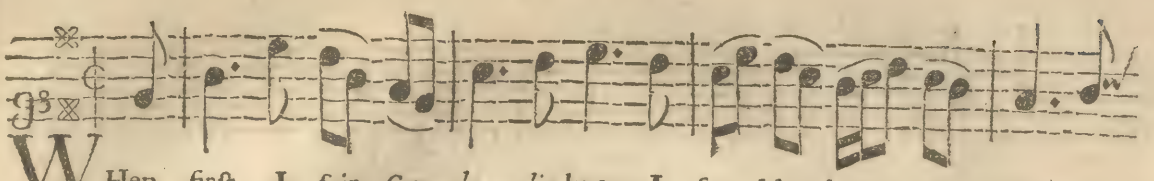
By Mr. *Tho. Wroth.*

II.

Cruel absence me confines,
From my dear *Almira's* Arms;
From those Eyes wherein's contain'd,
A thousand blisses, thousand Charmes:
No ill Omen here attend,
No ill boding Bird be nigh;
Let not *Heccate* dare contend,
To hinder my Felicity.

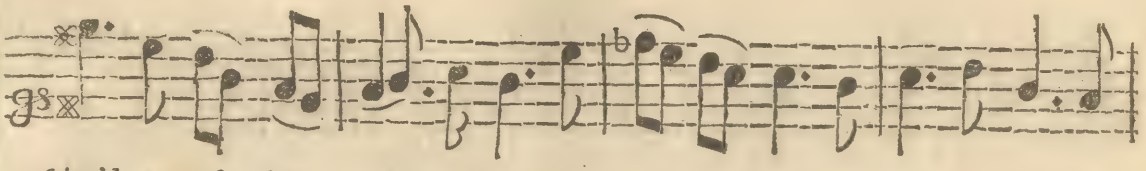
III.

Here all Charming God of Love,
In *Idalian Venus* Armes;
Thousand raptures tastes and proves,
Why not I those softer Charmes:
Let the Day no time contain,
Let the Night more quick retire;
I'll with pleasing killing pains,
In *Almira's* Armes expire.

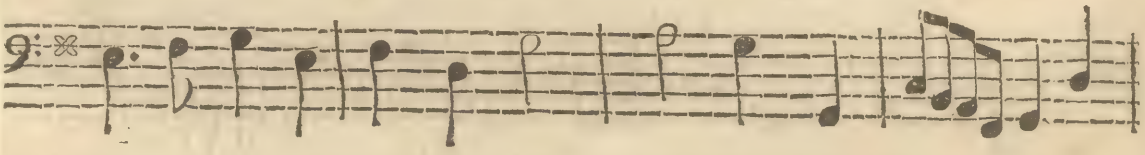


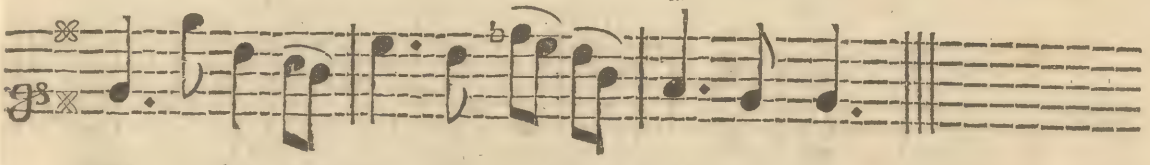
WHen firſt I fair *Cor—de—lia* knew, I found her heart in Chaines, To

one who proud o'th' Con—queſt grew, And tri—umph'd in her paines: I



feign'd a gal—lan——try to her, That paſ—ſion to remove; My try—al



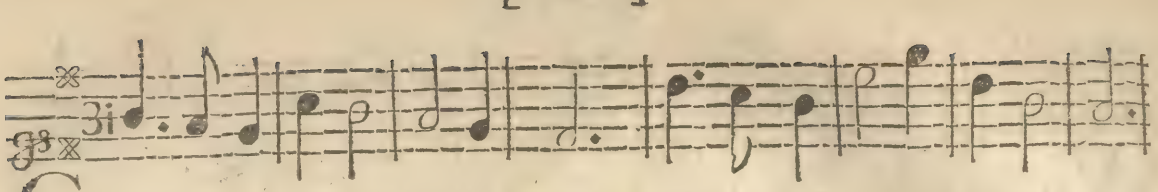


was a—las too dear, In me at laſt 'twas Love.

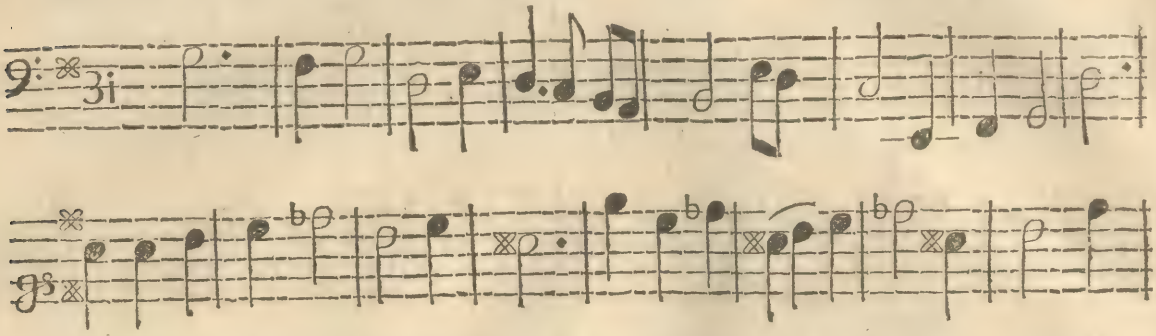
By Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

II.

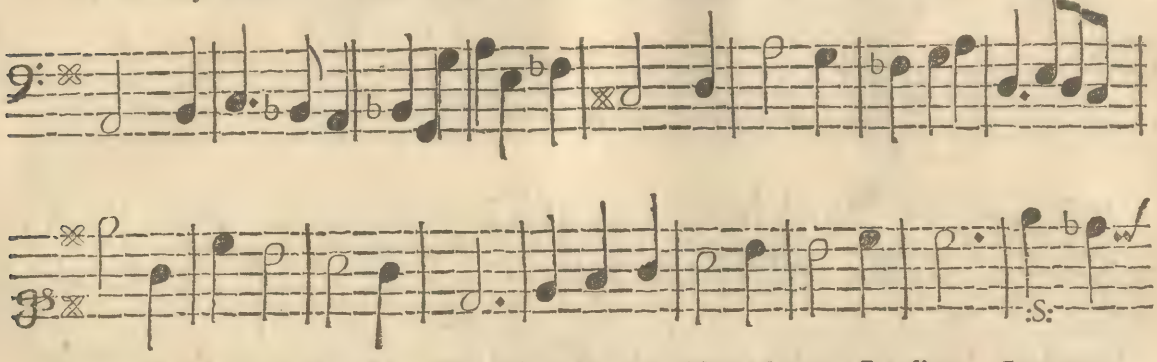
So have I ſeen when Bullies meet,
  Inflam'd with Wine and rage,
Each drawes on to'ther in the Street,
  And vigorouſly engage;
One who to part e'm makes a ſtand,
  Too indiſcreetly brave,
Receive his Death from the Friends hand,
  Whoſe Life he try'd to ſave.



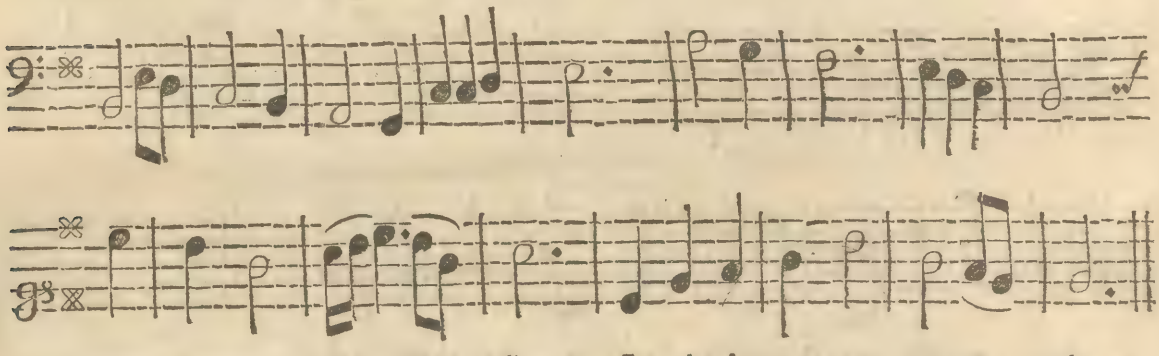
COu'd you be conſtant one half hour, you ſhou'd be told how much I Love:



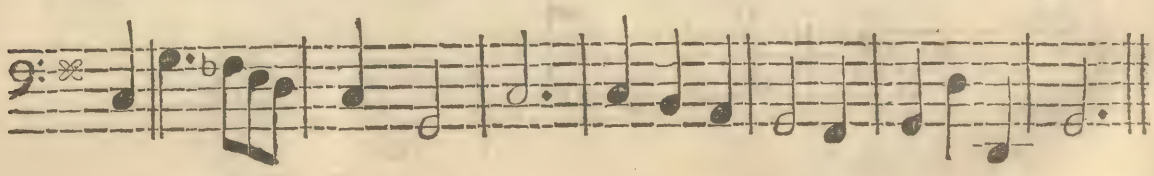
For Beauty has a ſacred Pow'r, to be a—dor'd like Saints a—bove; I



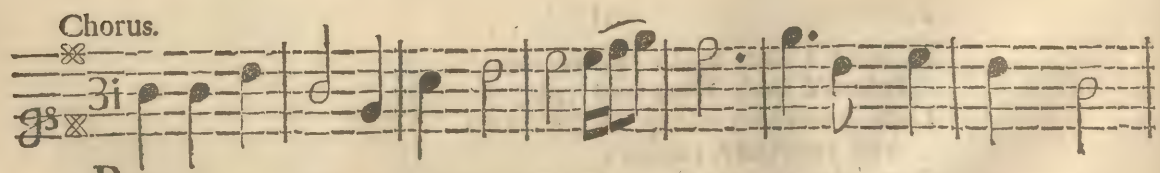
ſwear, I cannot ſay I die, when for my ſelf and you I live: Let com—



——mon Lovers whine and lie, I ask what e—ver you can give.

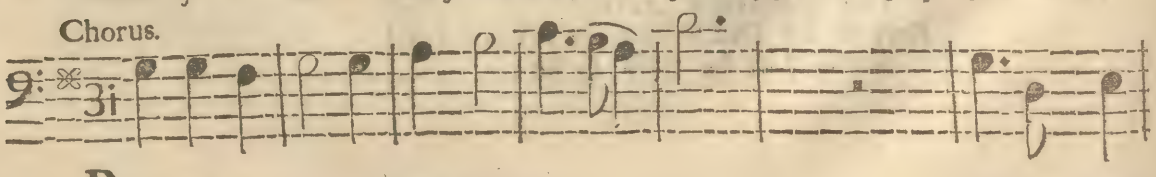


Chorus.



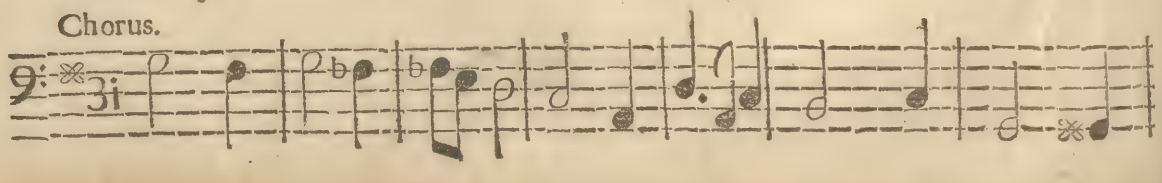
BUT *if I ask too much from Love, and you ſay the Nymph's fic——kle,*

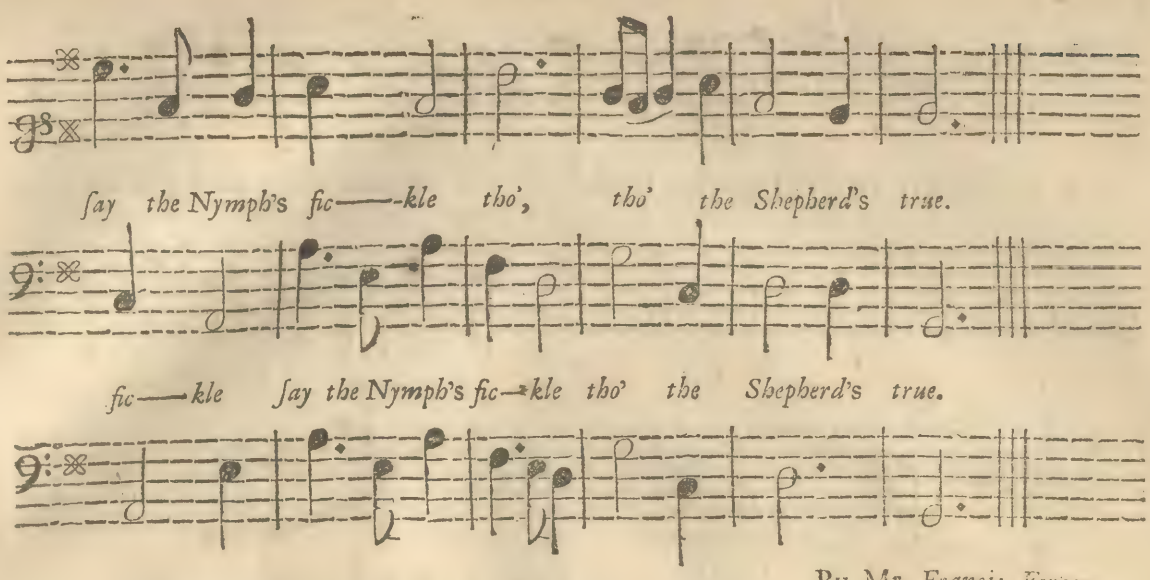
Chorus.



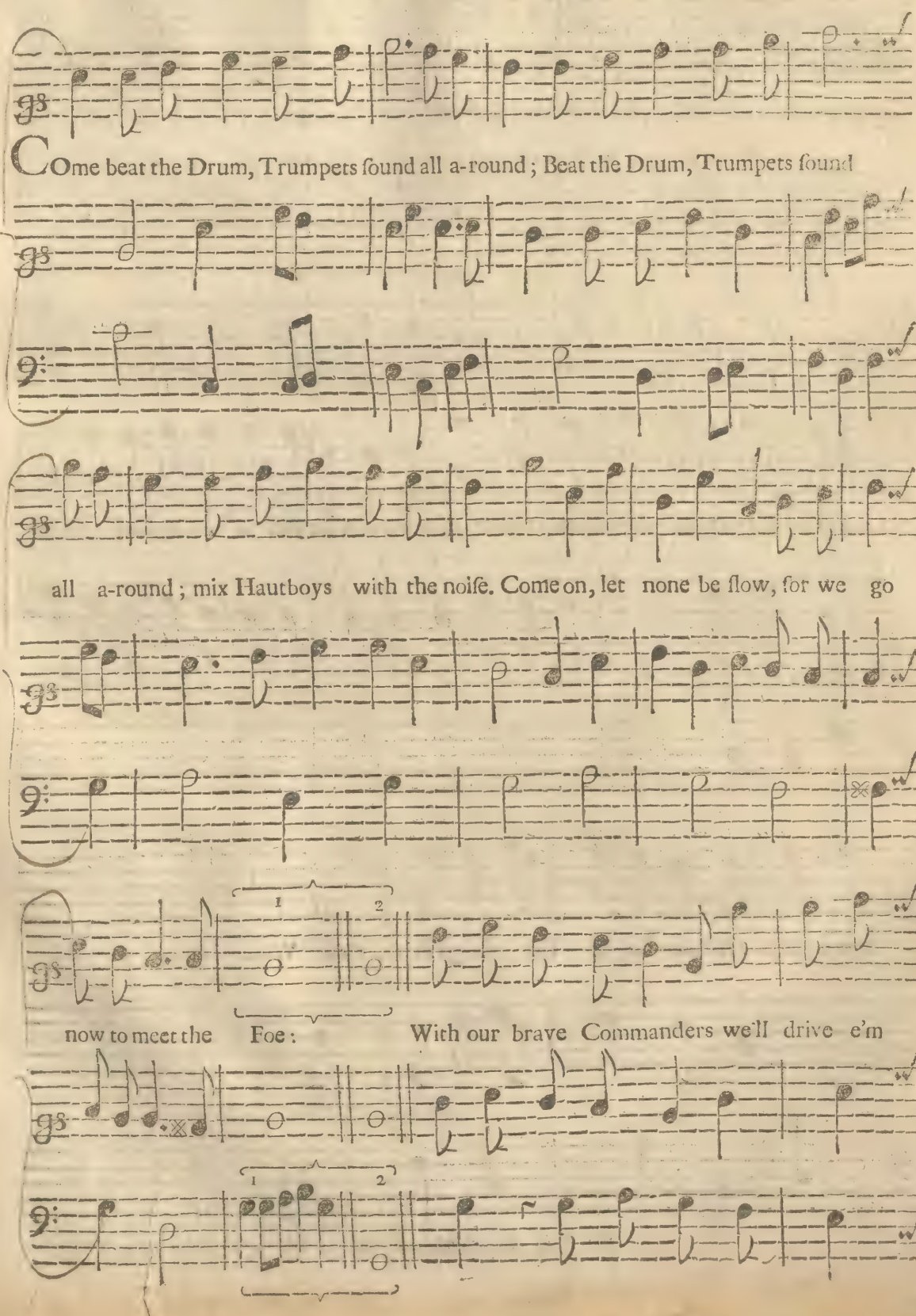
BUT *if I ask too much from Love, and you ſay the Nymph's*

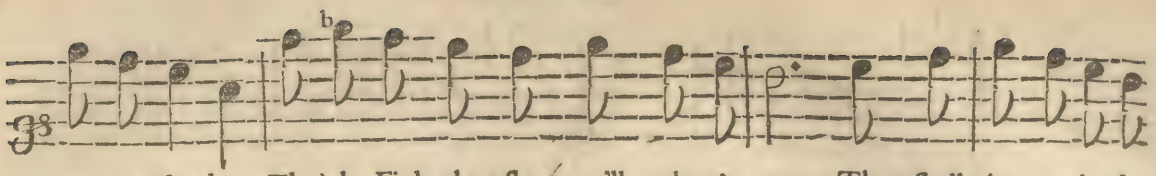
Chorus.



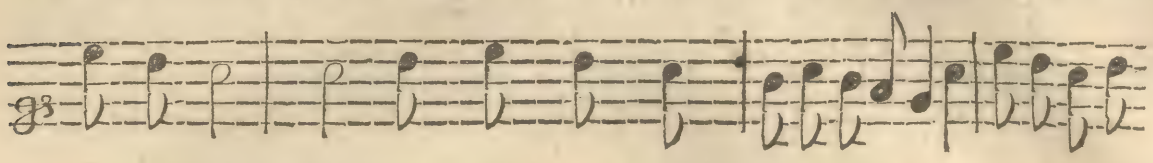


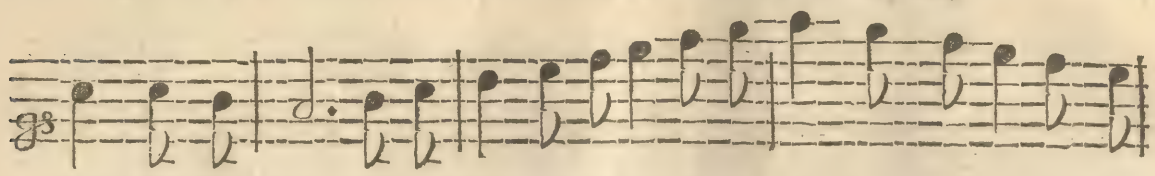
By Mr. *Francis Forcer.*



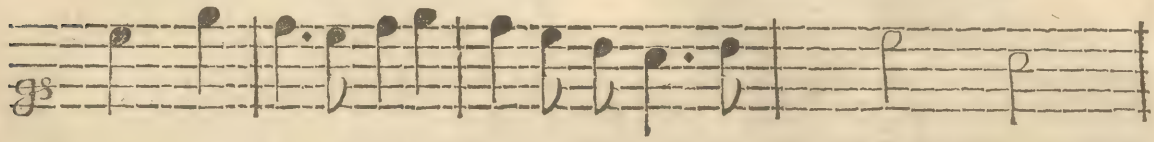


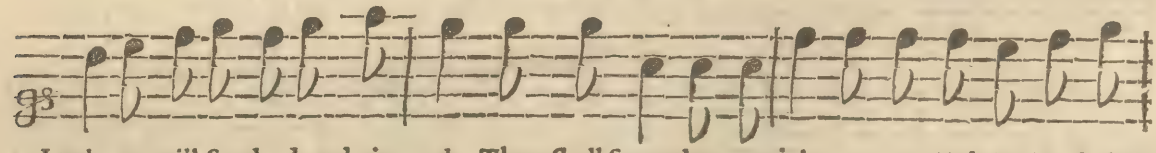
out of *Flanders*; Tho' the Fight they ſhun, we'll make e'm run; They ſhall give up in the



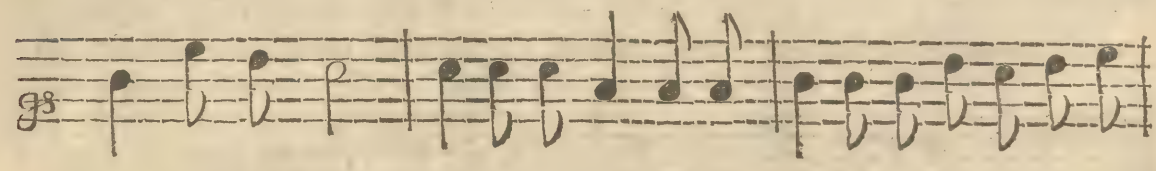


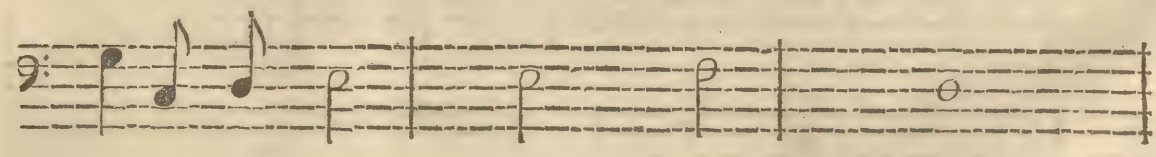
whole what they Stole, we will beat and defeat all we meet, *French* or *Turk*, tho' they

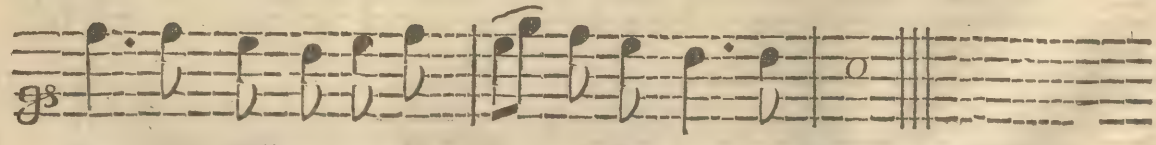




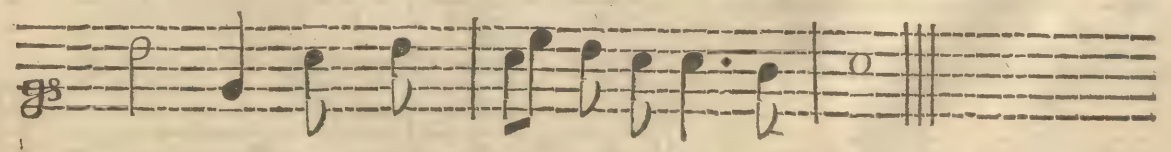
Turk, we will ſurely doe their work; They ſhall fare when we join as at *Aghrim* and the

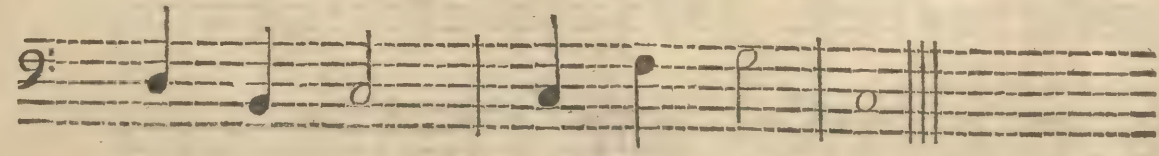






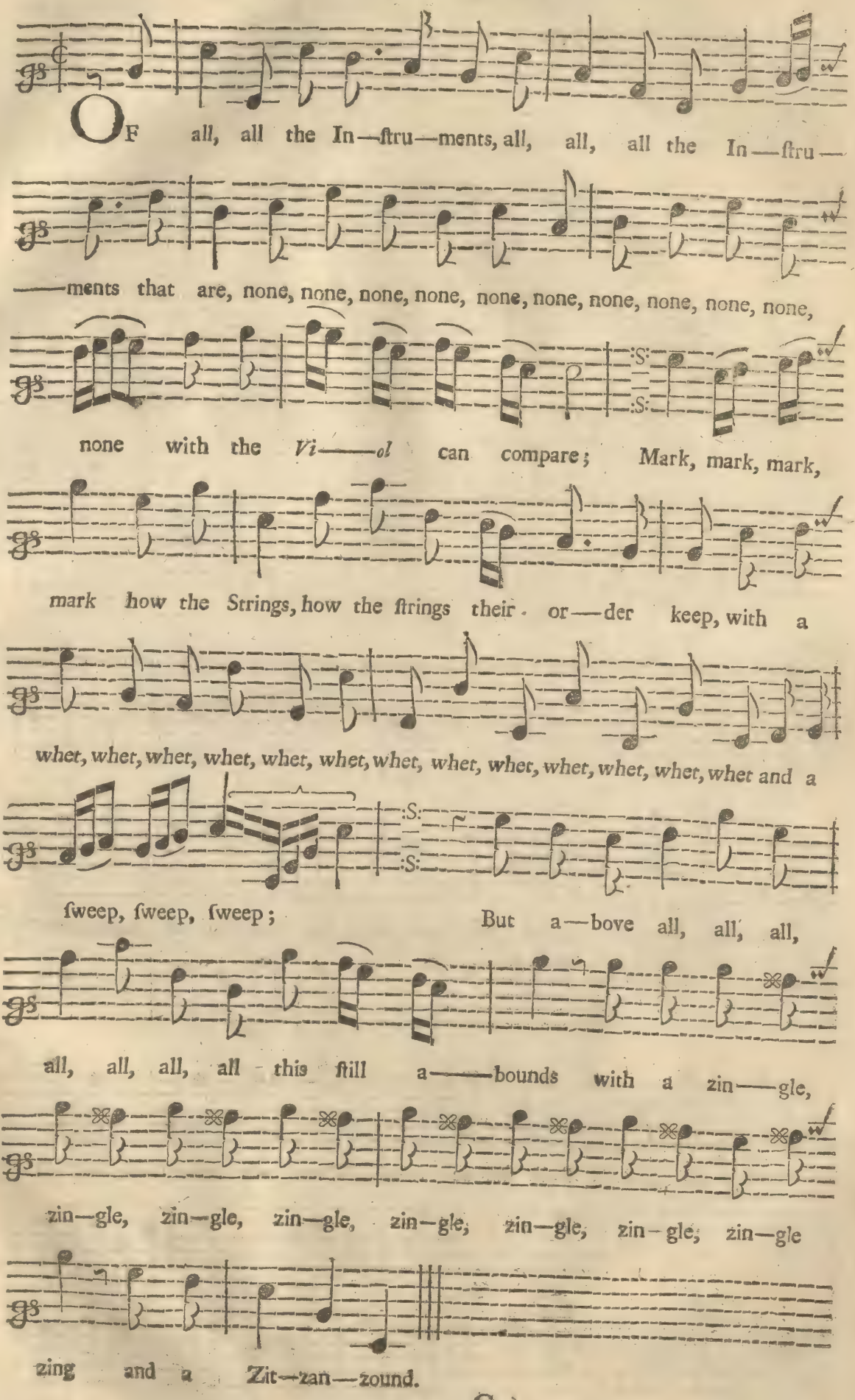
Boyn; with *William* we de—ſign to go drink their Wine.



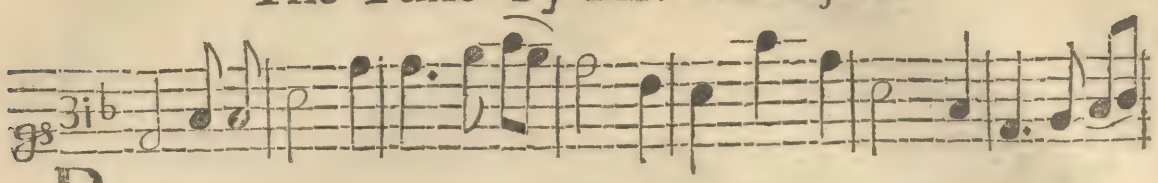


Sir *John Guiſe*'s March, Set by Mr. *Alexander Damaſcene.*

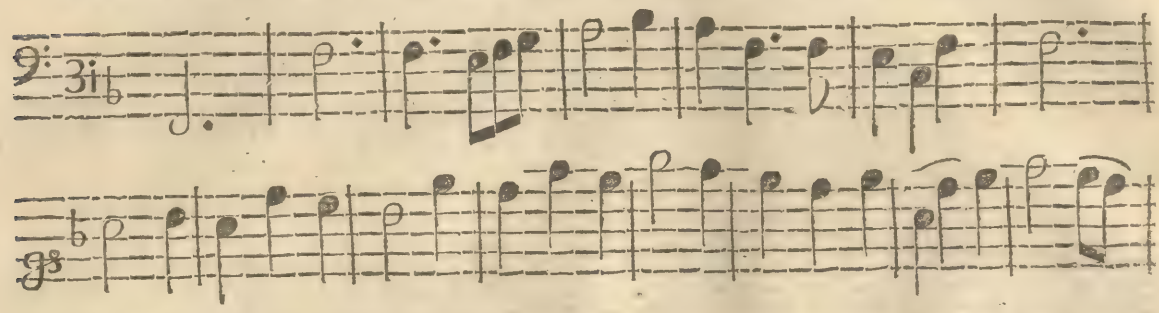
A Catch for Three Voices in commendation of the *Viol*, by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



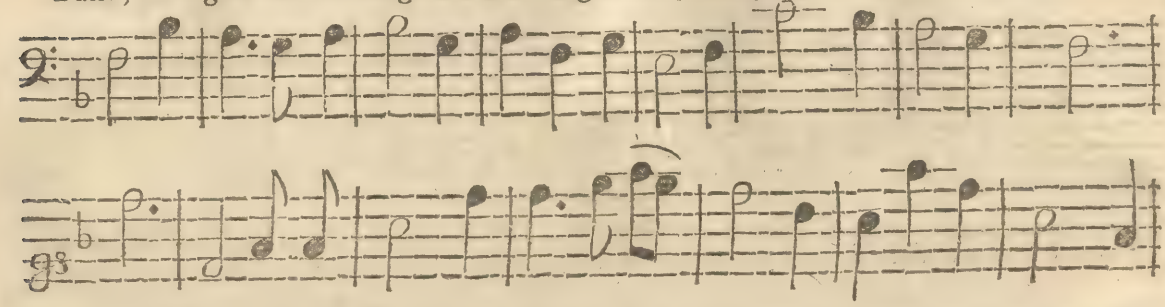
An *Epsome* Scotch Song, the Words by Mr. *Durfey*. The Tune by Mr. *Mountfort*.



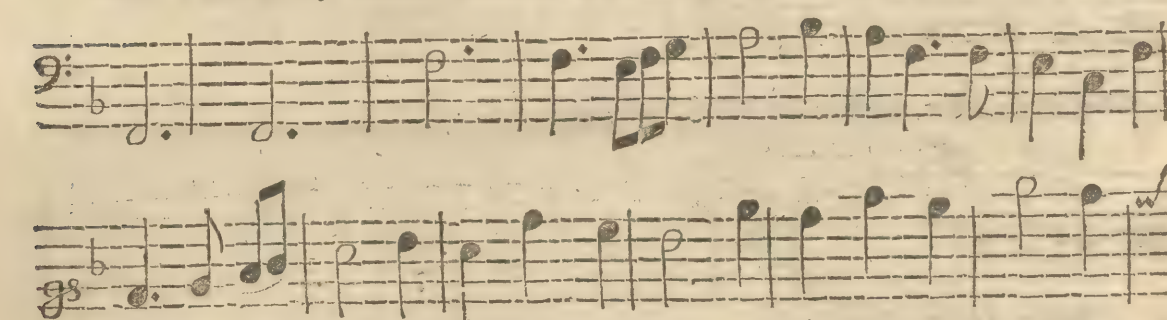
RISE Bonny *Cate* the Sun's got up high, the Fidlers have play'd their last merry



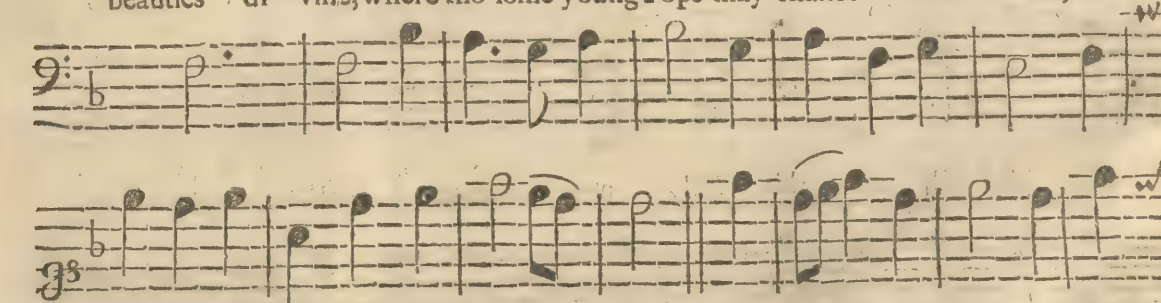
Tune; Let's give e'm a George and bid e'm god b'w'y, and gang to the Wells before 'tis



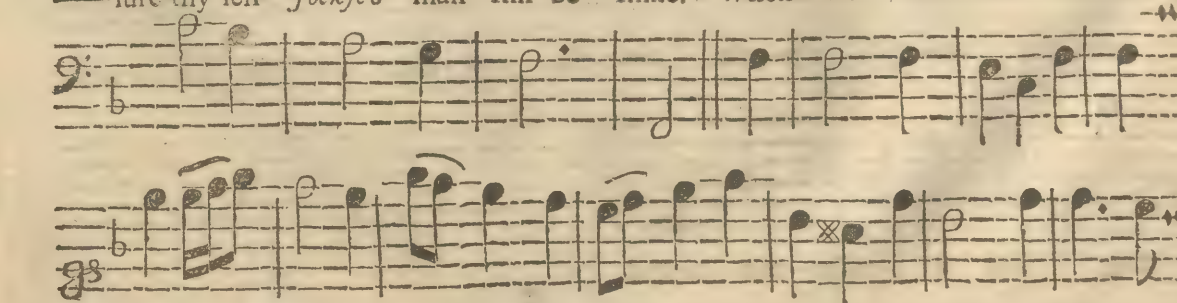
noon. There to thy health ize drink my three quarts, then raffle a—mong the



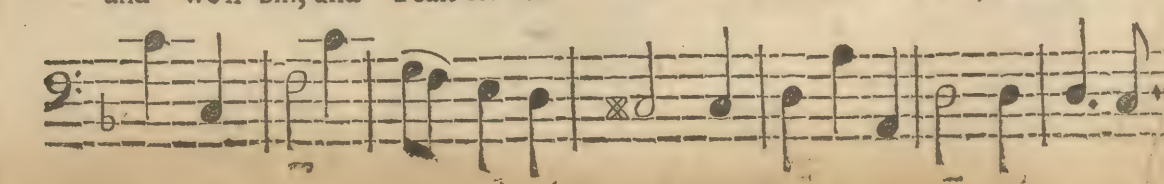
beauties di—vine, where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts, as—

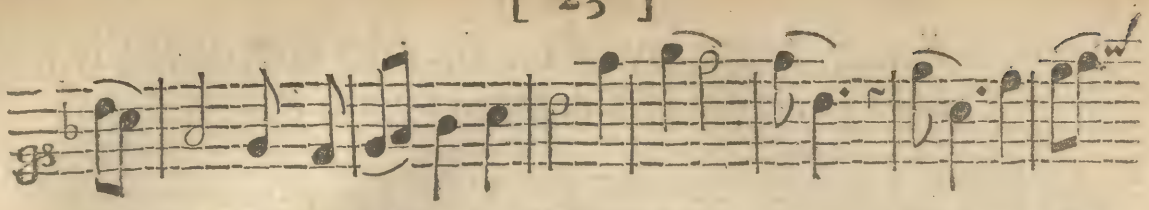


—sure thy self *Jockye's* shall still be thine. When we come home we'll kiss

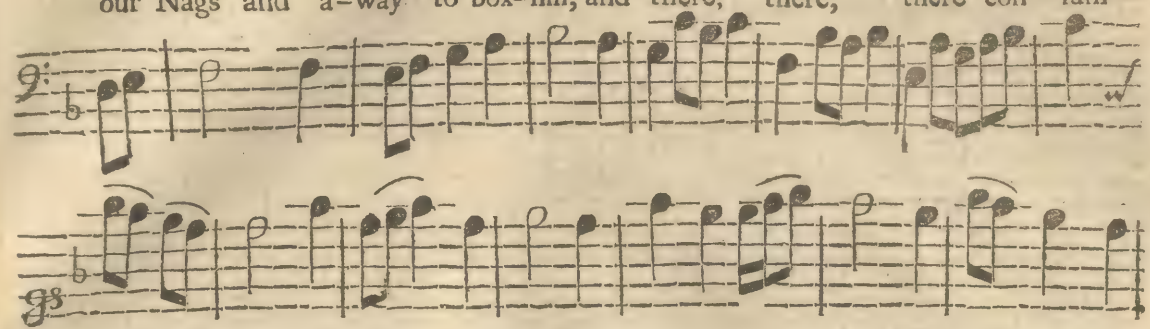


and we'll bill, and Feast on each o—ther as well as our meat; Then sad—dle

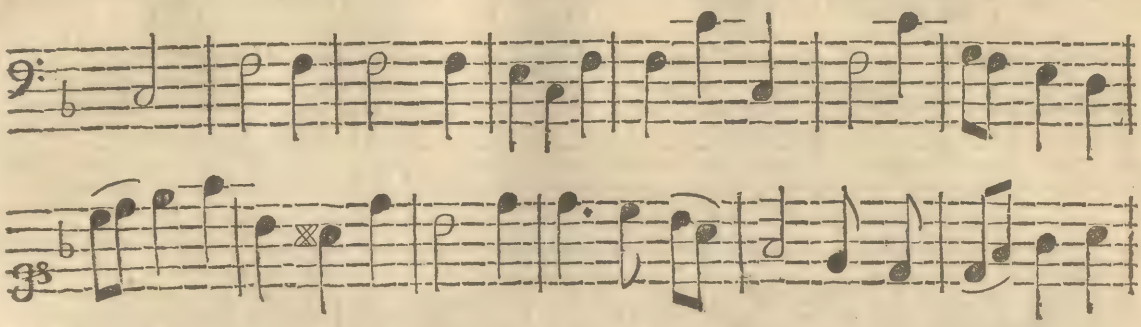




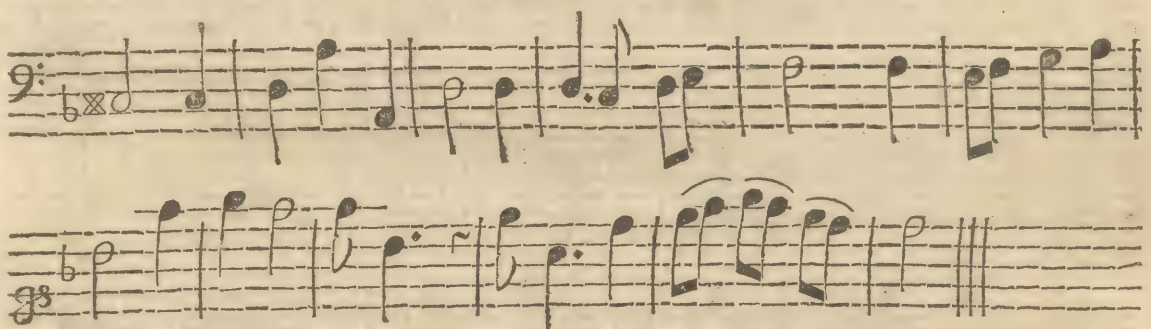
our Nags and a-way to box-hill, and there, there, there con—ſum—



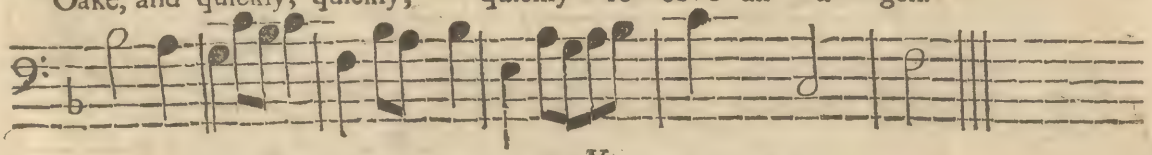
——mate the Treat; and when at Bowls I chance to be broak, Smile thou and for



loſ-ſes I care not a pin, i'le puſh on my Fortune at night at the



Oake, and quickly, quickly, quickly re—cov'r all a—gen.



V.

For thy diverſion coud'ſt thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In ſpite of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

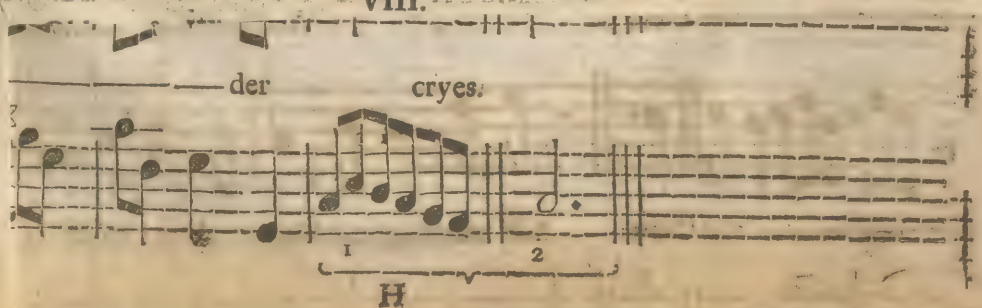
VI.

Courtiers and Plough-men, Stateſ-men and Citts,
The men of the Sword, and men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cauſe.

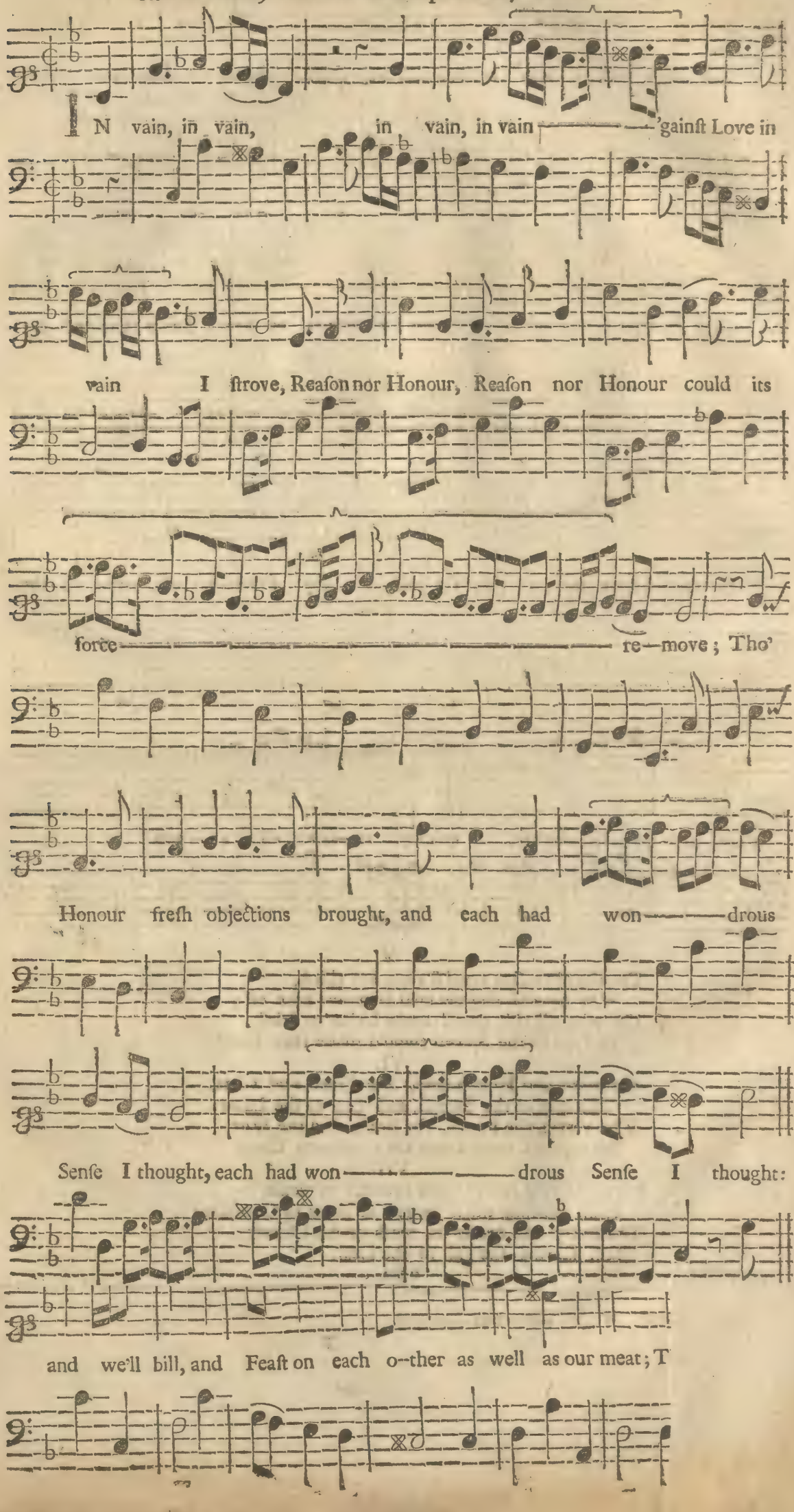
VII.

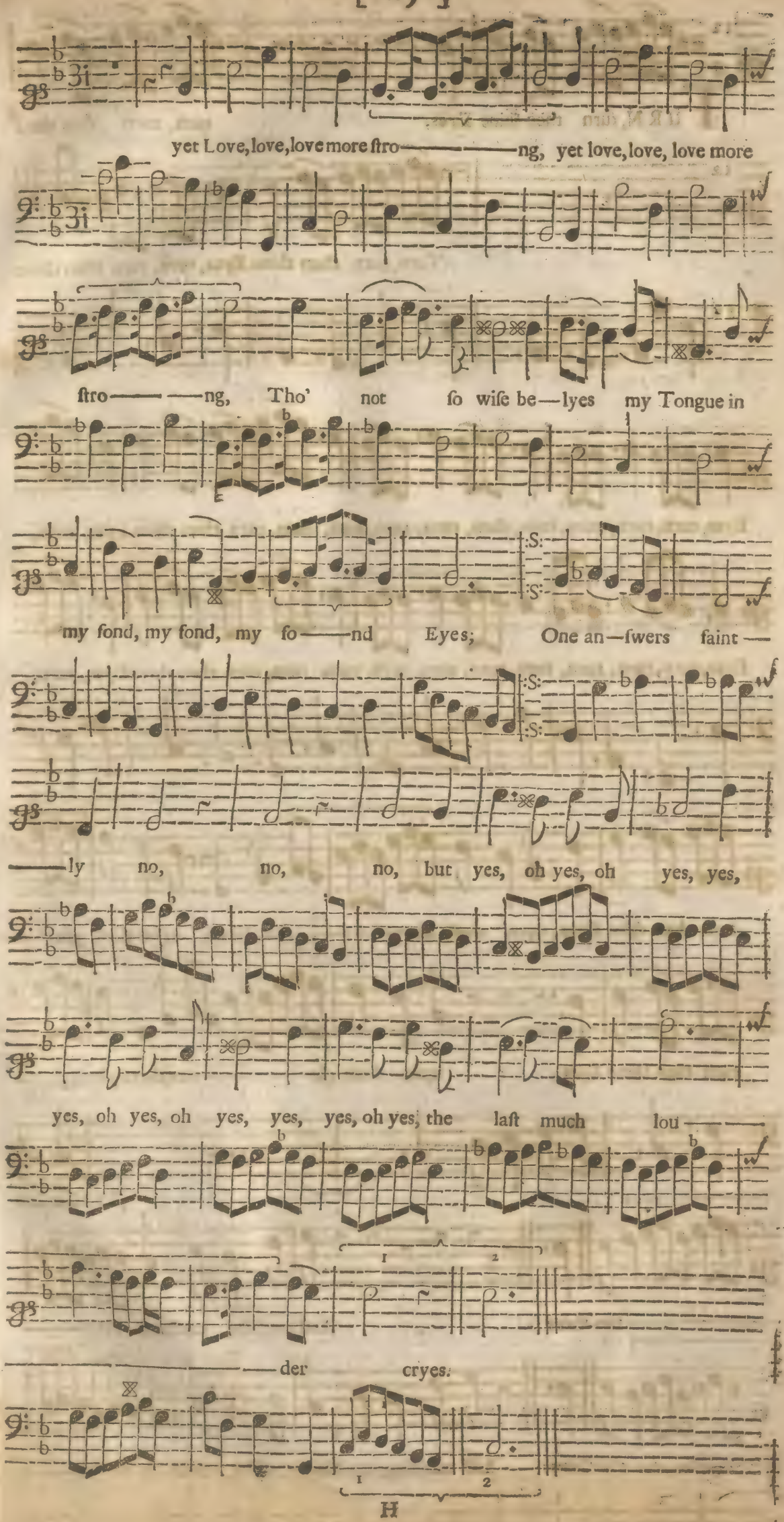
New marry'd Brides their Spouſes to pleaſe,
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;
The Bully too drinks to waſh off his Diſeaſe,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

VIII.



A New Song, Sung by Mrs. *Dyer* in the new Play call'd *Henry* the 2*d*. Compos'd by Mr. *Purcell.*




yet Love, love, love more ſtro——ng, yet love, love, love more
ſtro——ng, Tho' not ſo wiſe be—lyes my Tongue in
my fond, my fond, my fo——nd Eyes; One an—ſwers faint—
——ly no, no, no, but yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes,
yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, oh yes, the laſt much lou——
——der cryes.

TURN, turn then thine Eyes, turn, turn then thine

Turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn, turn then thine

Eyes, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn,

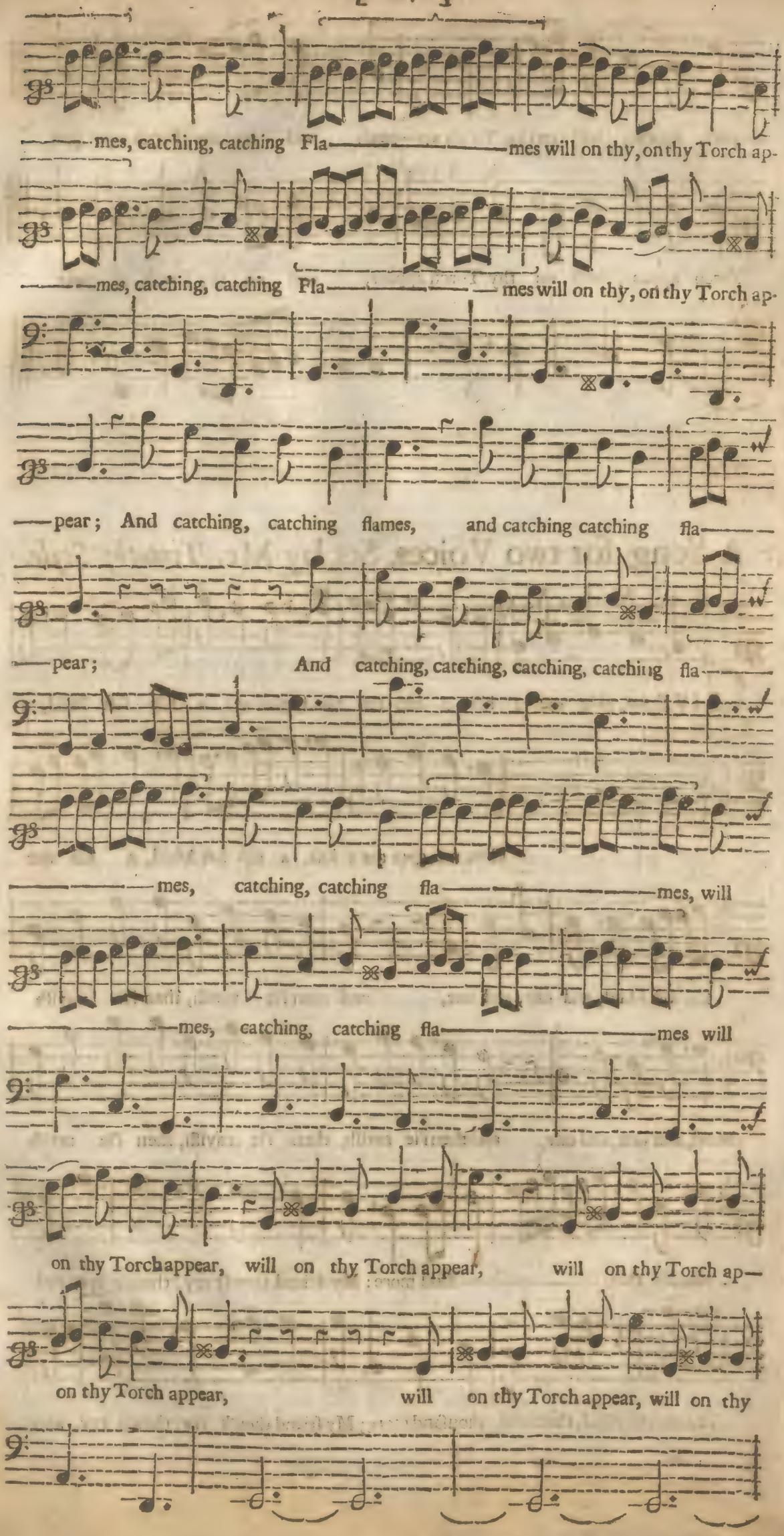
Eyes, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn,

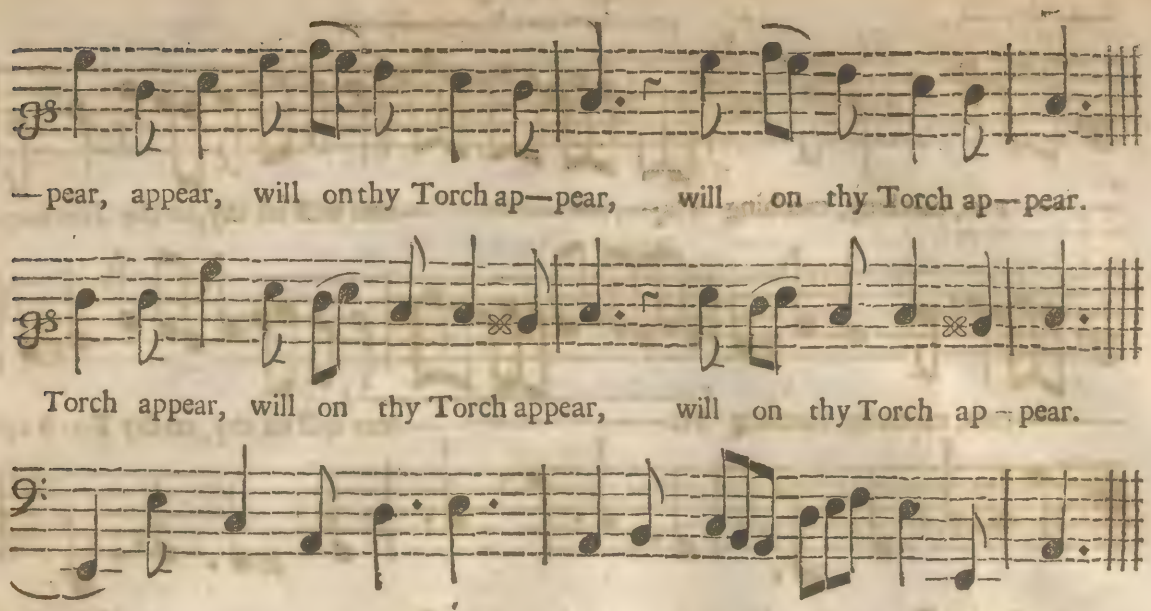
turn then thine Eyes; upon those glo——ries, there, upon those glo——

turn then thine Eyes; upon those glo——ries, there, those glo——

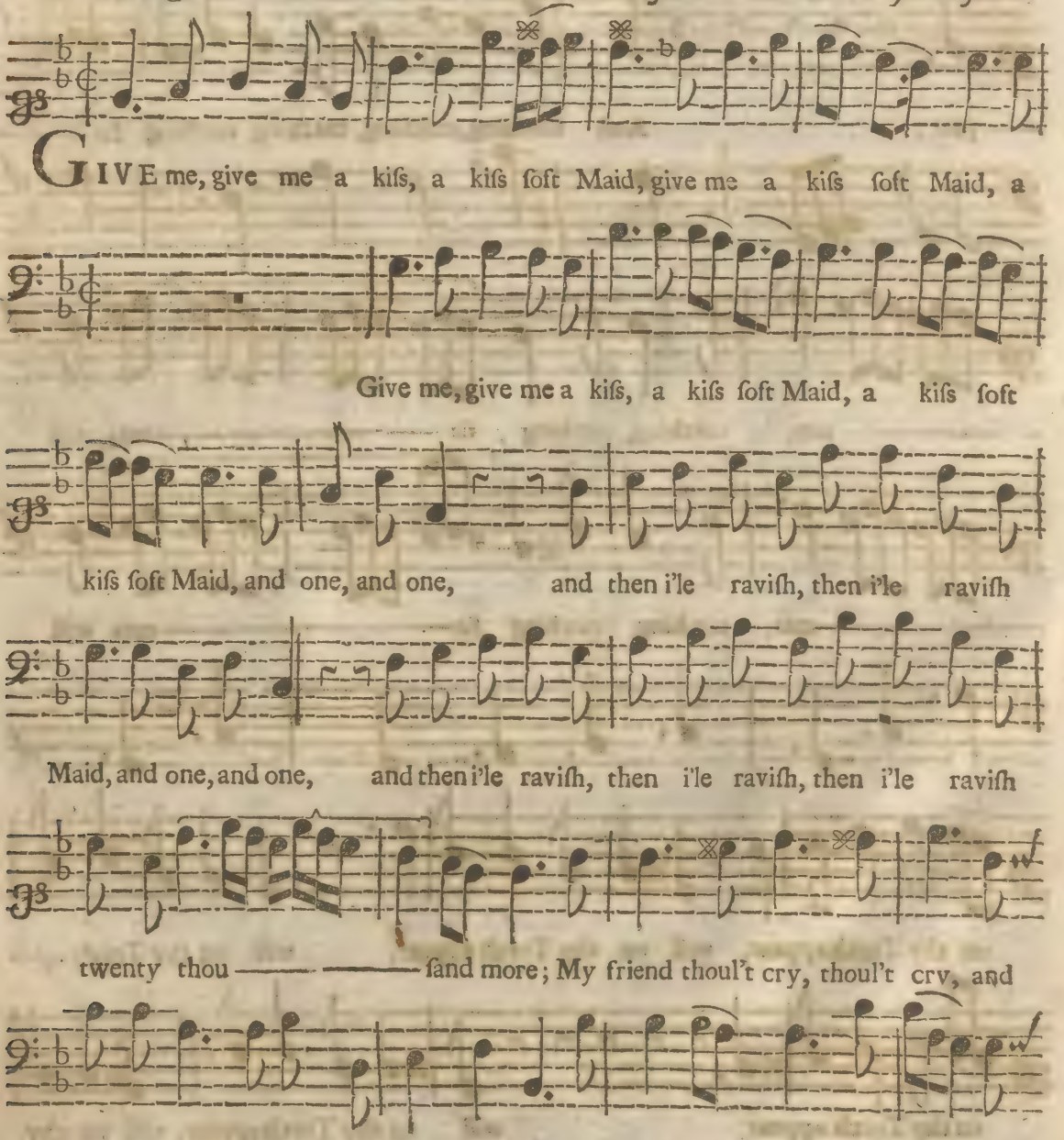
——ries there: And catching, catching Fla——

——ries there: And catching, catching, catching, catching Fla——


mes, catching, catching Fla mes will on thy, on thy Torch ap-
mes, catching, catching Fla mes will on thy, on thy Torch ap-
pear; And catching, catching flames, and catching catching fla
pear; And catching, catching, catching, catching fla
mes, catching, catching fla mes, will
mes, catching, catching fla mes will
on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch ap-
on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy



A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. *Timothy Style.*



wilt thou ne're ha' done, no, no, no, no I neither can nor will,

wilt thou ne'er ha' done, no, no I neither can nor will give o're, no, no I

no, no, no, no I neither can nor will, no, no, no, no I neither can nor

neither can nor will, nor can no, no, no, no, no, no I neither can nor

will give o're. Bid me the drops, the drops which doe the Ocean

will give o're. Bid me the drops, the drops which doe the Ocean

fill——or gawdy Shells ire—count which clog the ſhore. The

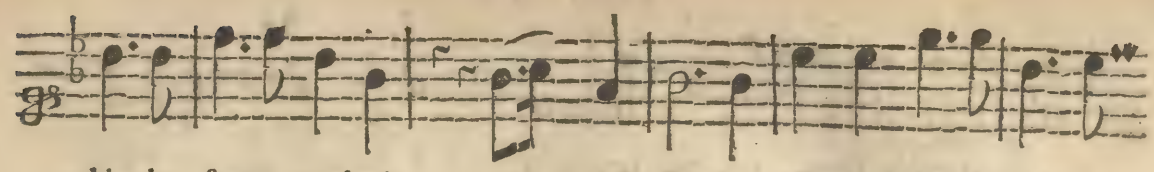
fill, or gawdy Shells recount which clog the ſhore.

bu——ſy Bees plundring, plundring each Flowry hill, or

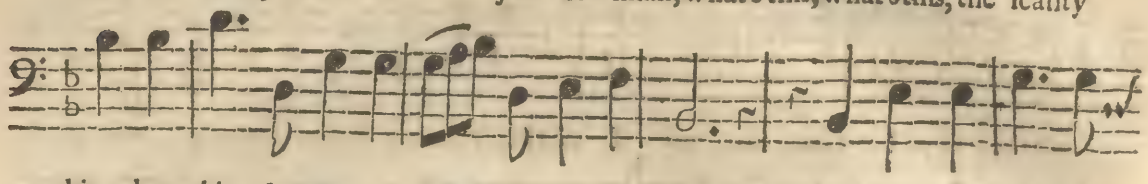
The bu——ſy Bees plundring each Flow—ry hill, or

glo—rious *Cæſar's* virtues num—ber o're. What's this, what's

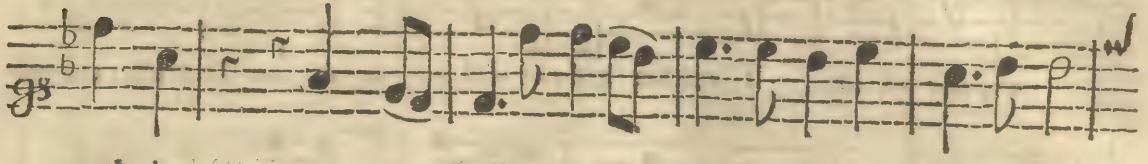
glo—rious *Cæſar's* virtues num—ber o're. What's



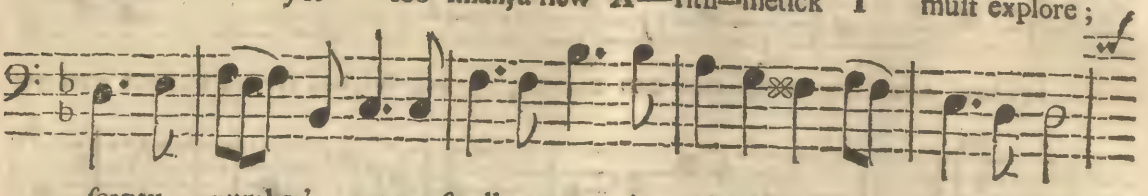
this, the ſcanty number's yet too ſmall, what's this, what's this, the ſcanty



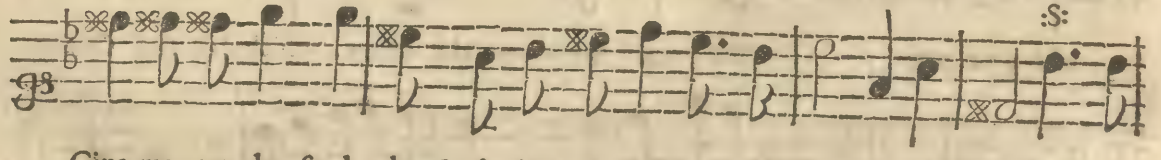
this, what's this, the ſcanty number's yet too ſmall, what's this, what's this, the



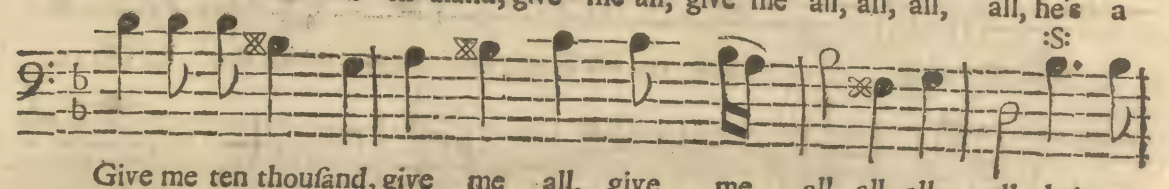
number's yet too ſmall, a new A—rith—metick I muſt explore;



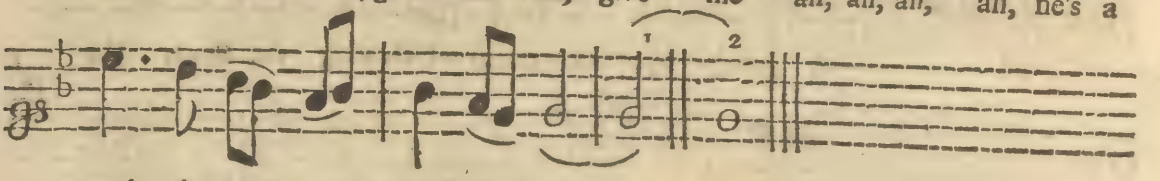
ſcanty number's yet too ſmall, a new A—rithmetick I muſt explore;



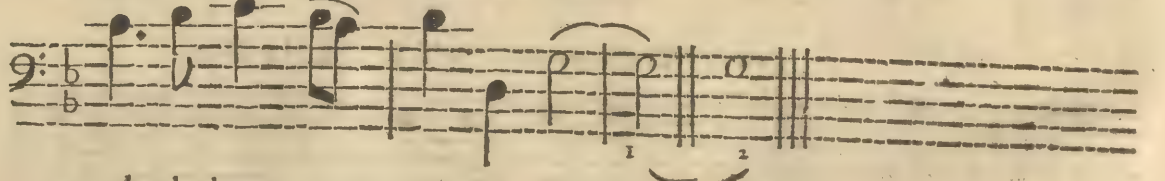
Give me ten thouſand thouſand, give me all, give me all, all, all, all, he's a



Give me ten thouſand, give me all, give me all, all, all, all, he's a



wretch who knows to count his ſtore.

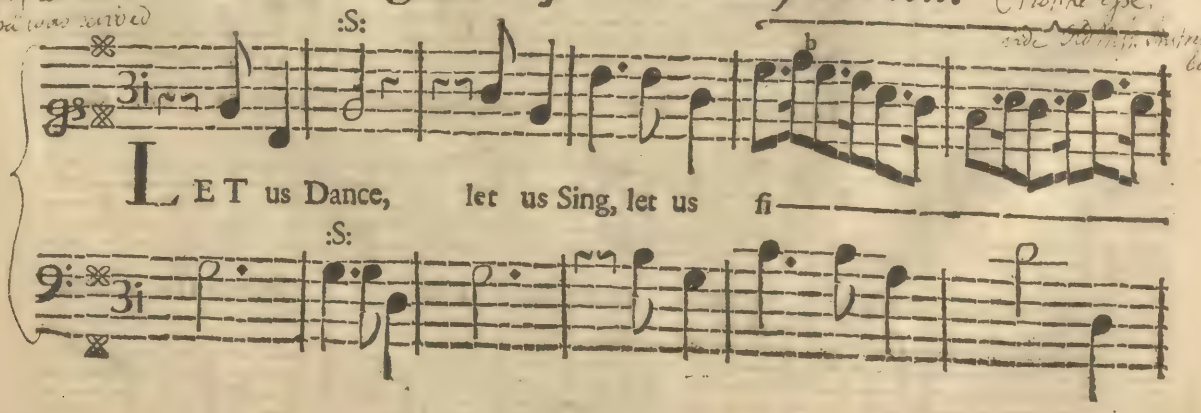


wretch who knows to count his ſtore.

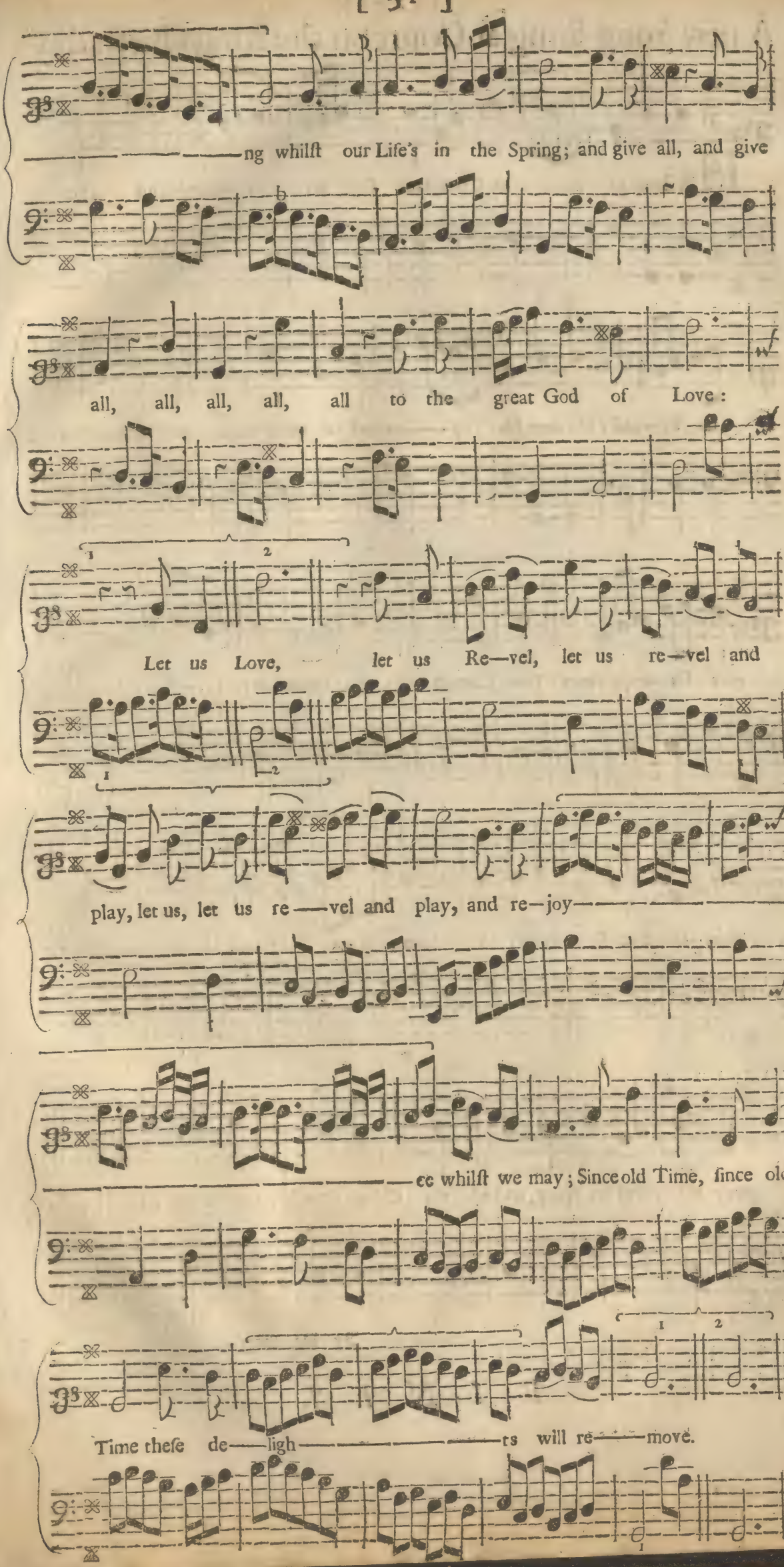
NB. not in the score of Diocletian or the Prophetess but a song added when the opera was revived

A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

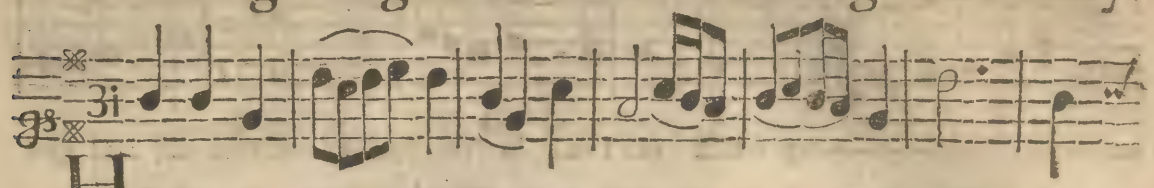
Sung by Mrs. Dyer in the Prophetess.



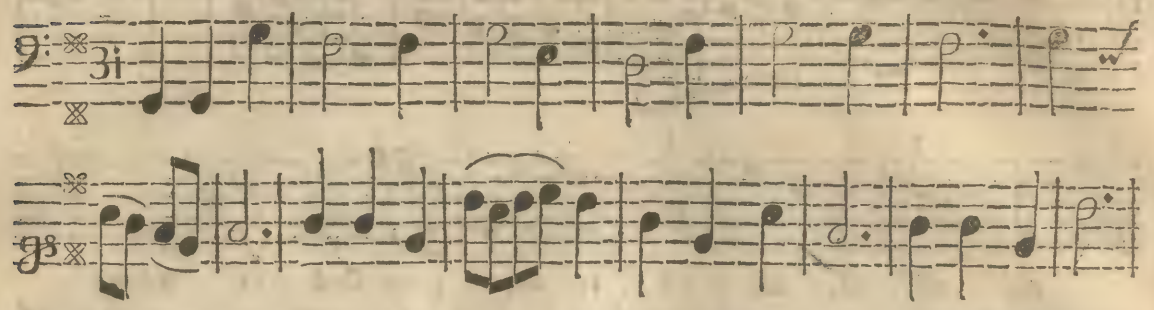
LET us Dance, let us Sing, let us fi—


ng whilst our Life's in the Spring; and give all, and give
all, all, all, all, all to the great God of Love:
Let us Love, let us Re—vel, let us re—vel and
play, let us, let us re——vel and play, and re—joy
ce whilst we may; Since old Time, since old
Time these de——ligh——ts will re——move.

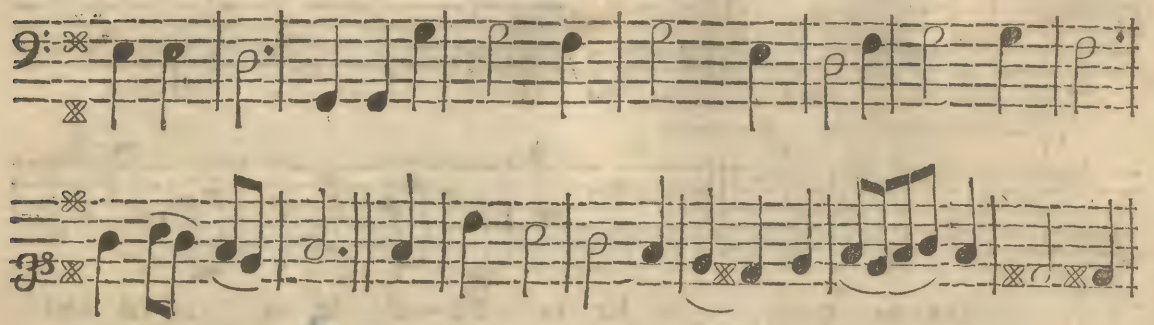
A new Song Sung at Court on the Kings Birth day.



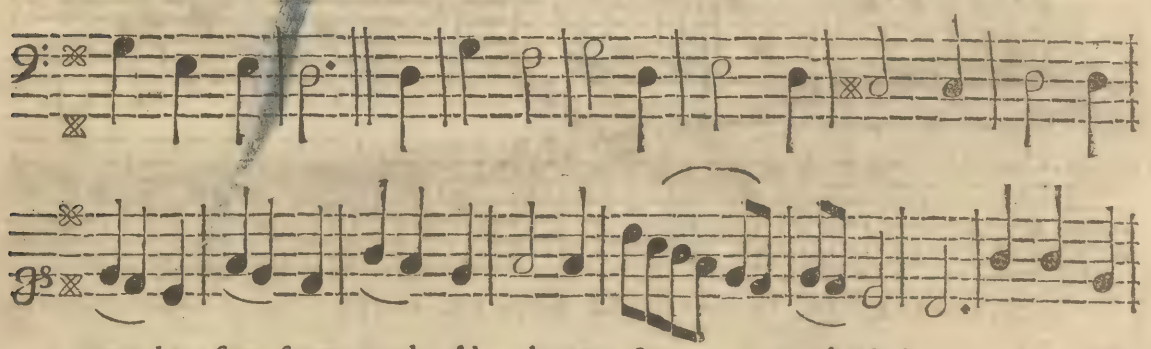
HE does to thick — eſt Crowds of Foes, his ſa — cred breaſt for



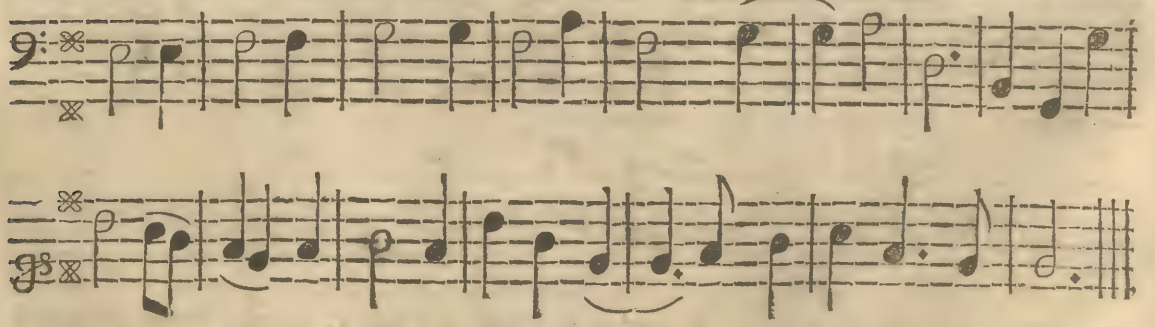
us ex—poſe; Oh may his Toy——les and dangers ceaſe, and his keen Sword



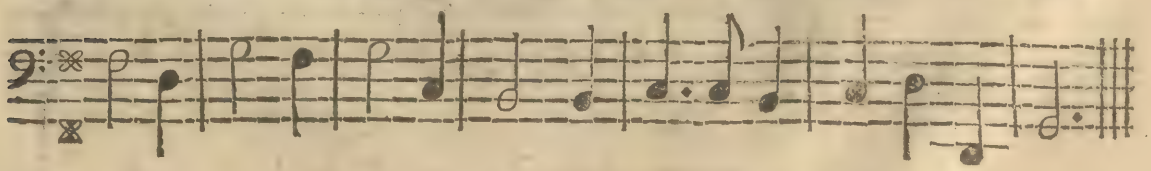
give Eu—rope peace: That Circled in his ſweet *Ma—ri——a's* Armes, hee



may be free from rough Al—larms, from rough al-larms; and in wiſe



ſway his mind im—ploy, and all the Calm de—lights of peace en—joy.



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TO ALL

TRUE LOVERS

OE

MUSICK.

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Gentlemen,

Yours

JOHN CARR.

Licensed *June* the 8th 1687.

R. C.

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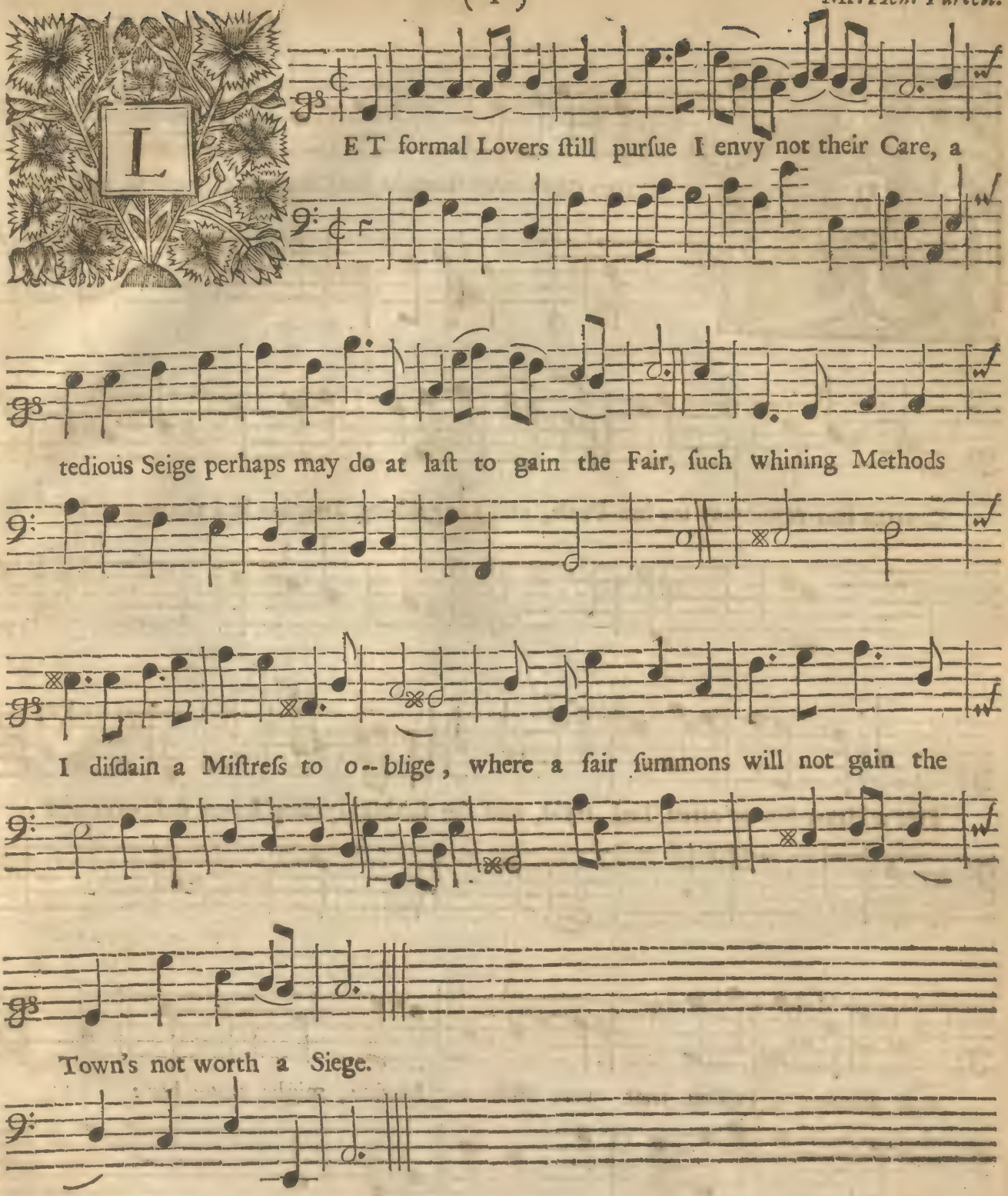
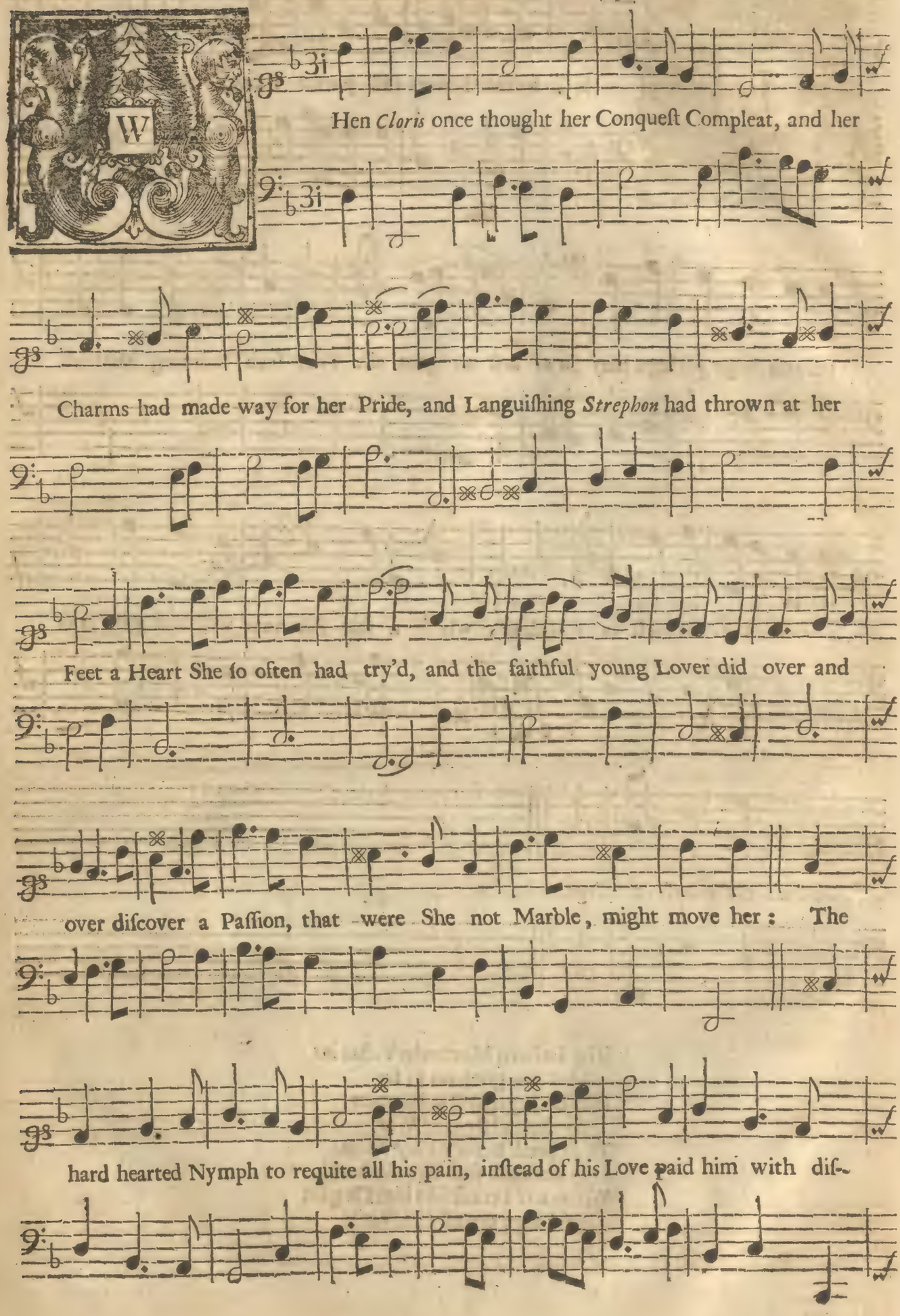
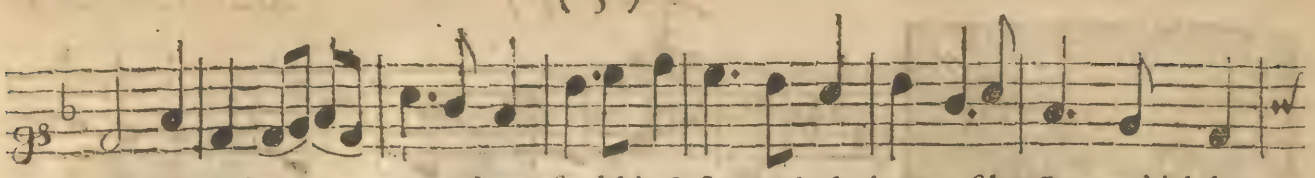


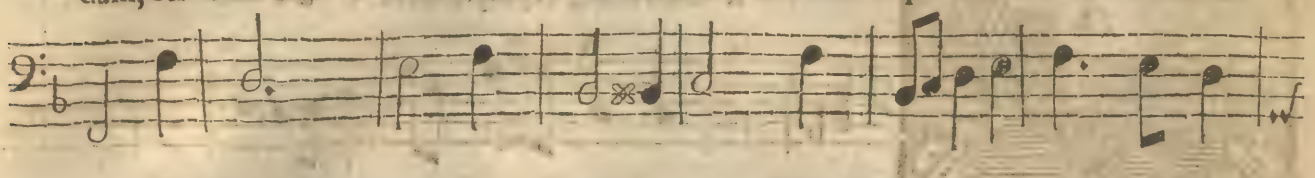
The Eaſtern Monarchs Victories
Had not gone on ſo far
Had he Ingag'd his Enemies
By formal ſteps of War,
To general Beauty I lay claim,
From each fair Eye tis hurld,
Where e're I come like him I'le gain
And love ore all the World.

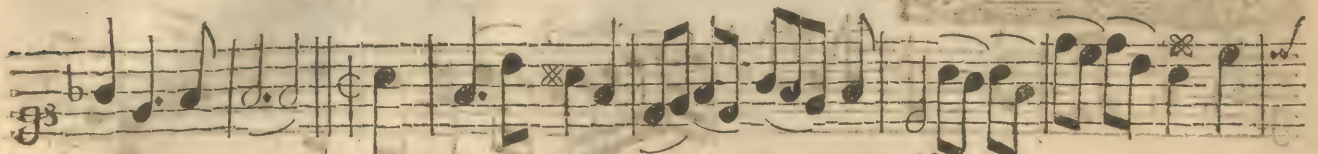
Mr. *Fran. Forcer.*



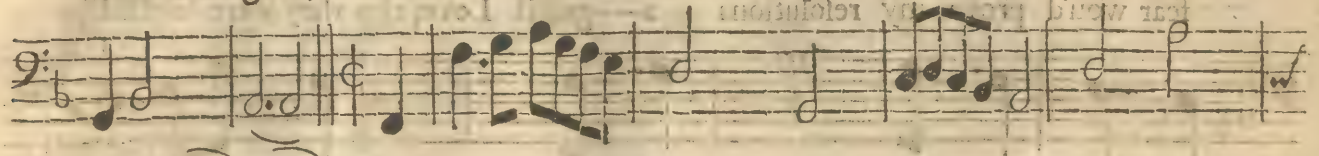


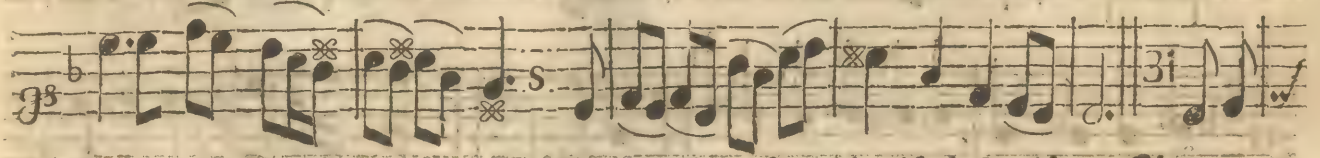
dain, She bids him re-tire and not feed his desire with the hopes of her Love which he



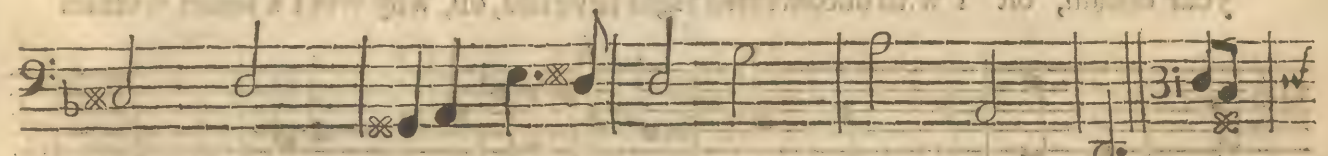


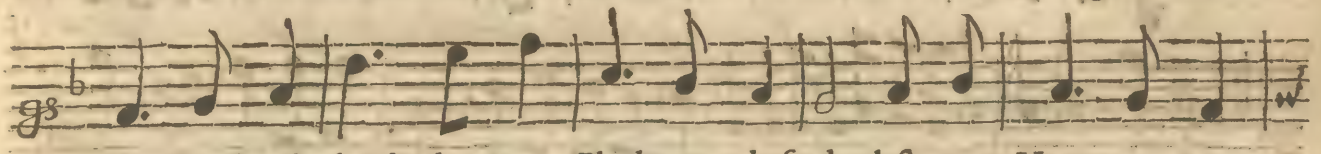
never must gain; Whilst Cruel, Cruel *Cloris Strephon* cry'd, pity, pity him that



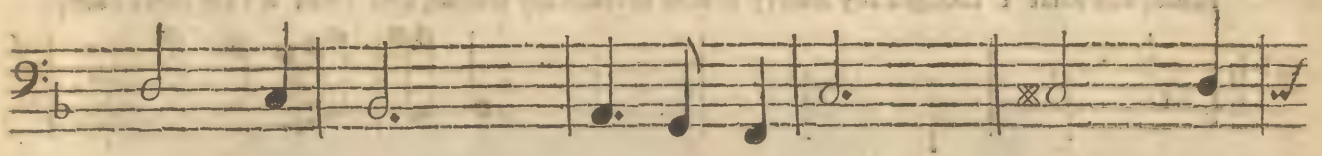


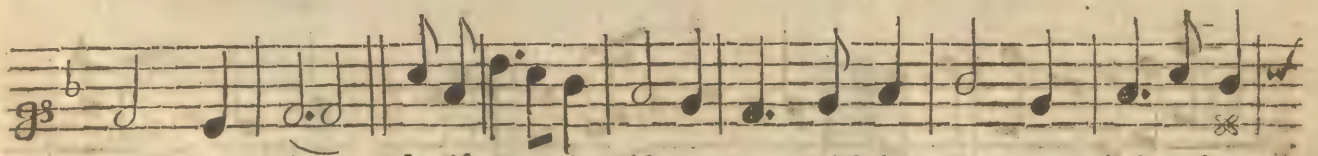
lies to Love and to your Eyes a Loyal and unblemish'd Sacrifice. Oh ye



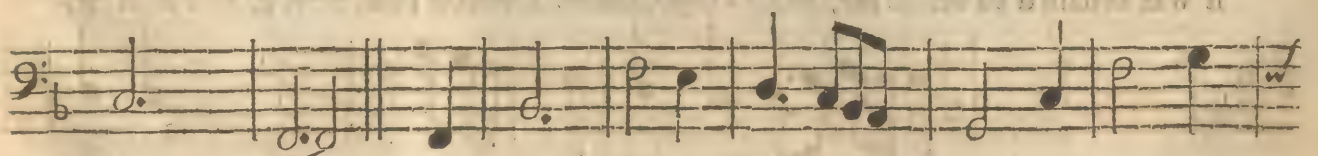


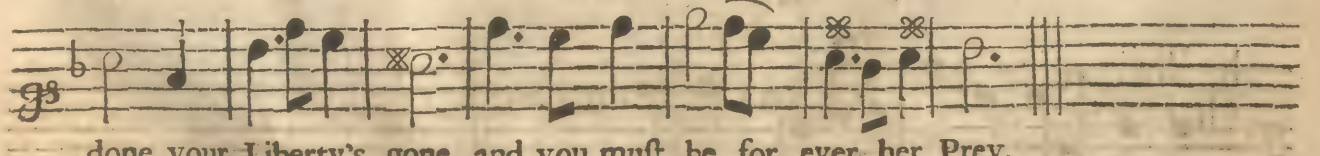
Shepheards take heed where your Flocks you do feed, lest your Hearts as your



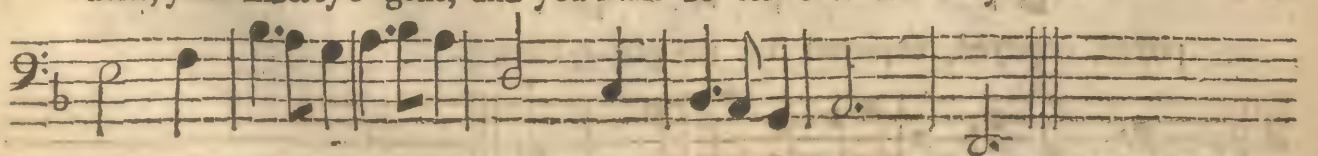


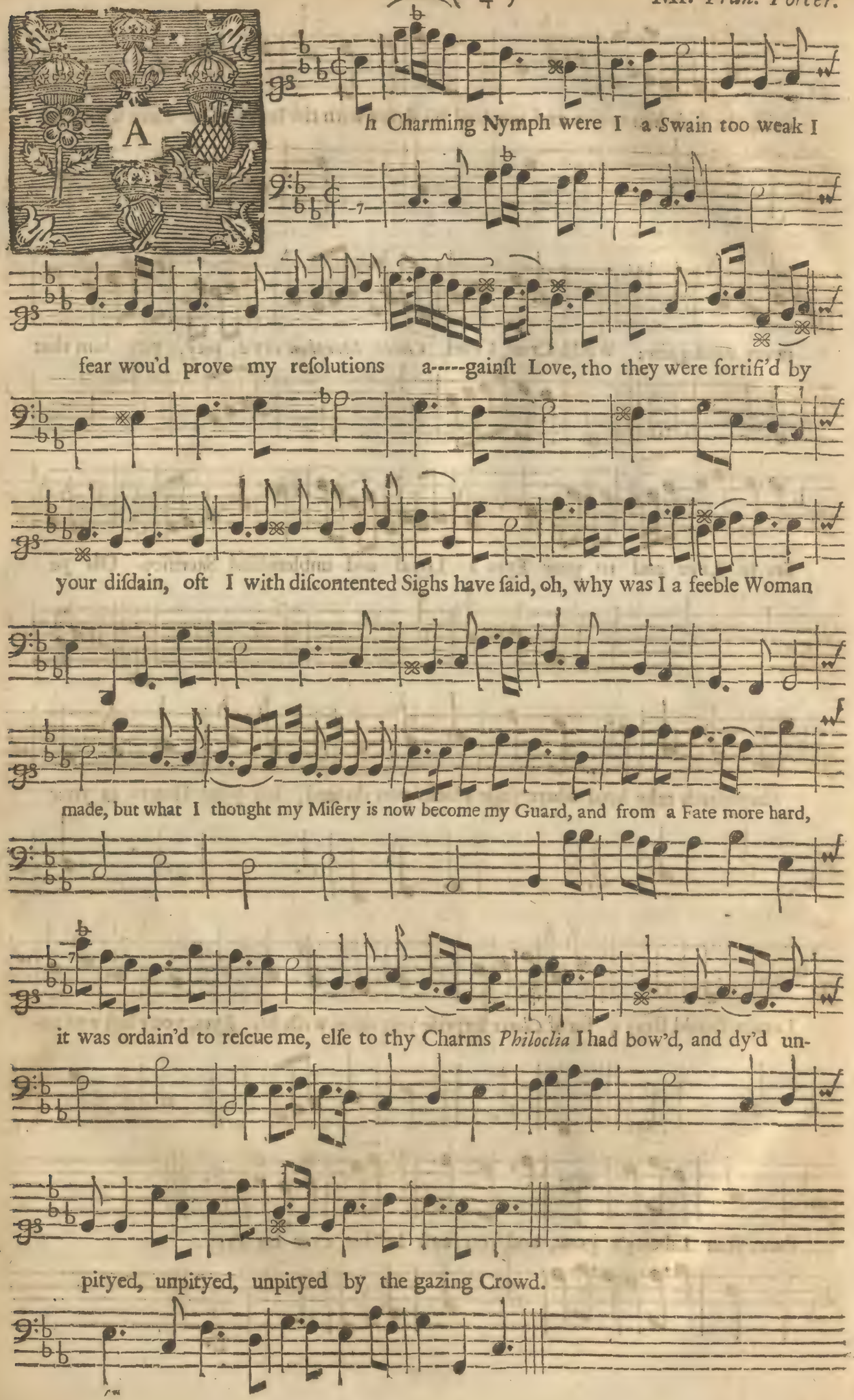
Lambs should stray, for if *Cloris* surprise you once with her Eyes, you'r lost and un-

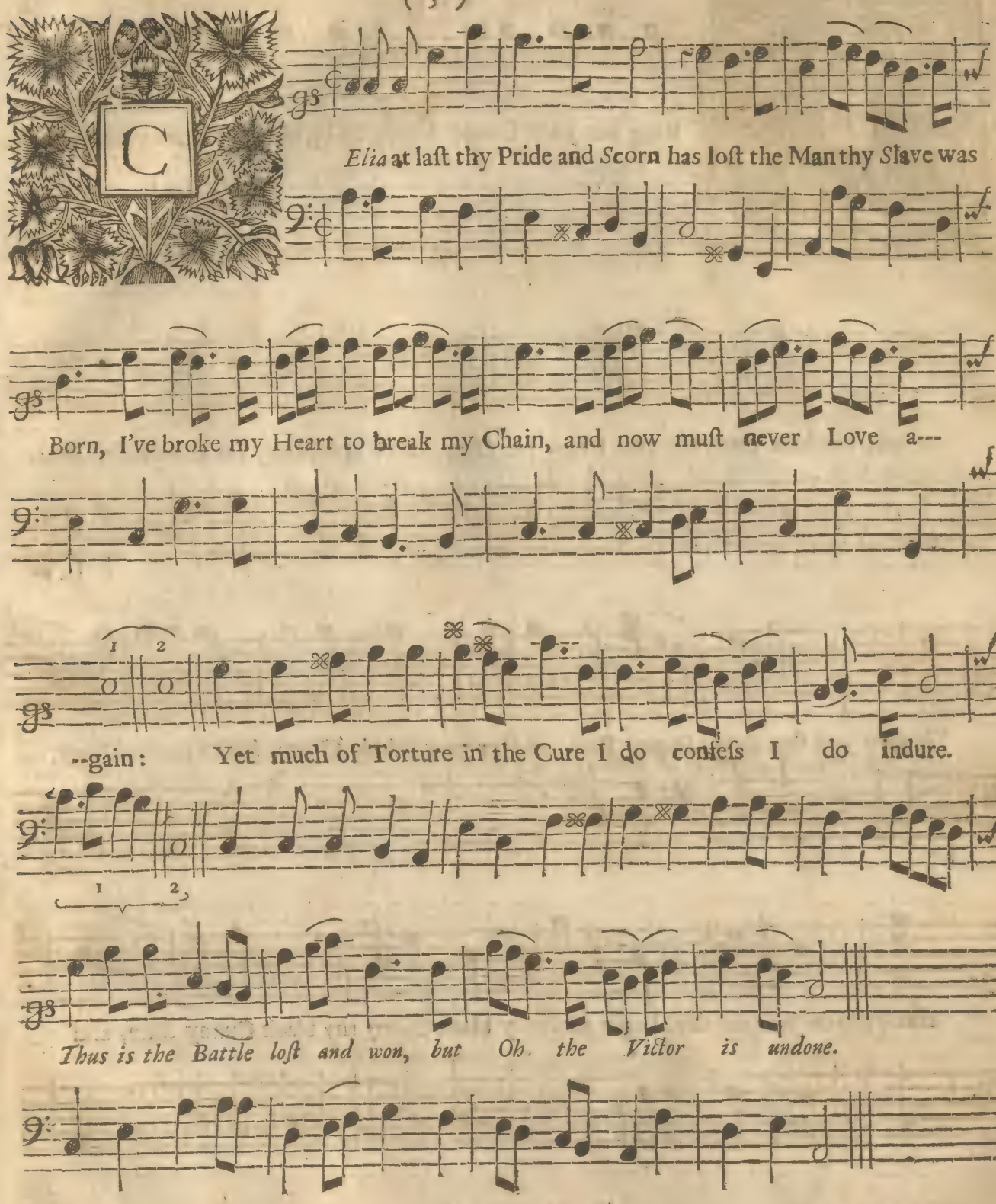




done, your Liberty's gone, and you must be for ever her Prey.



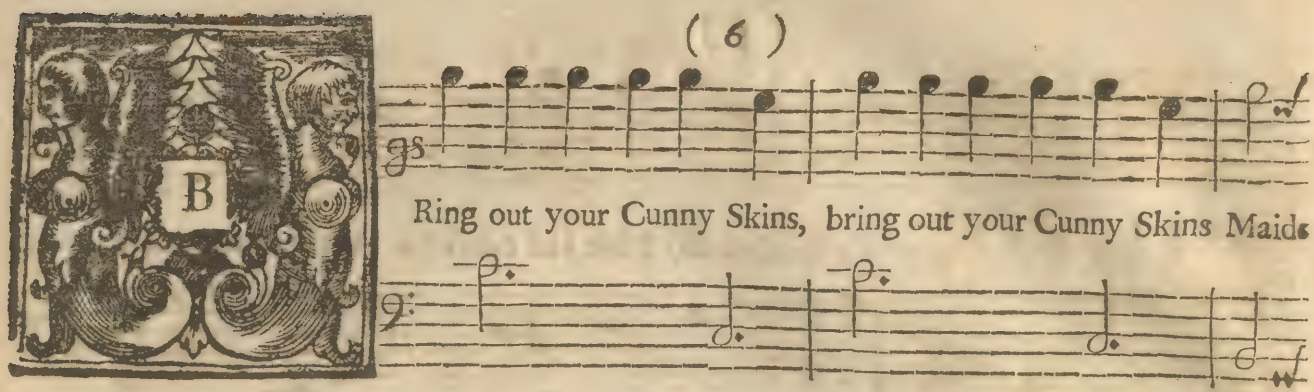

A
h Charming Nymph were I a Swain too weak I
fear wou'd prove my resolutions a-----gainst Love, tho they were fortifi'd by
your disdain, oft I with discontented Sighs have said, oh, why was I a feeble Woman
made, but what I thought my Misery is now become my Guard, and from a Fate more hard,
it was ordain'd to rescue me, else to thy Charms *Philoclia* I had bow'd, and dy'd un-
pityed, unpityed, unpityed by the gazing Crowd.

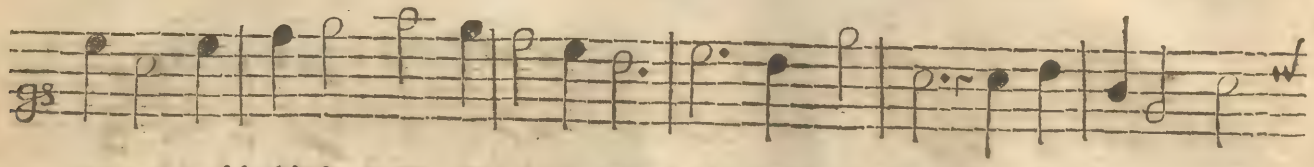


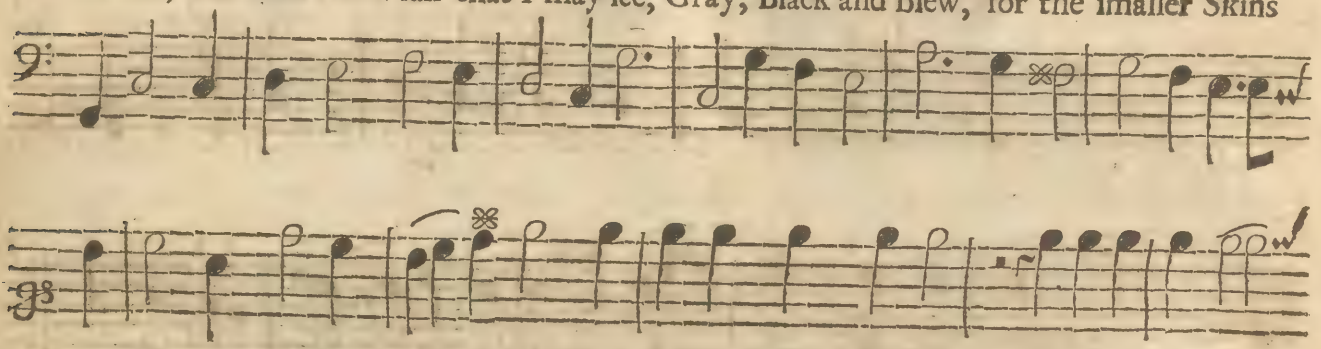
Glory has now my Heart possest,
And love of Arms Enflam'd my Brest;
The puny God in Chains shall wait,
Whilst Pride and Honour sit in state,
But oh my Glories I despise
Since I must shun those Killing Eyes.
Thus is the Battle, &c.

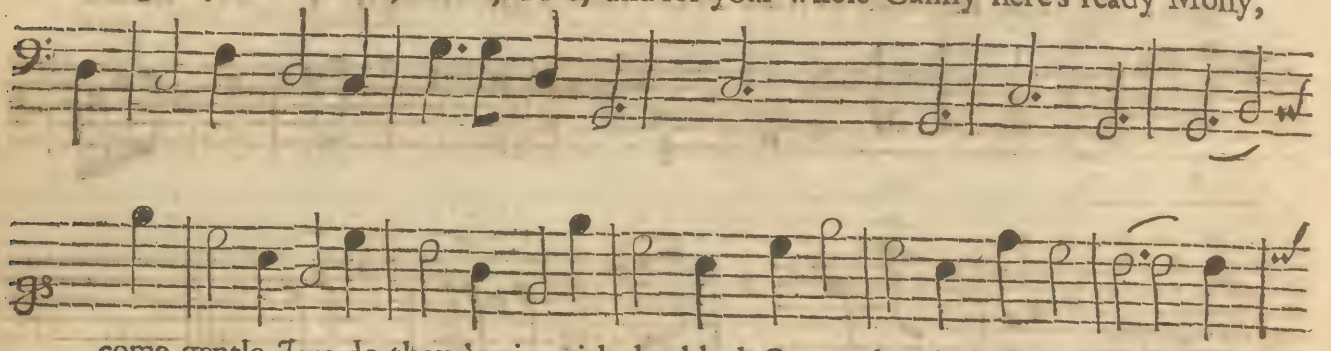
Farewel my Trophies since I find
No Beauty left to tempt my mind,
To make my last of Actions brave,
I'le die her Victor and her Slave:
Weep that the World no more can give,
But scorn this Conquest to outlive.
Thus is the Battle, &c.

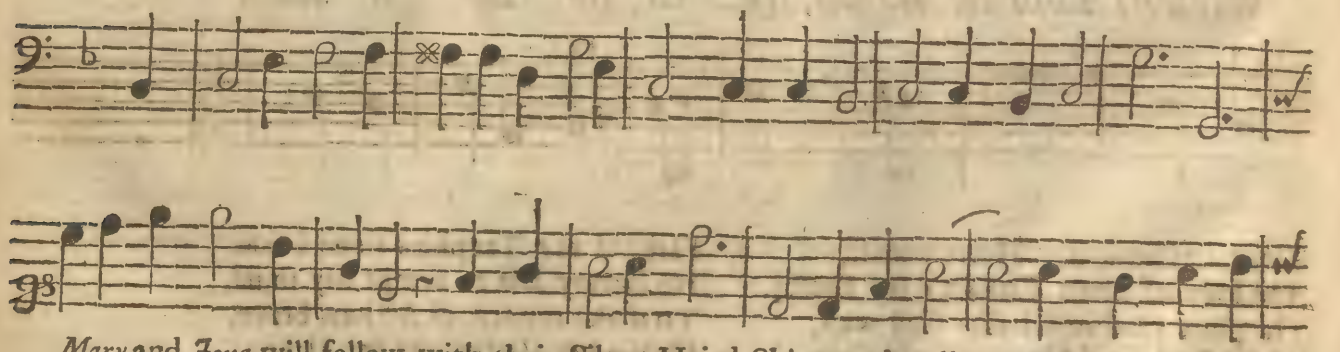
Mr. *Sam. Ackroyd.*

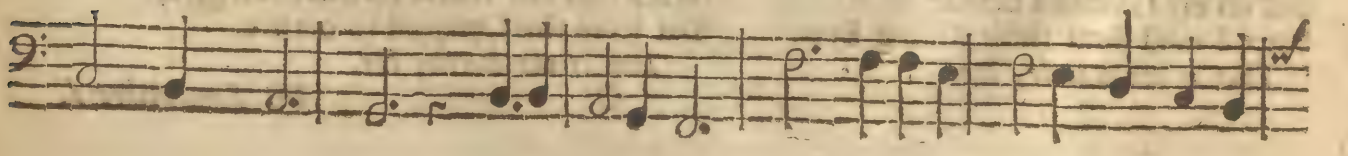

B
Ring out your Cunny Skins, bring out your Cunny Skins Maids

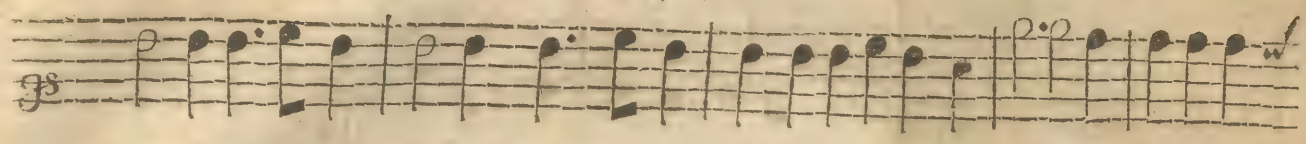

to me, and hold them fair that I may see, Gray, Black and Blew, for the smaller Skins


I'le give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins, and for your whole Cunny here's ready Mony,

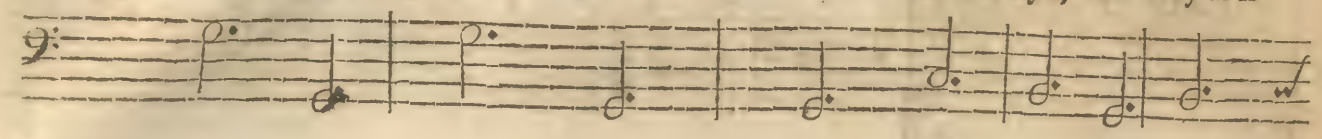

come gentle *Jone* do thou begin with thy black Cunny thy black Cunny Skin, and

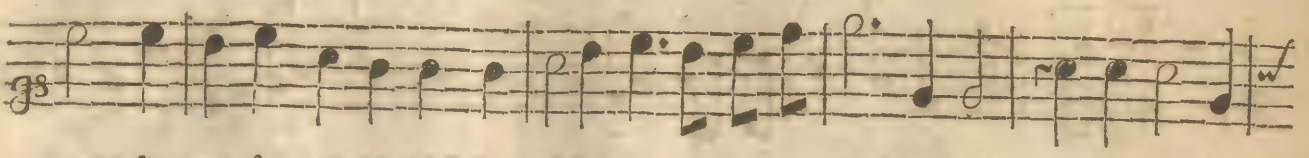

Mary and *Jone* will follow with their Silver Haird Skins and Yallow, the White Cunny



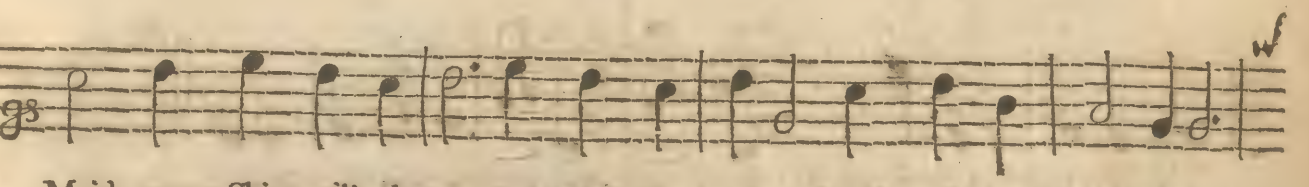


Skin I will not lay by, for though it be faint it is fair to the Eye, the Gray it is

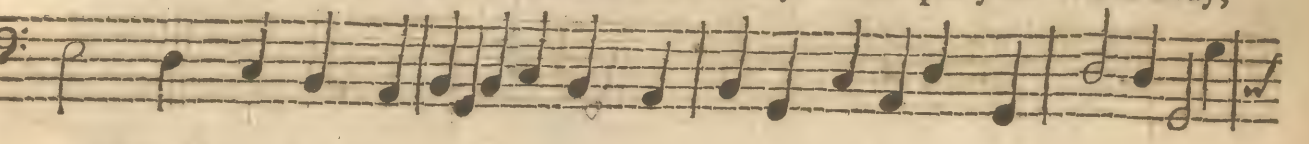


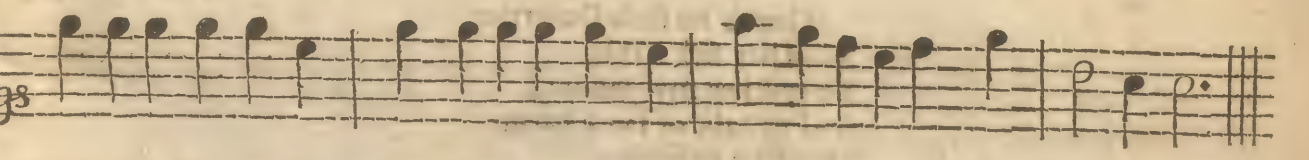


worn, but yet for my Mony, give me the bonny bonny black Cunny, come away fair

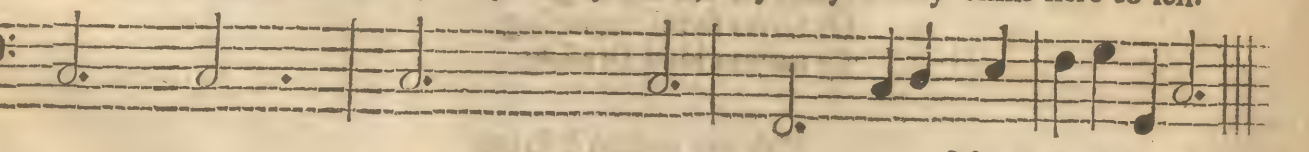


Maids your Skins will decay, come and take Mony Maids put your Wares away,





ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins here to sell.



Mr. *Sam. Ackroyd.*

I Love without measure, and sure I shall find a

Fountain of Pleasure for my *Celia's* now kind : My Heart so In----spir'd I

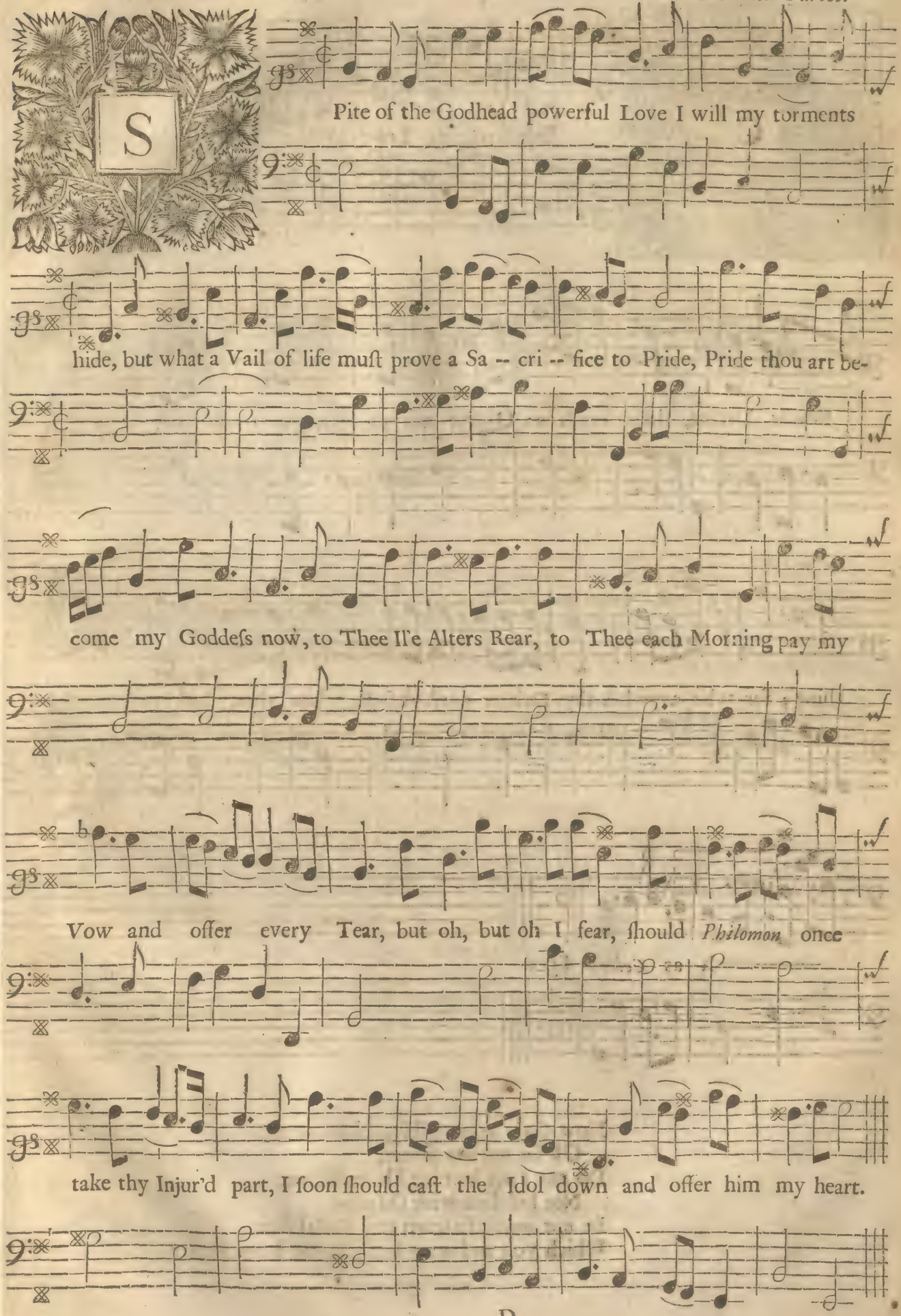
kist and ad - mir'd and She ne're re - tir'd but I still de - sir'd.

Mr. *Rob. King.*

There's no such Devertion
As in her soft Arms,
To tell her my passion,
And to talk of her Charms,
I must be possessing,
I long for the Blessing
Of Loves sweet expressing
By natures kind Dressing.

With my passion I strove
To wait for the pow'r,
And the pleasure of Love
But for one happy houre,
With eager desire
At last I came nier,
Her Eyes darted Fire,
My Soul did expire.

Mr. *Hen. Purcel.*



Mr. *D. Purcel.*

Eaſe mighty Love to tear a Heart that owns thy

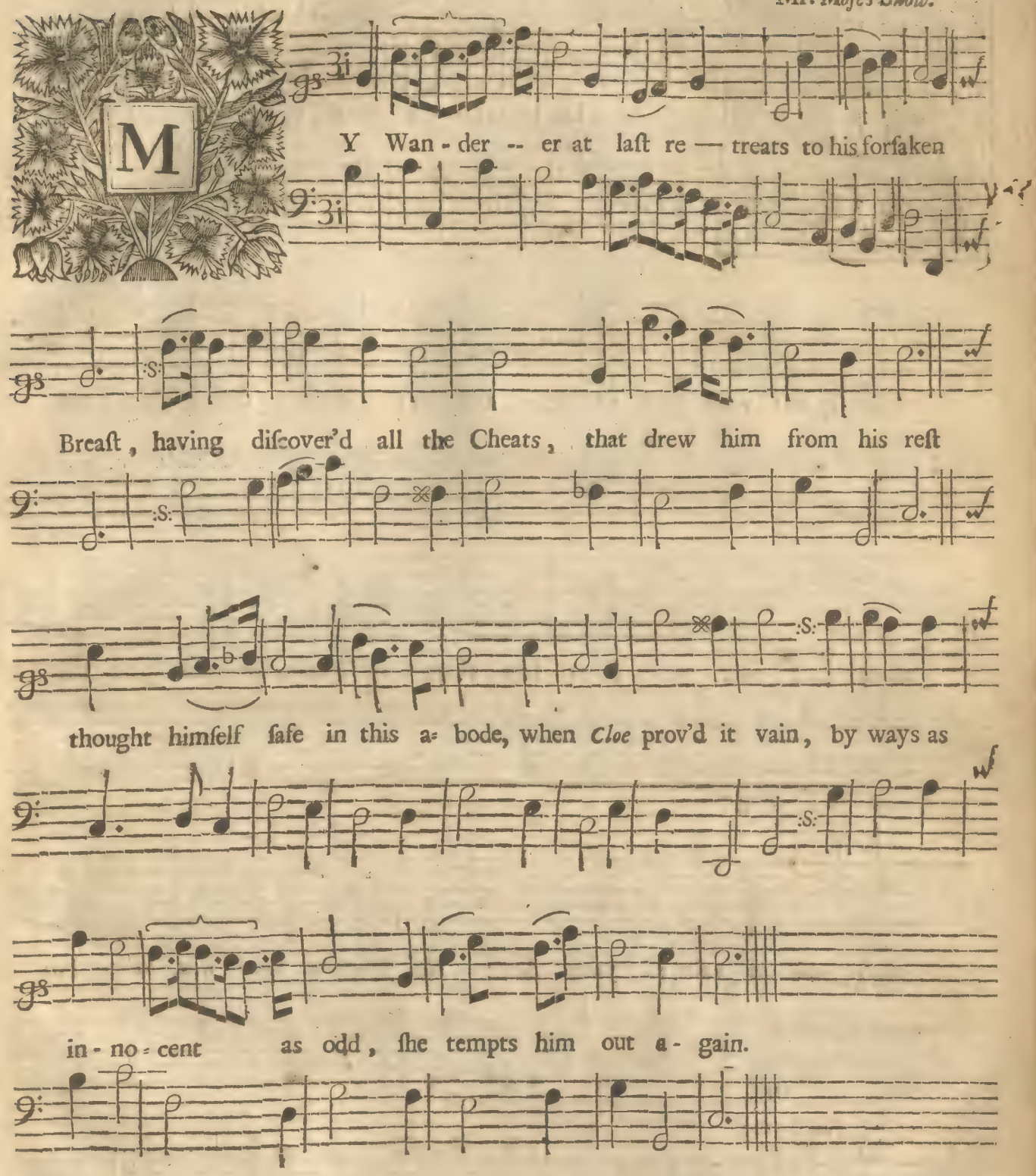
Power Divine, thou needs no Quiver nor no Dart to make the Conqueſt

thine; for who a——laſs thy Deities durſt deſpiſe, when thou haſt weapons ſuc—

——h as *Celia*'s Eyes.

Now *Celia* you my Heart have won,
Oh be not too ſevere,
Do not your humble Slave diſown,
Nor kill him with Diſpair;
Be not unjuſt to ſcorn my Veſtal Fire,
Which you and none but you cou'd ere Expire.

Mr. *Moses Snow.*



With untaught Eyes, unpractic'd Art,
She does her Slave ſubdue:
Scorns meanly to beguile a Heart,
But claims it as her due.
Let Tyrants then her Conqueſt boaſt,
And keep their ſew in awe:
She governs all and ever muſt,
Who reigns by Natures Law.

I'le languiſh no more at the glance of your

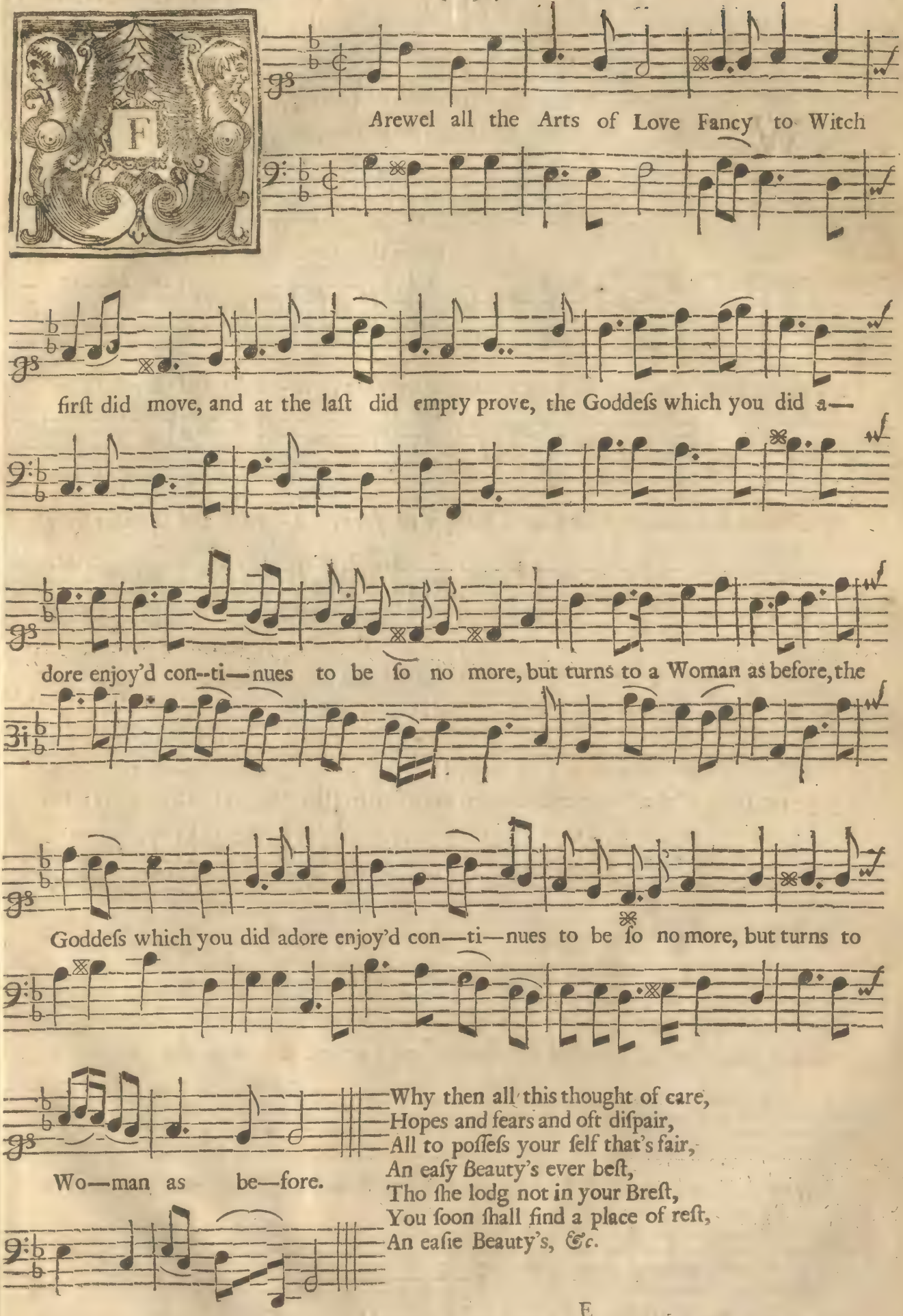
Eye; can view you all o're and ne're fetch a deep ſigh: No

more ſhall your voice Siren-like charm my Heart; in vain you may

ſigh, uſe in vain all your Art: No Madam I'm free, when I'm

Captive a-gain, let me unpity'd feel a-----gen my old pain.

I'le Libertine turn, uſe all things in Common,
No more than one Diſh be bound to one Woman,
Yet I ſtill love the Sex but my Bottle before 'em,
I'le uſe 'em ſometimes but I'le never Adore 'em,
Go Madam be wiſe when a Woodcocks ith nooſe,
Be ſure hold him faſt leaſt like me he get looſe.



Why then all this thought of care,
Hopes and fears and oft dispair,
All to possess your self that's fair,
An easy Beauty's ever best,
Tho she lodg not in your Brest,
You soon shall find a place of rest,
An easie Beauty's, &c.

Hen the Gods at a Banquet did Revel above, did

When the Gods at a Banquet did Revel, did

Revel above and *Gannimed* fill'd out a Bumper to *Jove*, *A - pollo* and *Bacchus* their

Revel above and *Gannimed* fill'd out a Bumper to *Jove*, *A - pollo* and *Bacchus* their

Joy to Inſpire, the Muſes and Graces call'd in to the Quuire: Divine was the

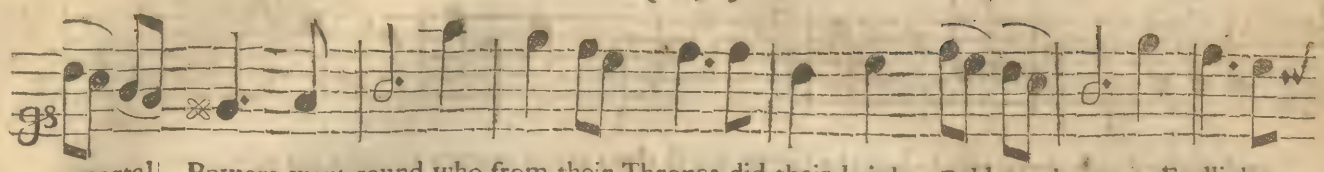
Joy to Inſpire, the Muſes and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the

Muſick, their Pleaſure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty ſtill was the Theam, to

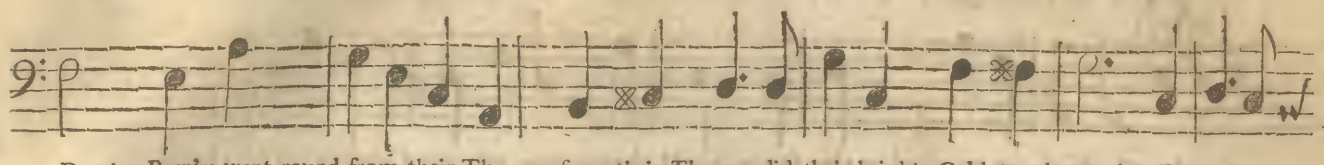
Muſick, their Pleaſure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty ſtill was the Theam, to

Jove and *Juno's* Health full Bowls were Crown'd, and to th'Immortal, and to th'im-

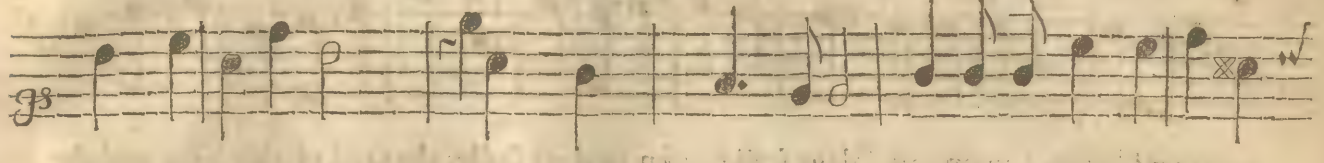
Jove and *Juno's* Health full Bowls were Crown'd, and to th'immortall



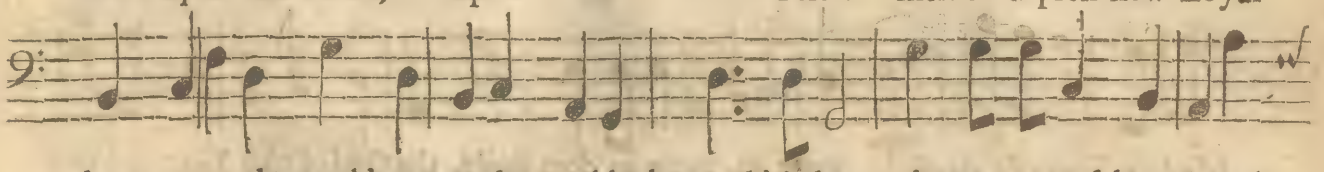
mortal Powers went round who from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frollick



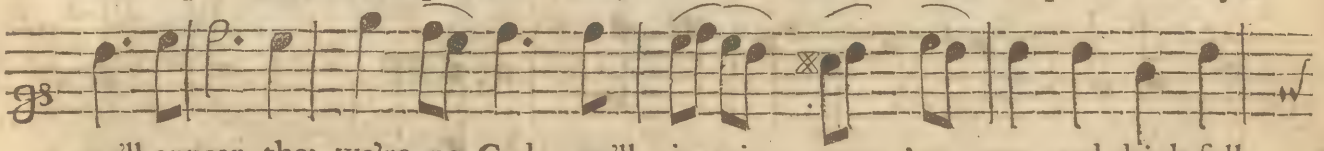
Pow'rs, Pow'rs went round from their Thrones, from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frollick



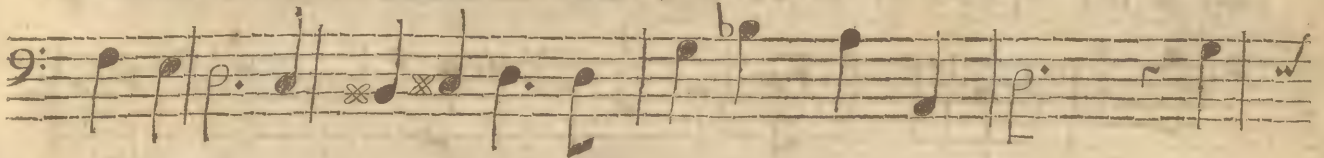
down upon the world, upon the world below : then to expreſs how Loyal



down upon the world, upon the world, the world below : then to expreſs how Loyal



we'll appear, tho' we're no Gods we'll i - mi - tate 'em near, and drink full



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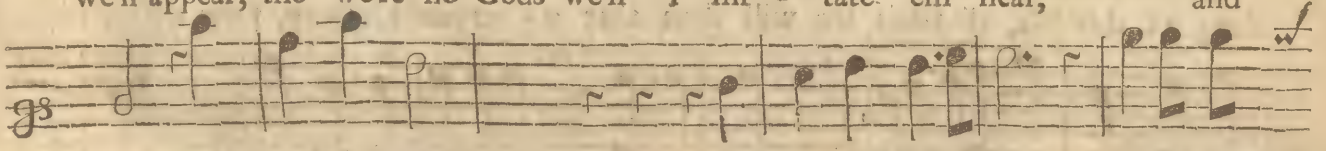
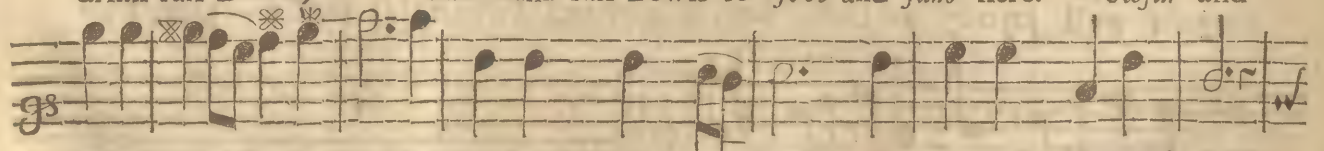
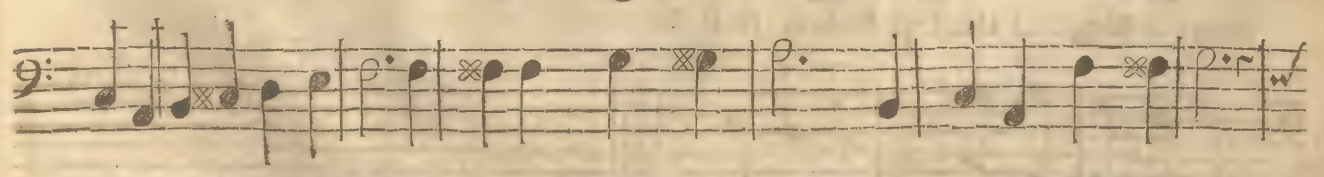


Bowls, and drink full Bowls to *Jove* and *Juno* here. *Cæſar* and

drink full Bowls, and drink full Bowls to *Jove* and *Juno* here. *Cæſar* and



Gloria - na let it be the brighteſt Queen on Earth, the greateſt Monarch he



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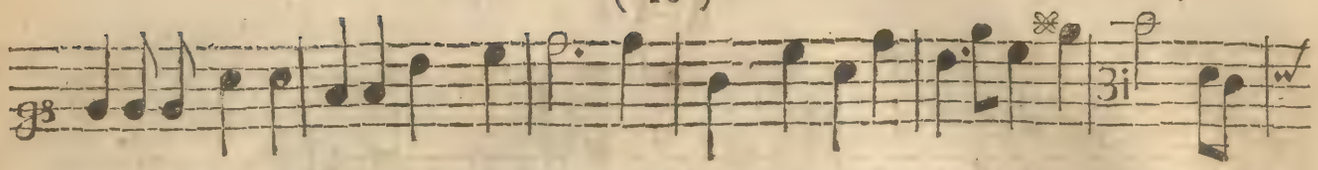
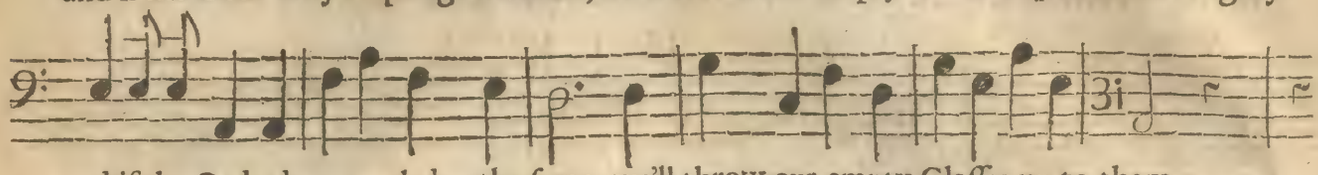


and if the Gods deny to pledge the ſame, we'll throw our empty Glaſſes up to them. Mighty



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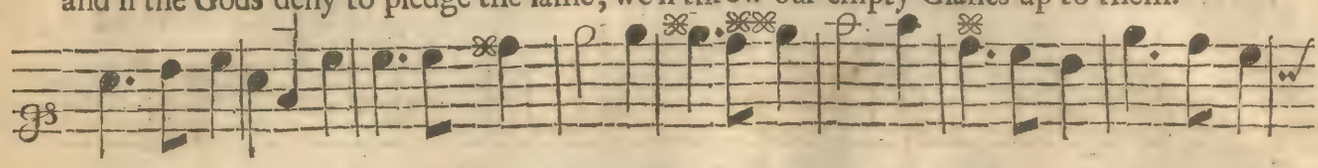
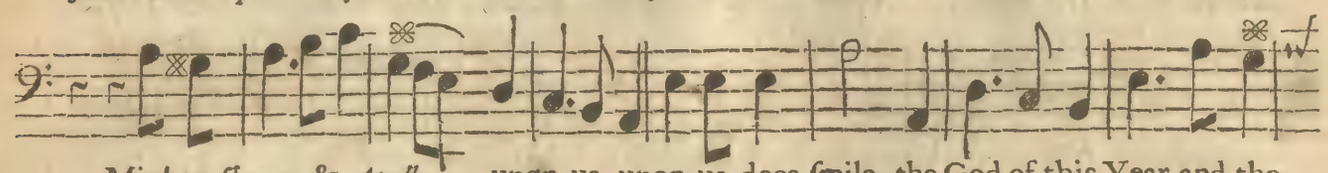
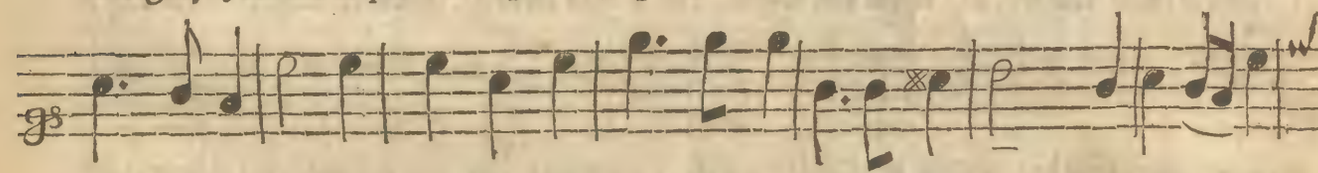


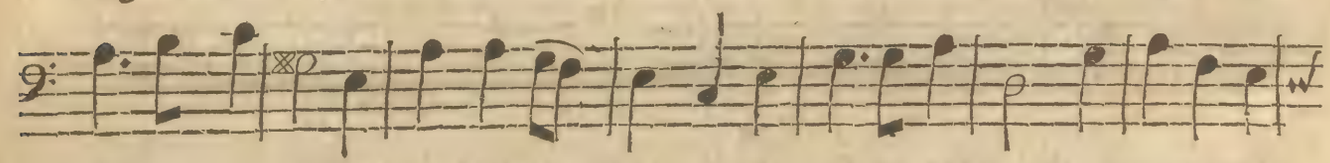
James and *Apollo* upon us does ſmile, upon us does ſmile, the God of this Year and the



Mighty *James* & *Apollo* upon us, upon us does ſmile, the God of this Year and the



King of this Iſle, all feuds we will ſhun that e - nervate his ſway, ſince all are his



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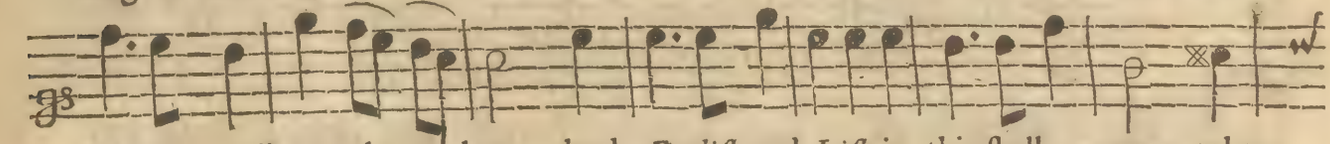
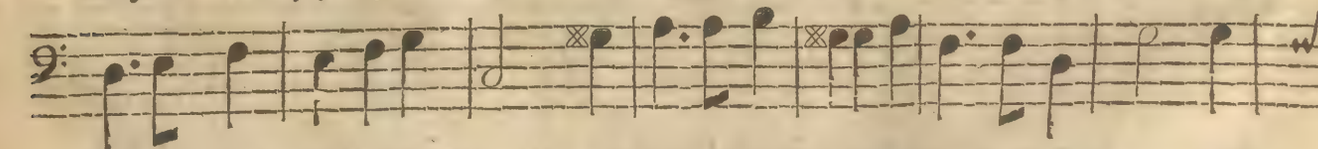


Subjects we'll joyntly o—bey: both *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* in this ſhall a—gree, who



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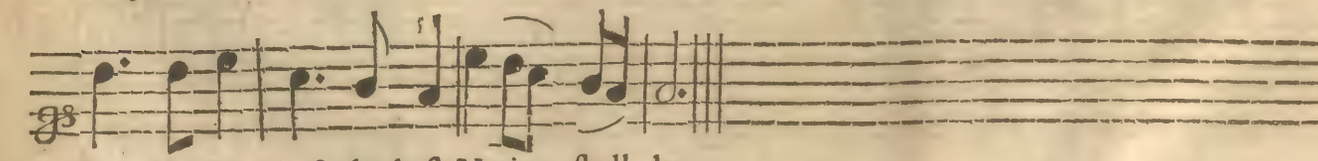
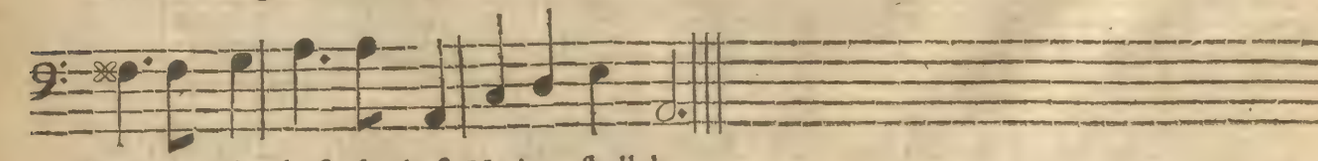


ſerve the King beſt the beſt Nation ſhall be.



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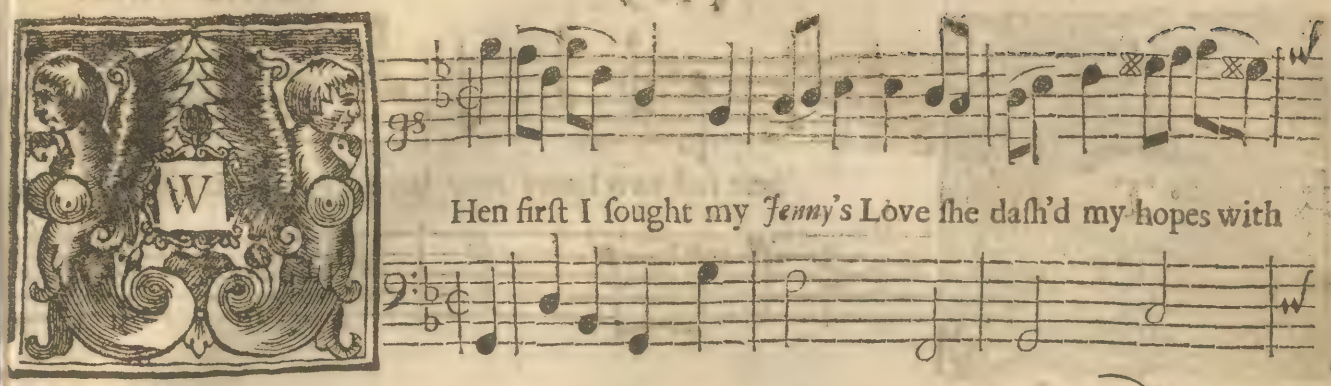
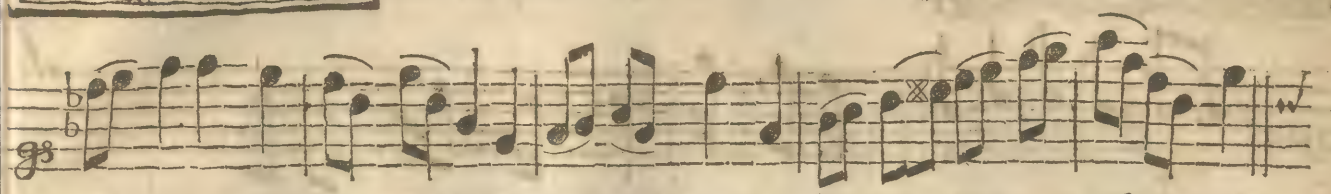
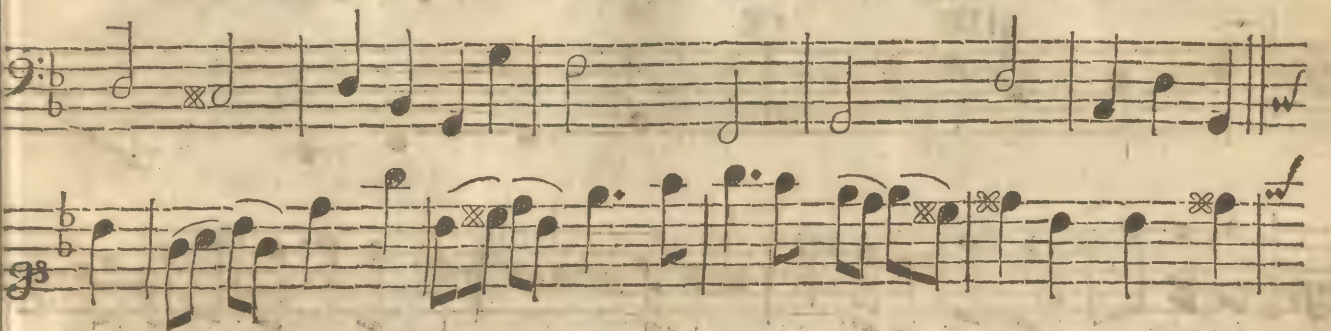


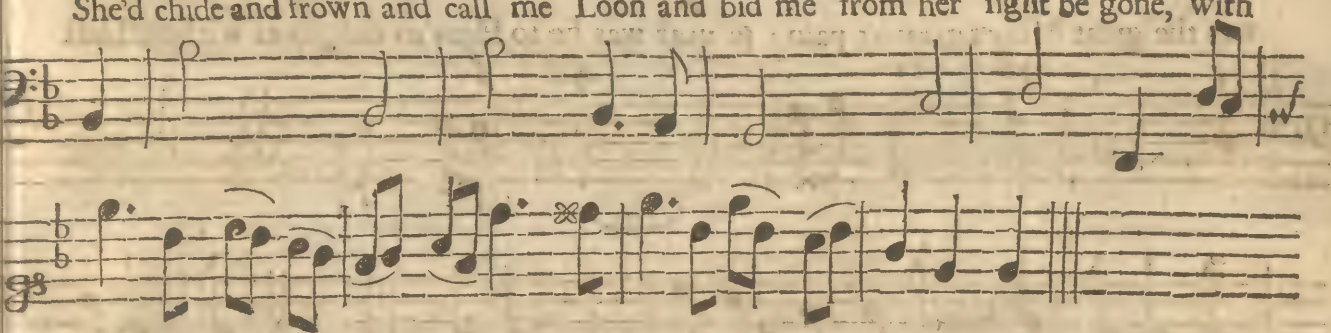
Hen firſt I ſought my *Jenny's* Love ſhe daſh'd my hopes with



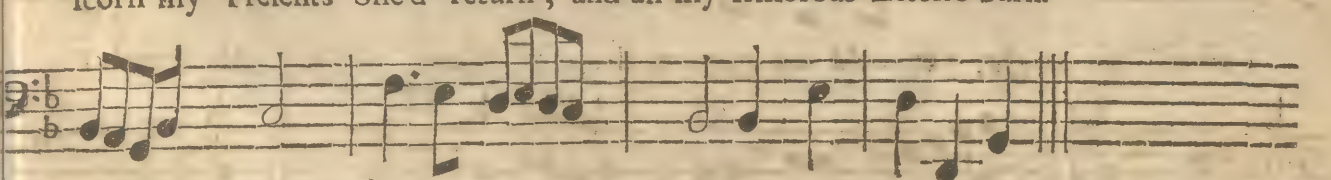
cold diſdain, no Tears the Cruel Laſs could move to hear my Vows or eaſe my pain,



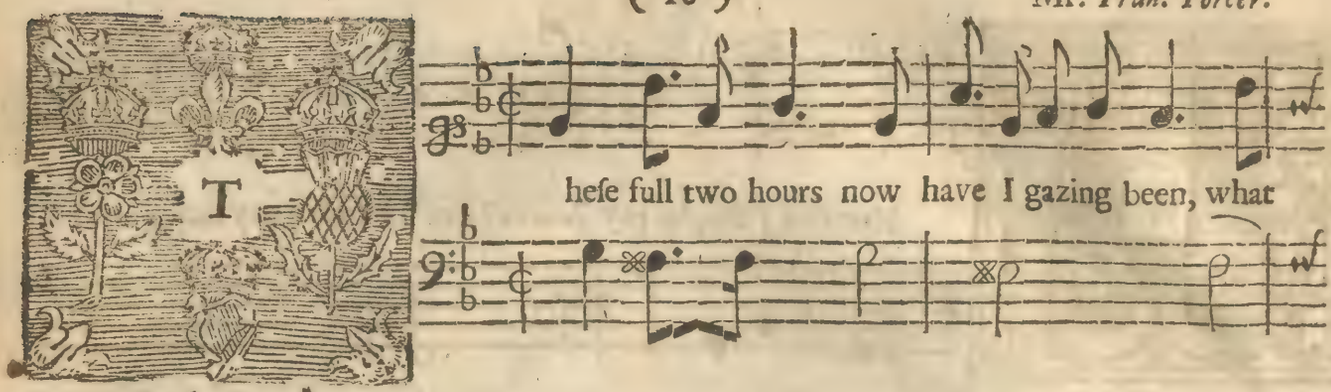
She'd chide and frown and call me Loon and bid me from her ſight be gone, with



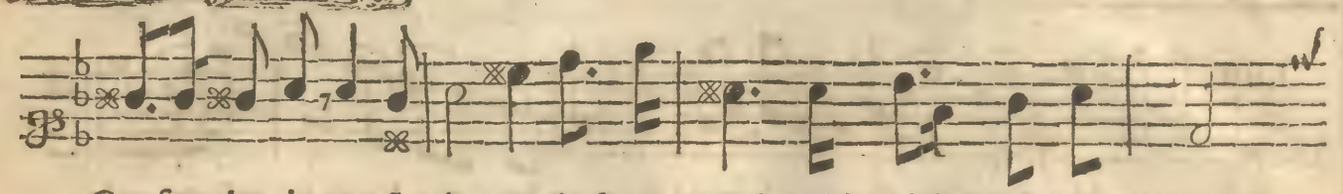
ſcorn my Preſents She'd return, and all my Amorous Letters burn.



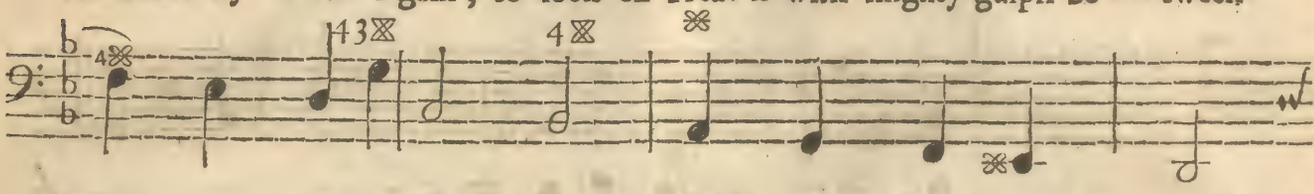
But now my Conſtancy She's found,
The lovely fair relenting Maid
With kind conſent my hopes has Crown'd,
And all my ſuffrings over paid;
She'll kiſs and toy
And call me Joy,
In Love the livelong day imploy,
She'll look and ſmile on me alone,
And only grieve ſhe e're did frown.



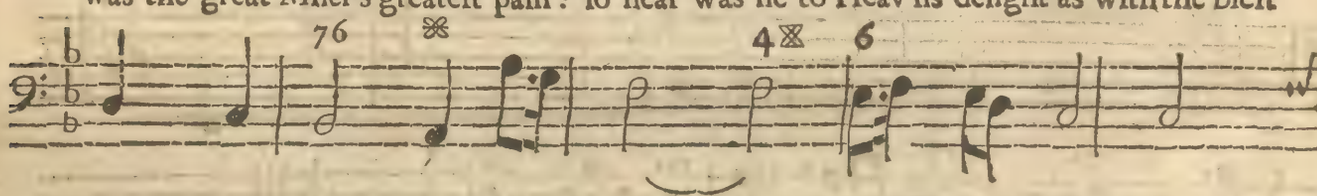
hese full two hours now have I gazing been, what



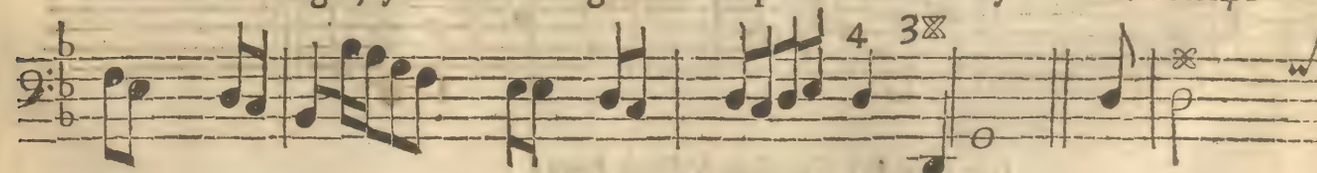
Comfort by it can I gain, to look on Heav'n with mighty gulph be — tween



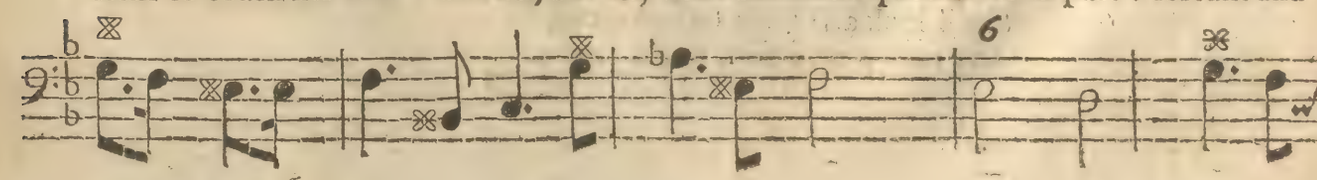
was the great Miser's greatest pain: so near was he to Heav'ns delight as with the blest

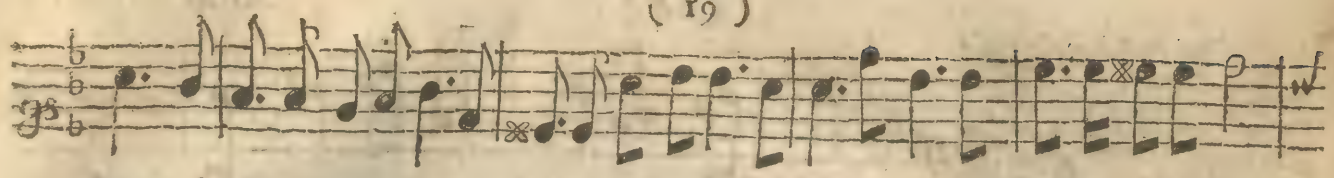


converse he might, yet could not get one drop of Water by't. Ah wretch I

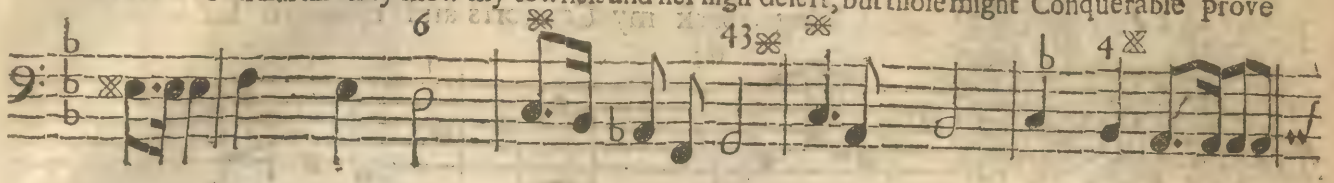


seem to touch her now: but oh, but oh, what boundless spaces does us part! fortune and

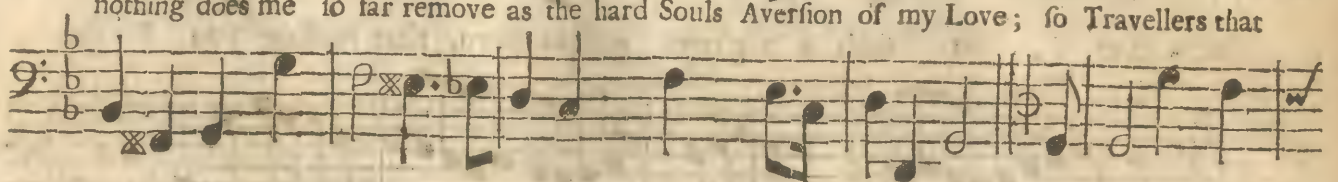




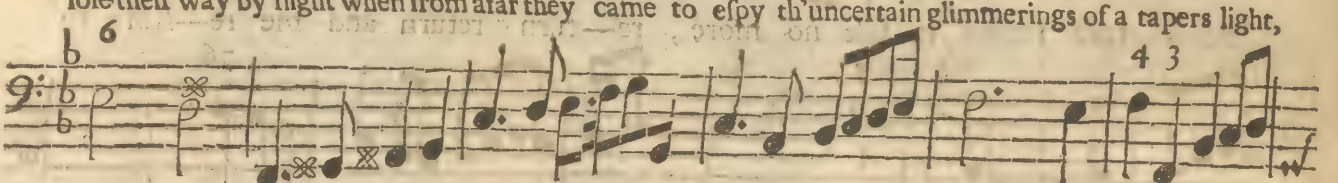
Friends & all Earths emty ſhow my lowneſs and her high deſert, but thoſe might Conquerable prove



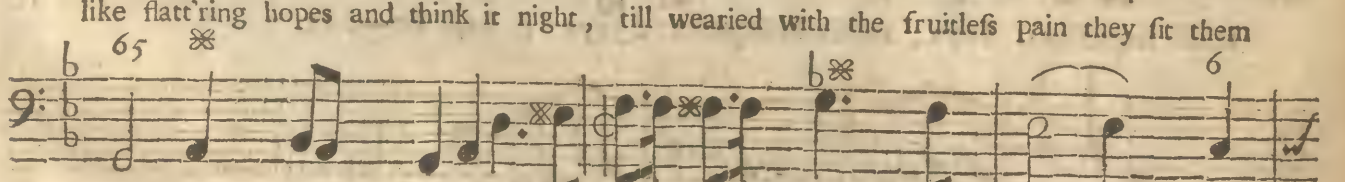
nothing does me ſo far remove as the hard Souls Averſion of my Love; ſo Travellers that



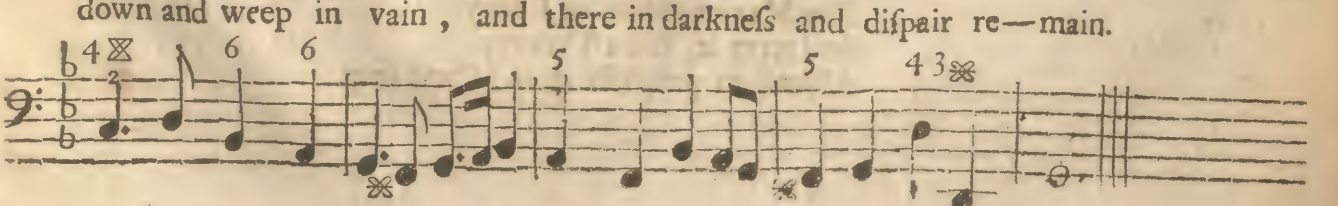
loſe their way by night when from afar they came to eſpy th'uncertain glimmerings of a tapers light,

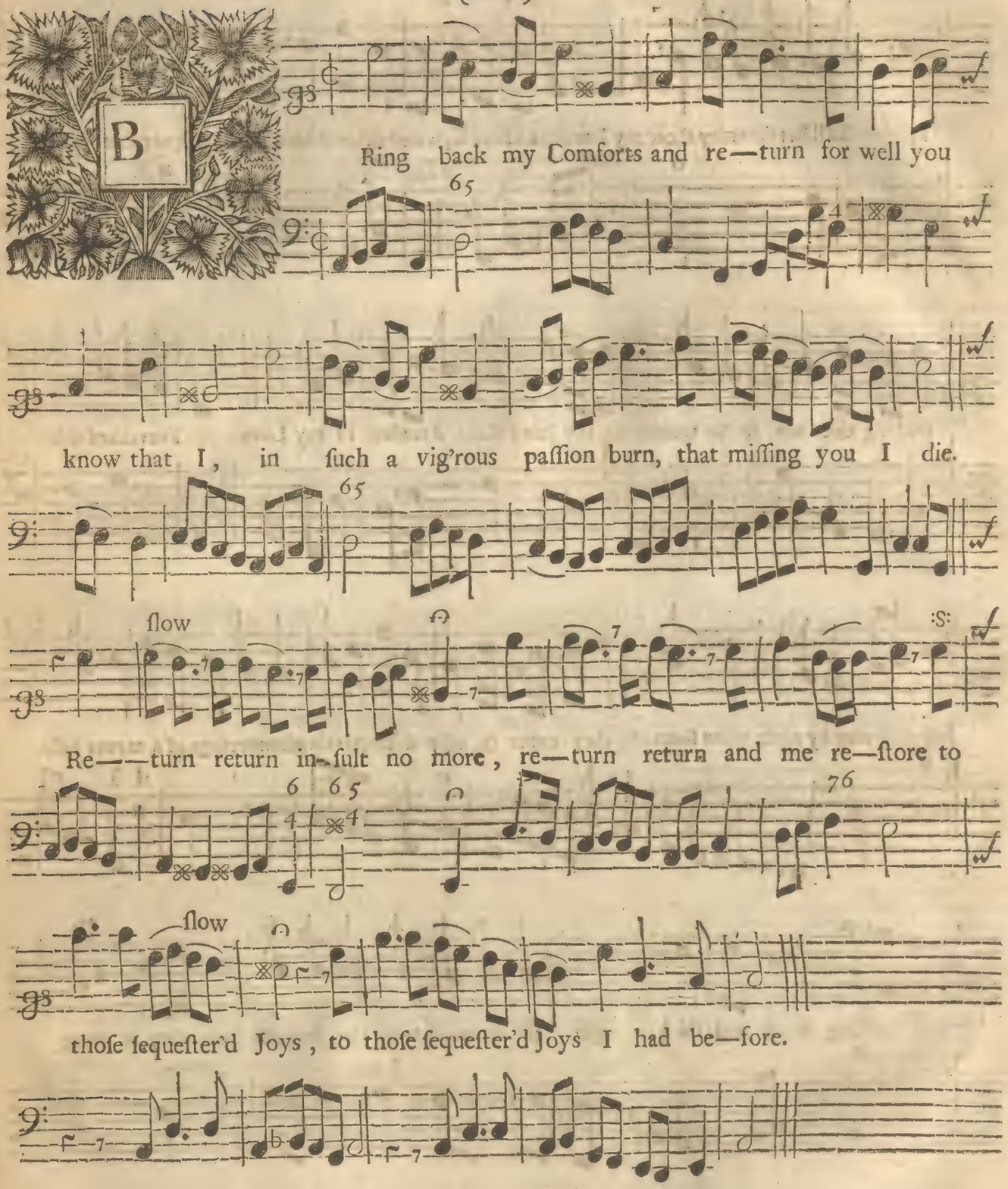


like flatt'ring hopes and think it night, till wearied with the fruitleſs pain they ſit them



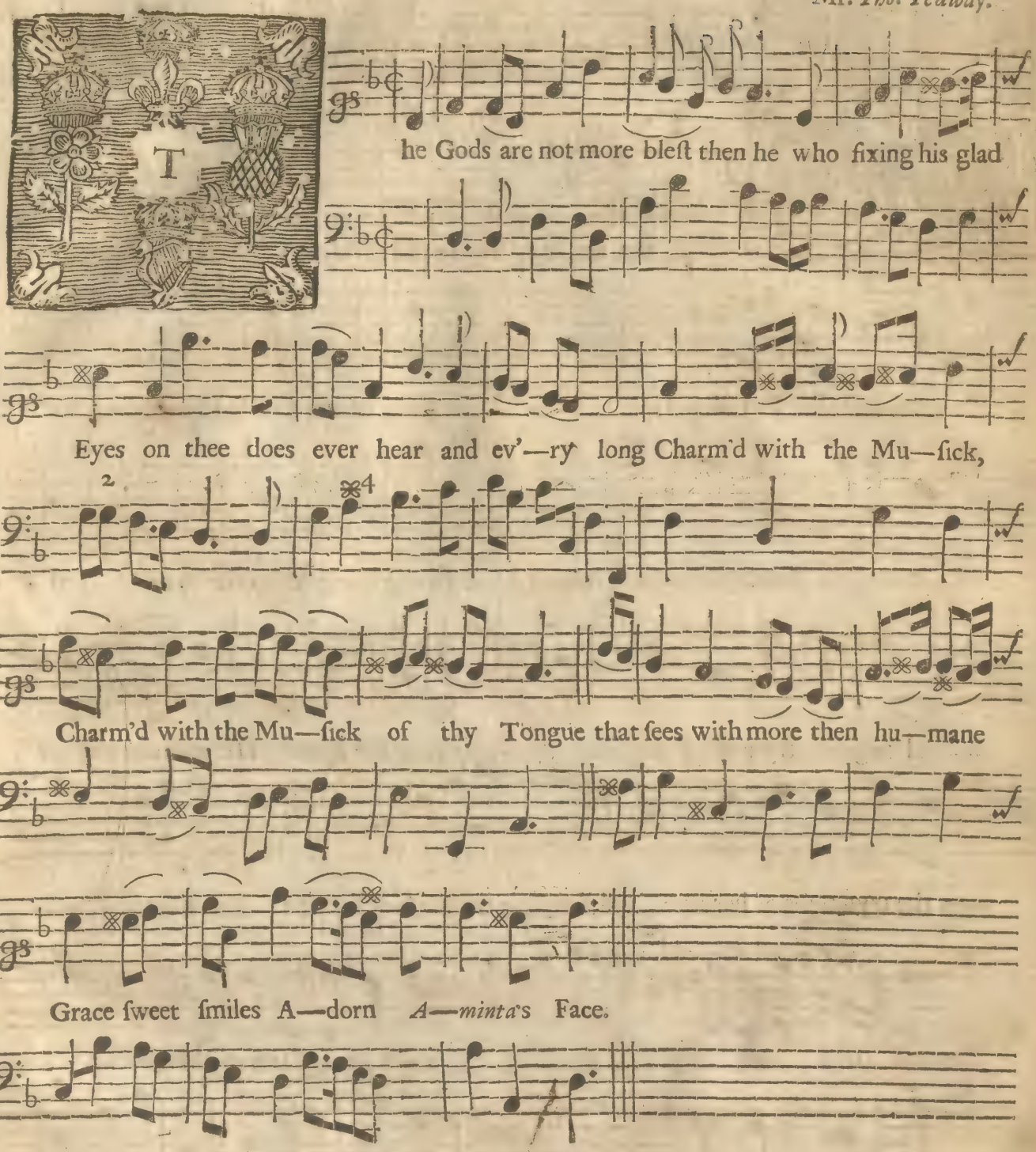
down and weep in vain, and there in darkneſs and diſpair re—main.



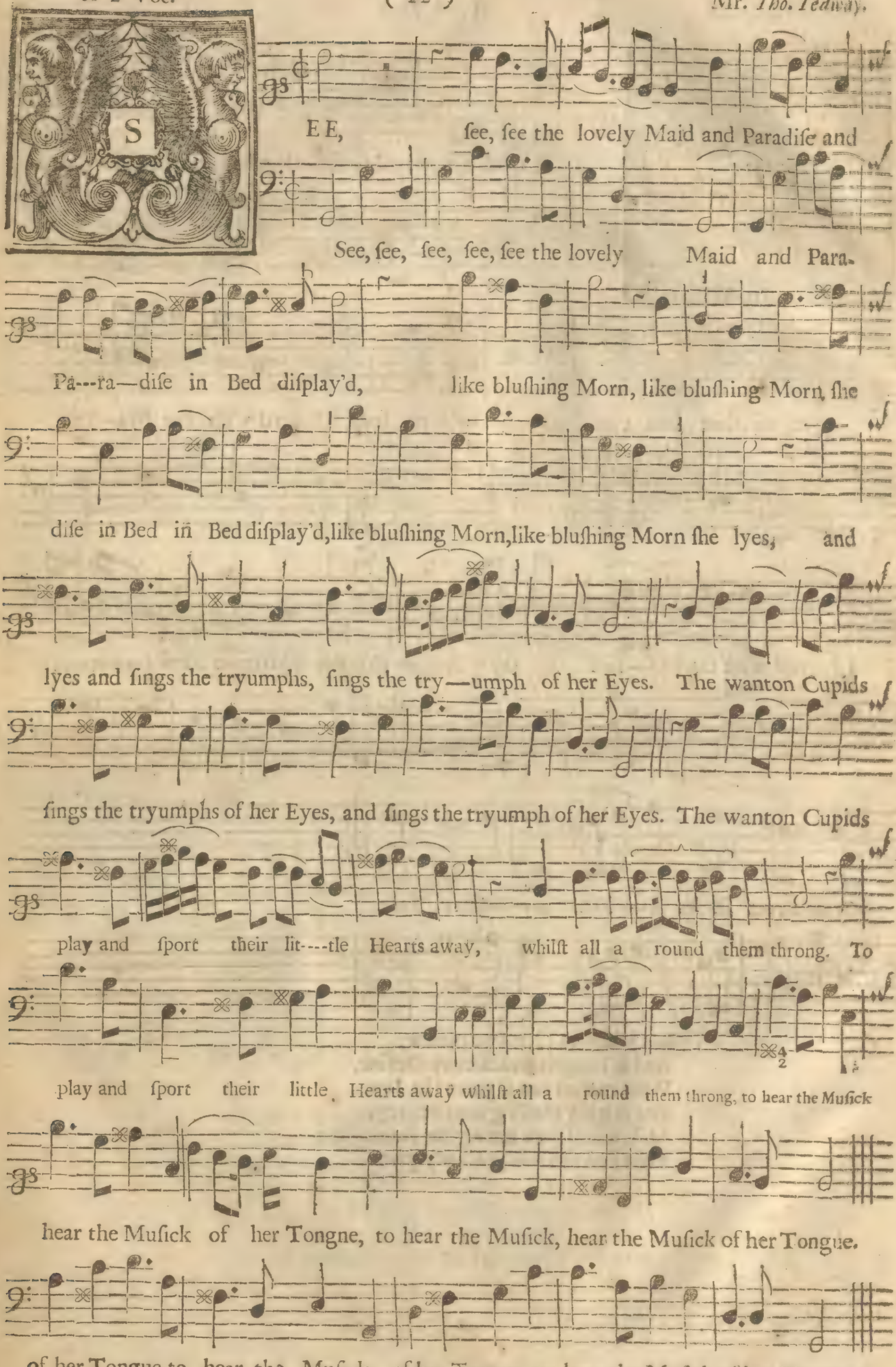


Abſence in moſt, that quenches Love,
And cool their warm deſire,
The Ardour of my Heart improve,
And makes the flame aſpire.
The Maxim therefore I deny,
And term it, tho a Tyrany,
A Nurſe to pureſt Faith and Conſtancy.

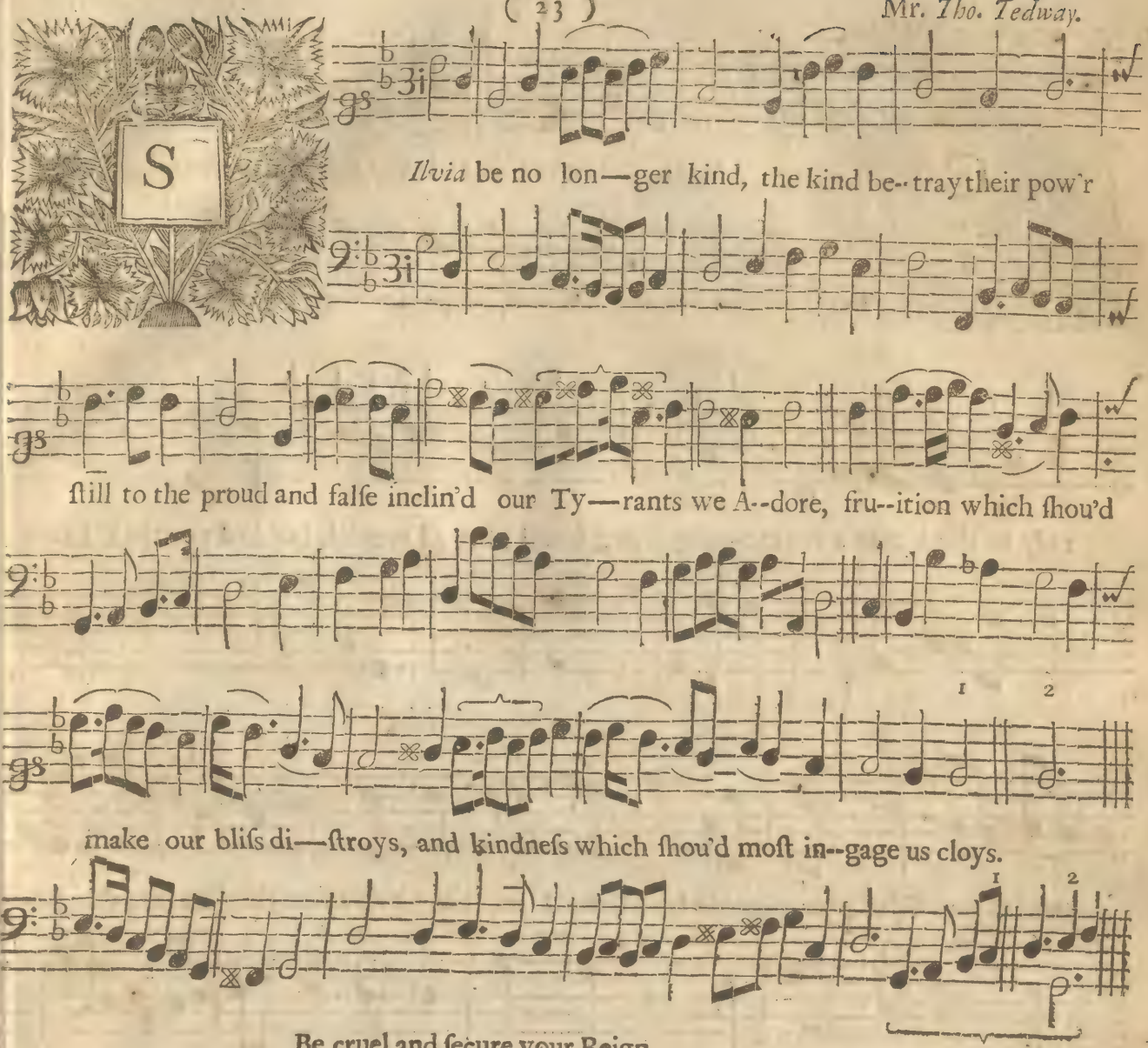
Mr. *Tho. Tedway.*



But when to pity you incline,
And ſo become much more Devine,
What mortal can ſupport the Joy
The mighty bleſſing does deſtroy,
Ah! wou'd you have your *Damon* live,
Your Favours leſs profuſely give.


S
EE, ſee, ſee the lovely Maid and Paradiſe and
See, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee the lovely Maid and Para-
Pa---ra—diſe in Bed diſplay'd, like bluſhing Morn, like bluſhing Morn, ſhe
diſe in Bed in Bed diſplay'd, like bluſhing Morn, like bluſhing Morn ſhe lyes, and
lyes and ſings the tryumphs, ſings the try—umph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids
ſings the tryumphs of her Eyes, and ſings the tryumph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids
play and ſport their lit----tle Hearts away, whilſt all a round them throng. To
play and ſport their little Hearts away whilſt all a round them throng, to hear the Muſick
hear the Muſick of her Tongne, to hear the Muſick, hear the Muſick of her Tongue.
of her Tongue, to hear the Muſick of her Tongue, to hear the Muſick of her Tongue.

Mr. *Tho. Tedway.*



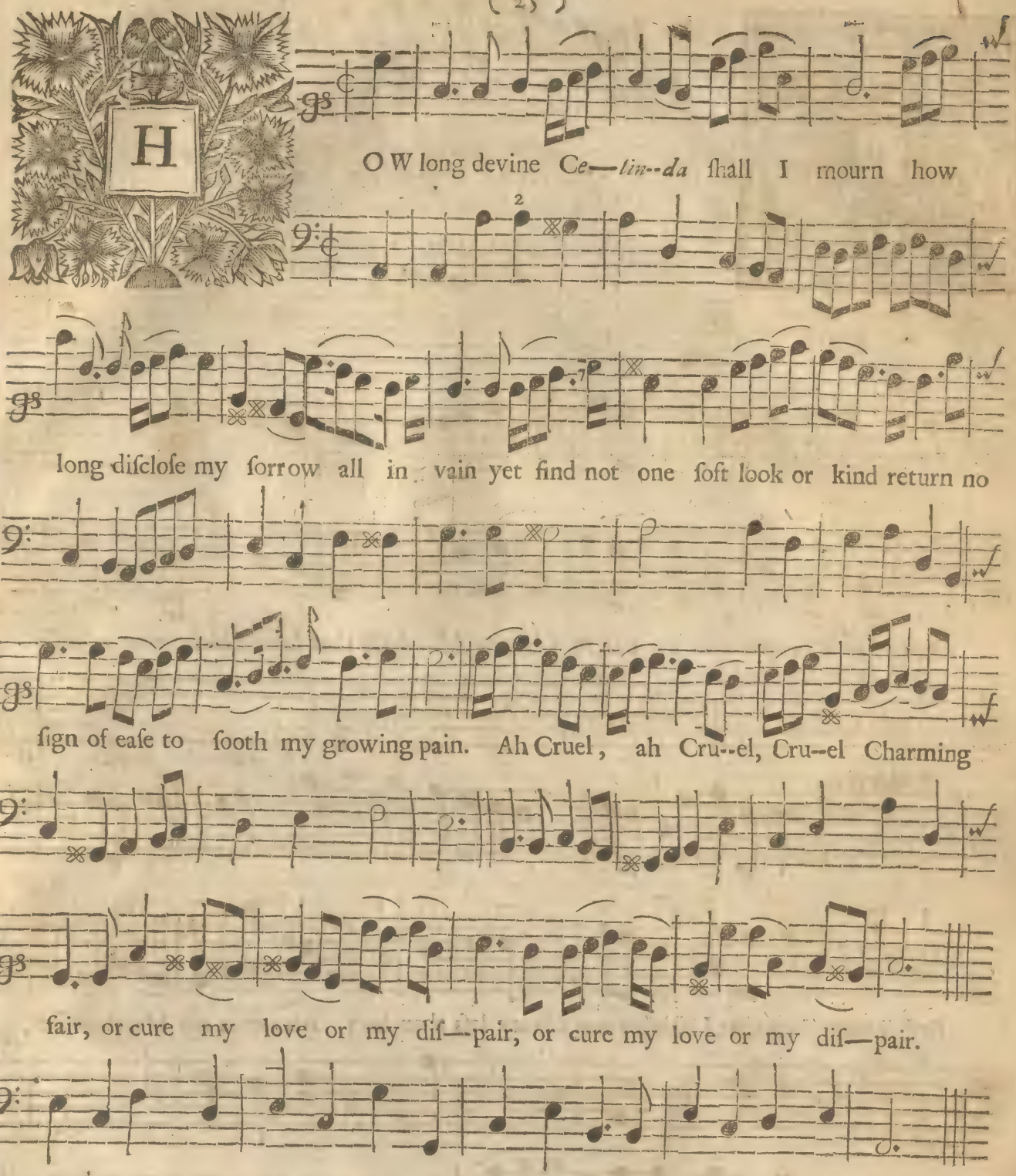
Be cruel and ſecure your Reign,
Myrtilla's Pride and Scorn,
Her haughty looks and fierce diſdain,
Show her for Empire born;
Oh curſt diſeaſe of our fantaſtick mind,
The Cruel we purſue and fly the Kind.

Inthia 'tis own'd that I too long on Woman-kind did

rail, to think that a re--can--ting Song ſhou'd after all prevail, but had you then but

markt my Eyes, or cou'd have vew'd my heart you'd ſeen thro' all that thin dif-

guiſe they all—ways took your part, they all----ways took your part.



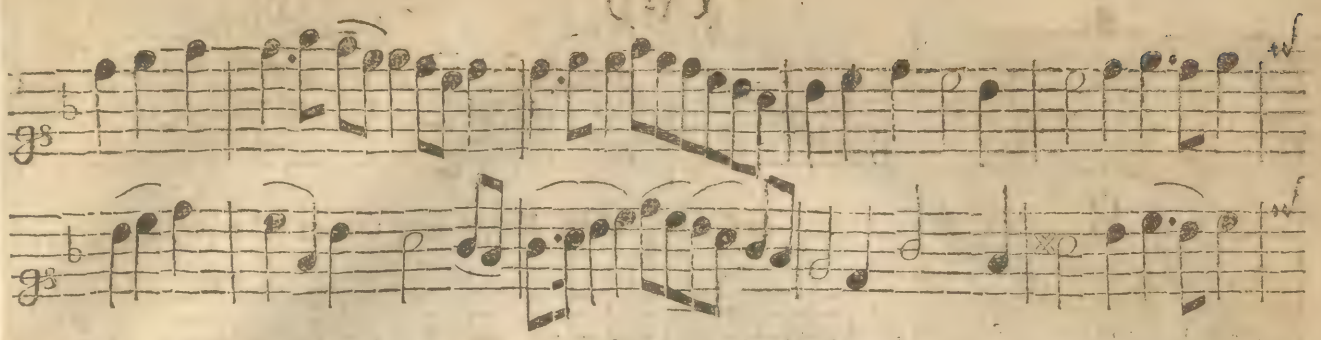
All night the thoughts of you forbids my reſt,
Nor can the noiſie buſineſs of the day
Divert the conſtant trouble of my breſt,
Or the tormenting Paſſions there allay;
Ah cruel charming Maid,
When ſhall this mighty debt of Love be paid.

Hillis I muſt needs confeſs that I am fic--kle

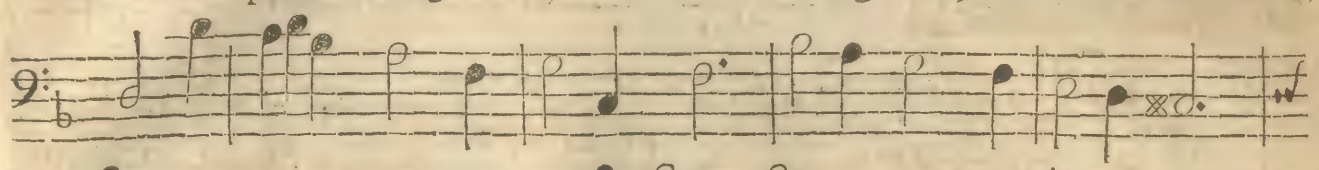
grown of late, and now to *Celia's* Charms Ad—dreſs that love which yours did

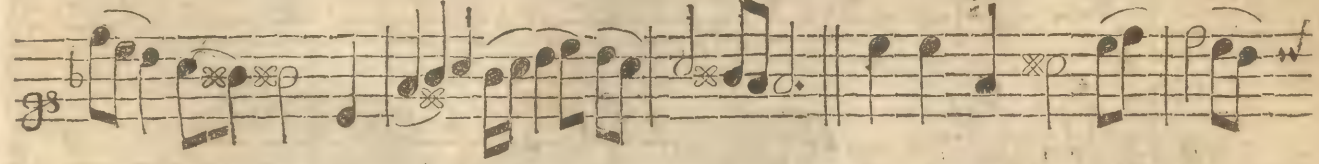
firſt create. Not that I think your Beauty leſs then hers who does my Heart poſſeſs,

but tis the will of fate, tis the will of fate, but tis the will of fate, tho you may

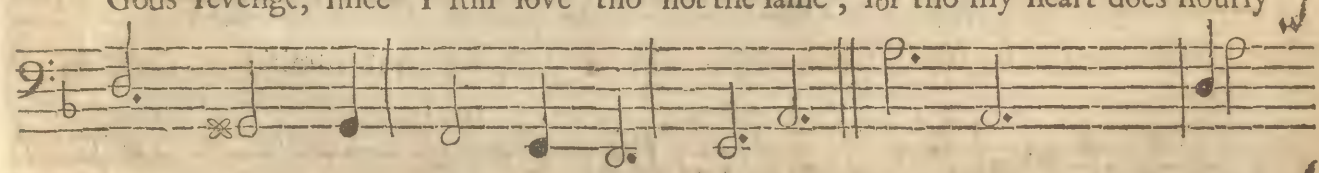


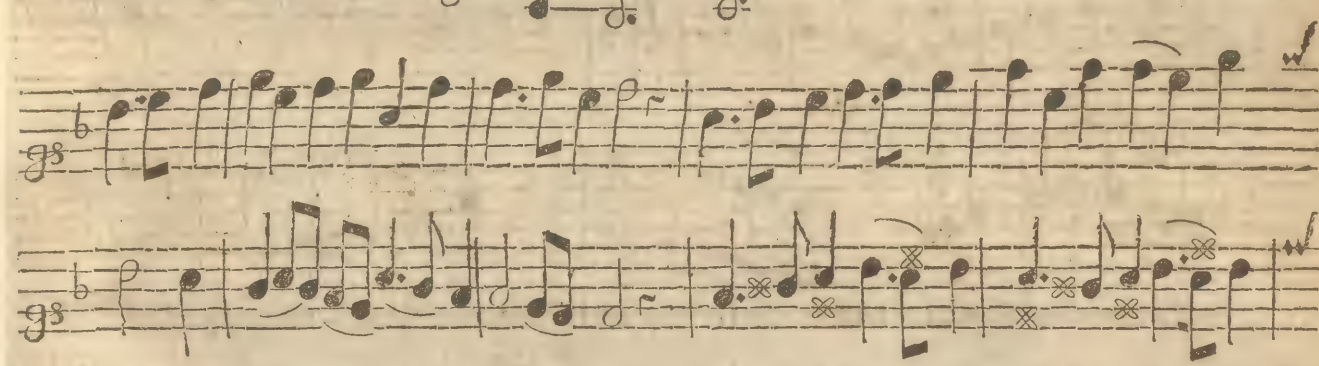
think the practice ſtrange I'le Ju—ſti—fie the roring flame, nor fear the Am'rous



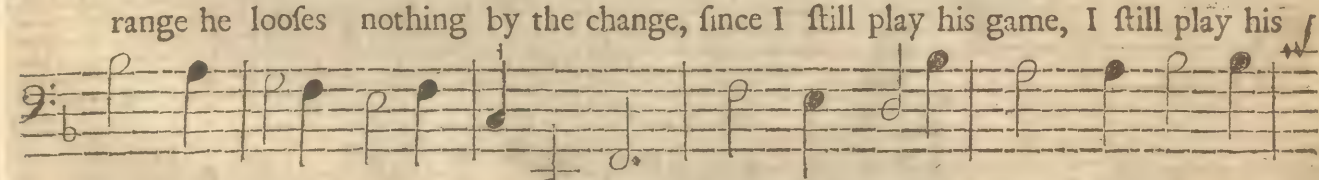


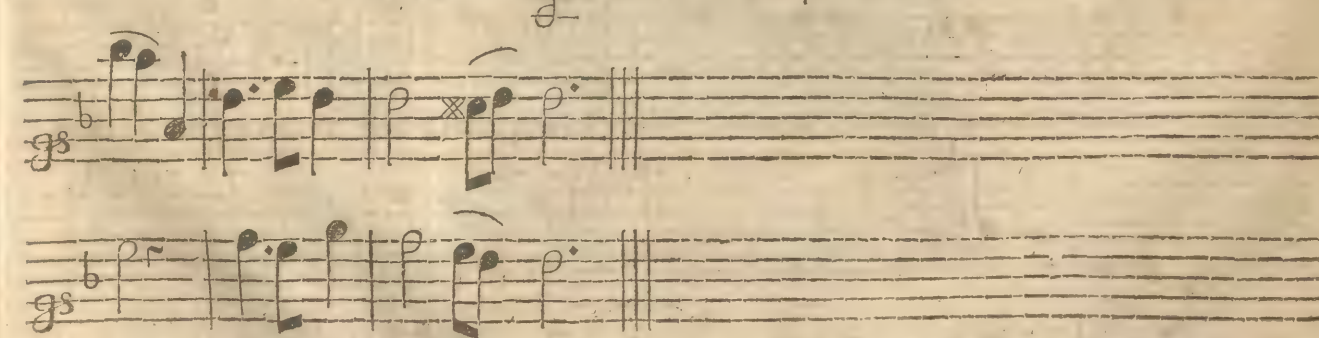
Gods revenge, ſince I ſtill love tho not the ſame, for tho my heart does hourly



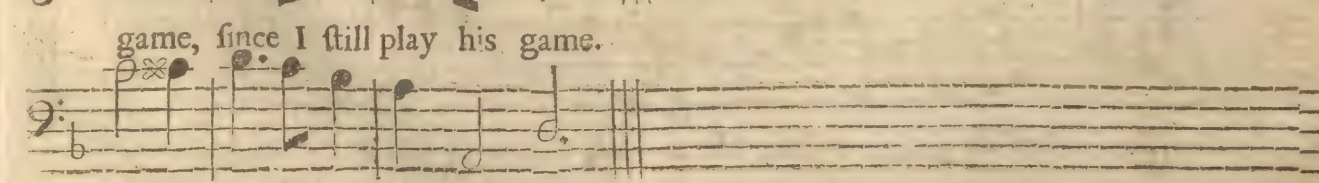


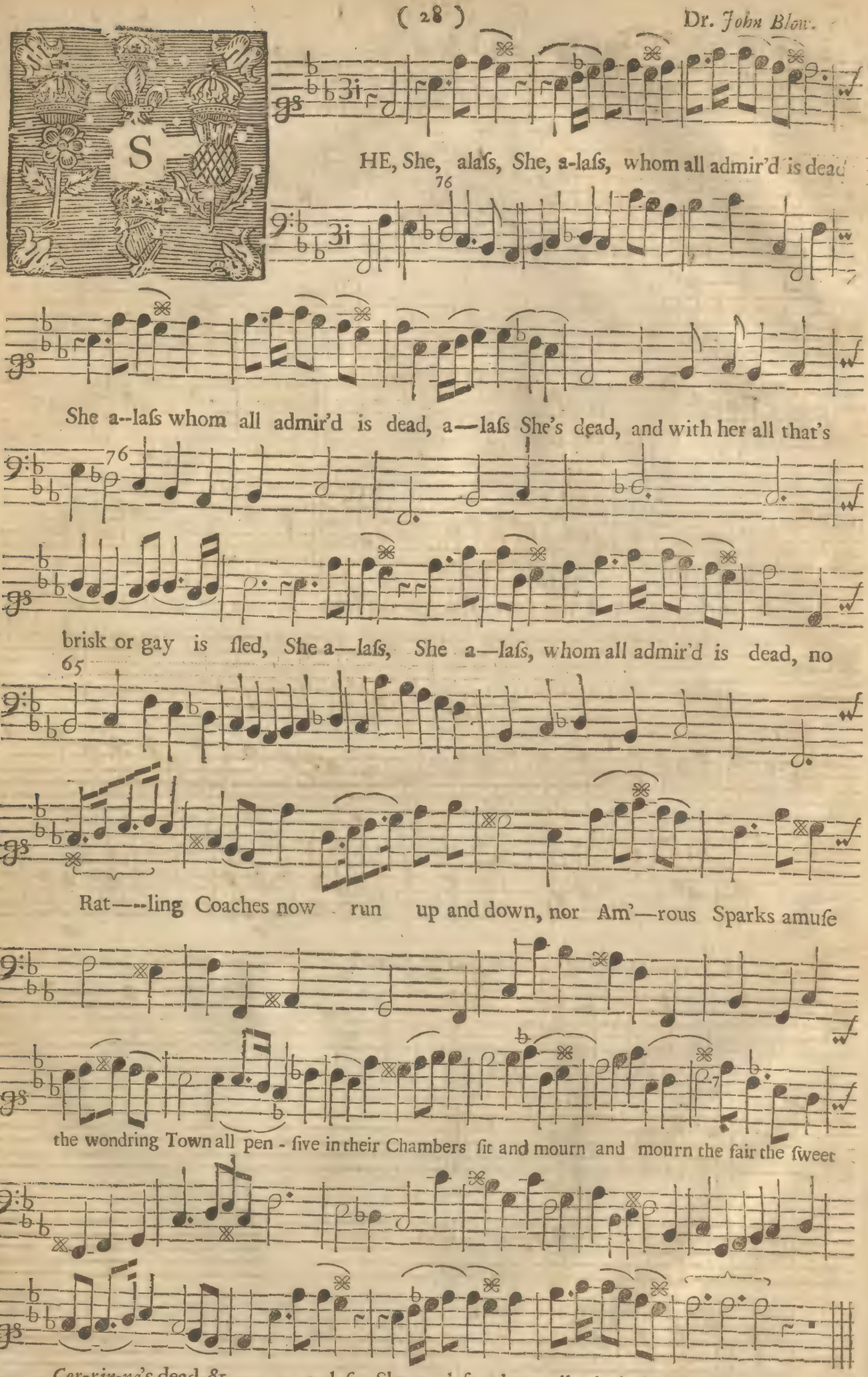
range he looſes nothing by the change, ſince I ſtill play his game, I ſtill play his



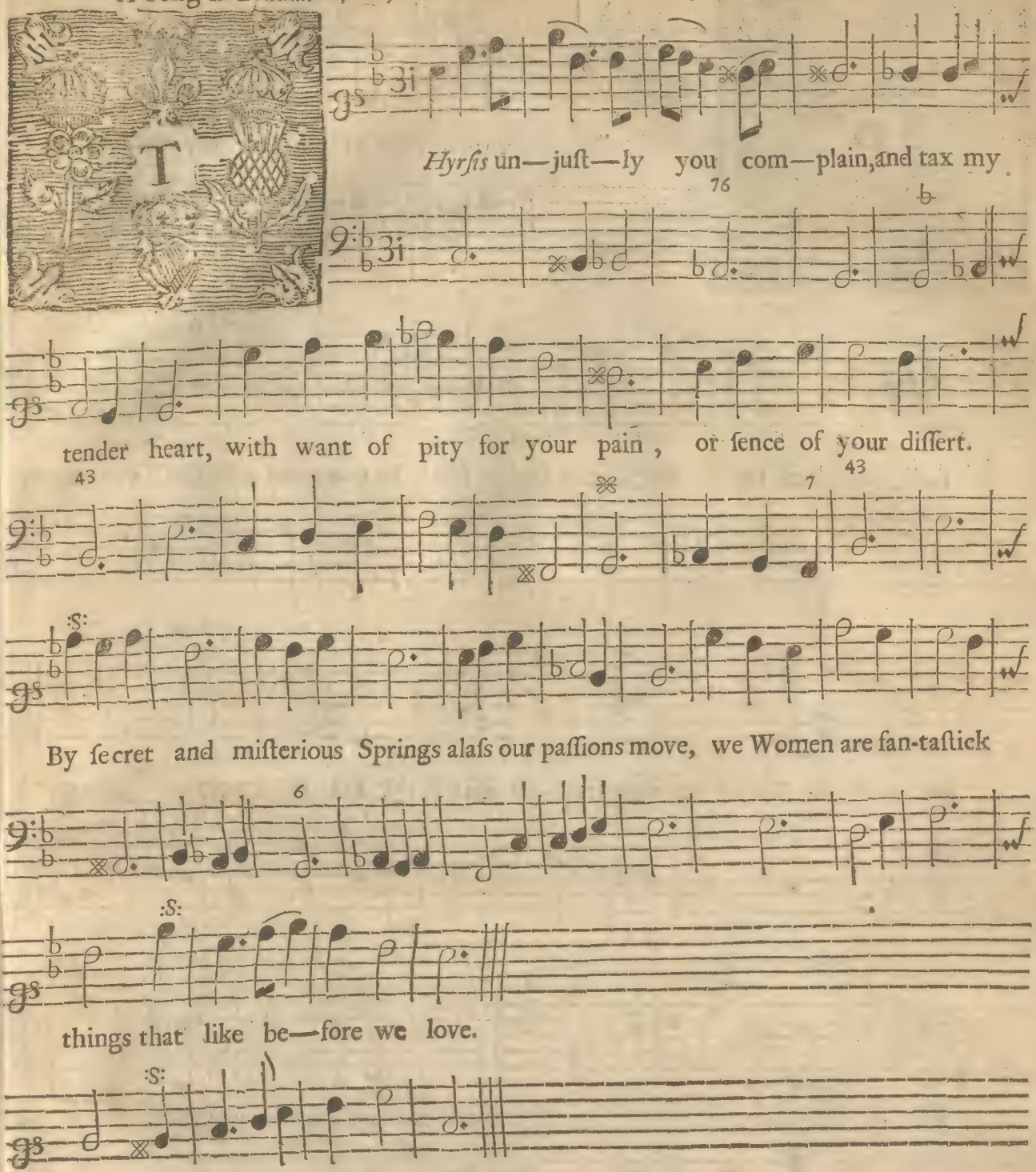


game, ſince I ſtill play his game.




SHE, She, alaſs, She, a-laſs, whom all admir'd is dead
She a--laſs whom all admir'd is dead, a—laſs She's dead, and with her all that's
brisk or gay is fled, She a—laſs, She a—laſs, whom all admir'd is dead, no
Rat---ling Coaches now run up and down, nor Am'—rous Sparks amuſe
the wondring Town all pen - ſive in their Chambers ſit and mourn and mourn the fair the ſweet
Cor-rin-na's dead & gone, She a--laſs, She a—laſs whom all admir'd is dead.

A Song in *Bellamira*, or, the Mistress. Set by Mr. *Tho. Shadwell.*



You may be handsome and have Wit,
Be secret and well bred,
The Parson Love must to us fit,
He onely can succeed.
Some die and yet are ne're believ'd,
Others we trust too soon,
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,
And proud to be undone.

Hillis what ever love or you for my dif—pairing

ſhall or—dain, my ſuffring Heart ſhall ſtill be true, and with the Tor—ments

and with the Tor--ments that en—ſue may *break but ne're com*——plain.

My grief when P*hil—lis* Is un—kind no rude re-ſent-ments ſhall be—tray tis

calm as Vows for Hea--ven de--ſign'd, and gentle as the Southern Winds that

fans the blooming May. No ſlights ſhall make my paſ--ſion leſs, my Love ſhall

me--rit tho it ſtarve for as poſſeſſion we confeſs the higheſt degree of happineſs the

next is to de---ſerve.

A Catch for 3 Voc. Mr- *Henry Purcel.*

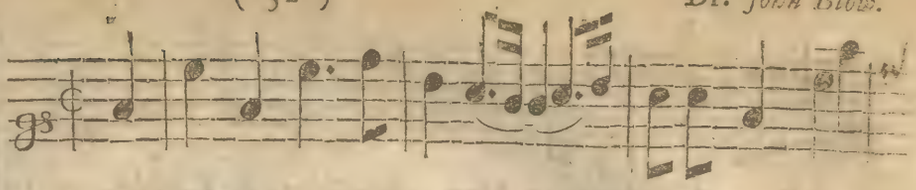
Hen V and I to--gether meet, we make up 6 in

:S:

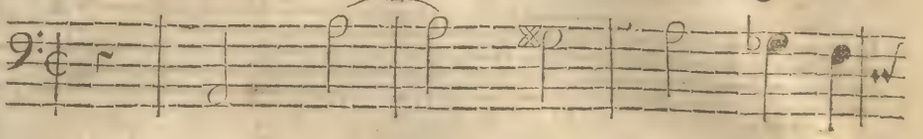
Houſe or Street, yet I and V may meet once more, and

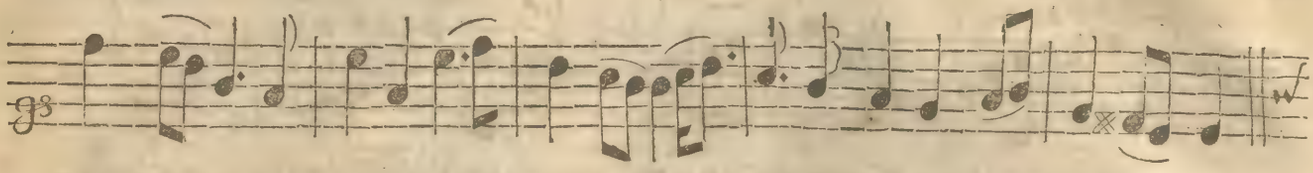
then we 2 can make but 4, but when that V from I am gone, alaſs poor

I can make but one.

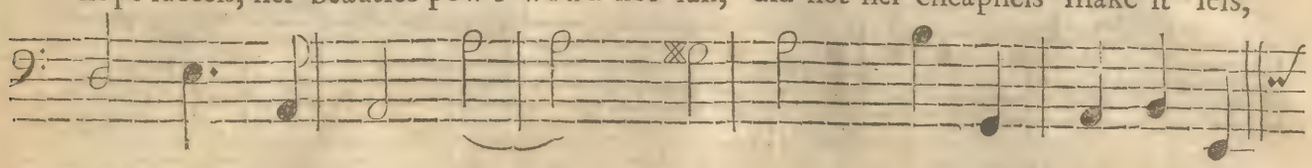


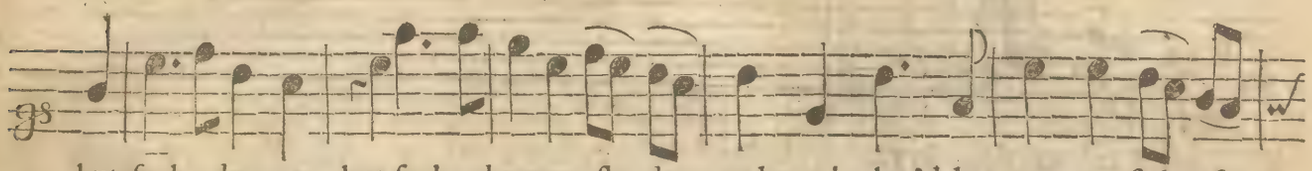
Ould ſoftning melting looks pre - vail, P*hillis* might ever



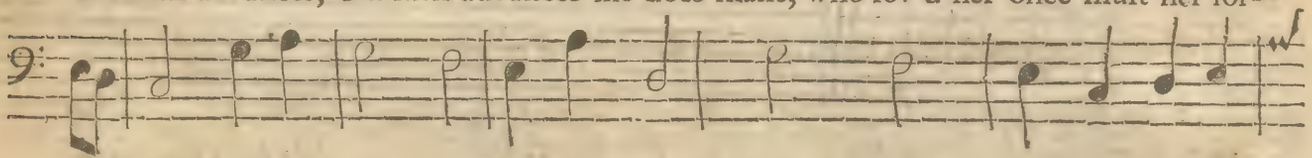


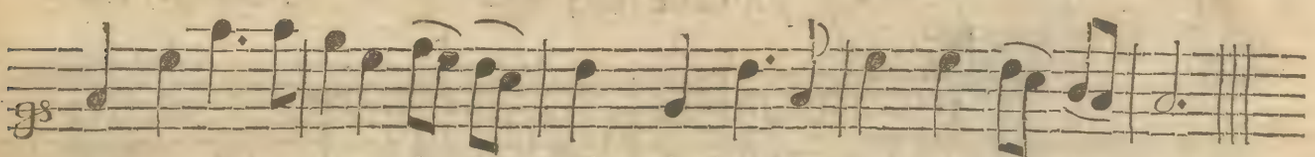
hope ſucceſs, her beauties pow'r wou'd not fail, did not her cheapneſs make it leſs,



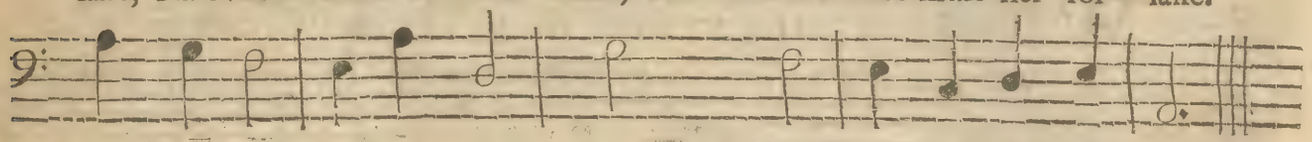


but ſuch advances, but ſuch advances ſhe does make, who lov'd her once muſt her for-

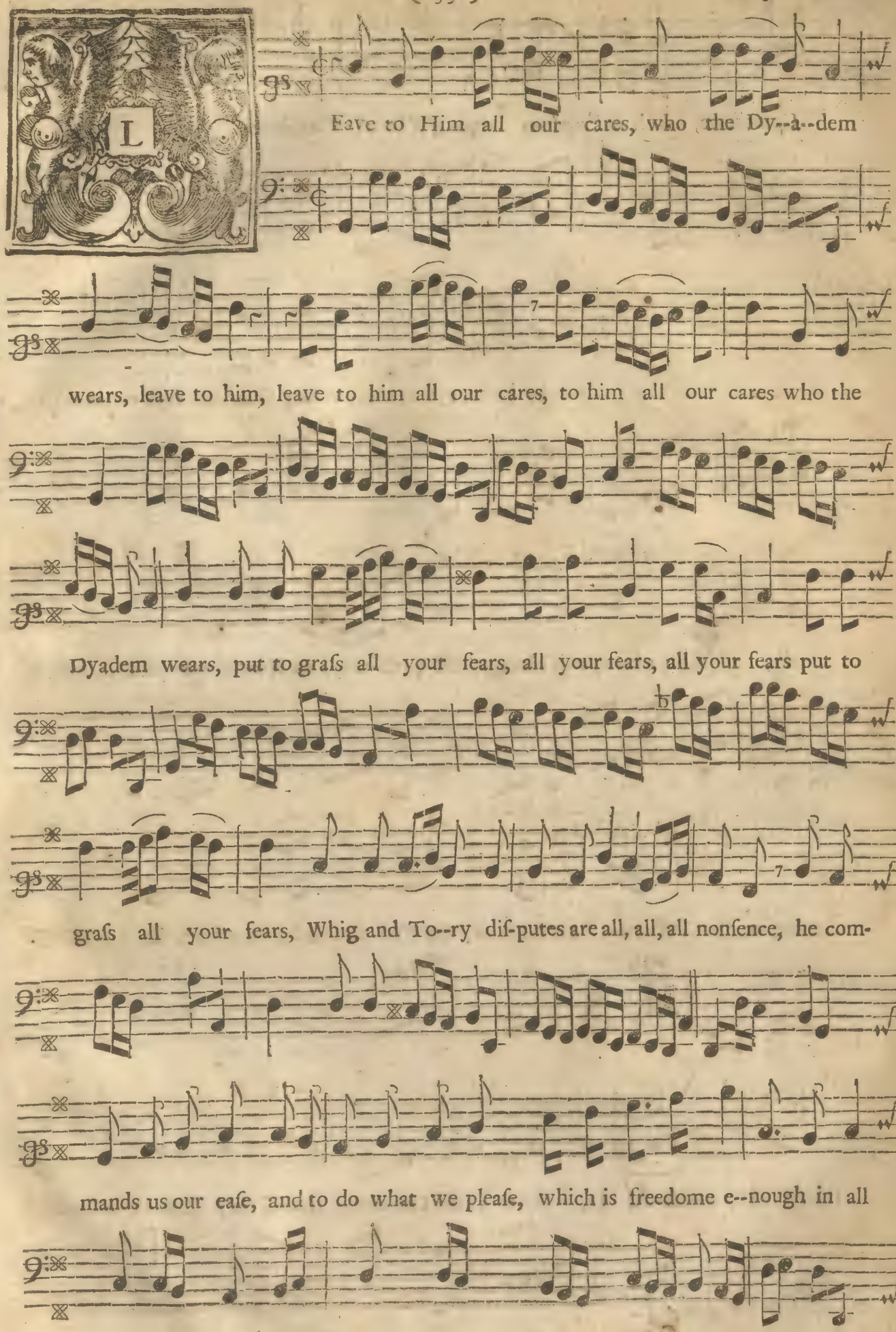


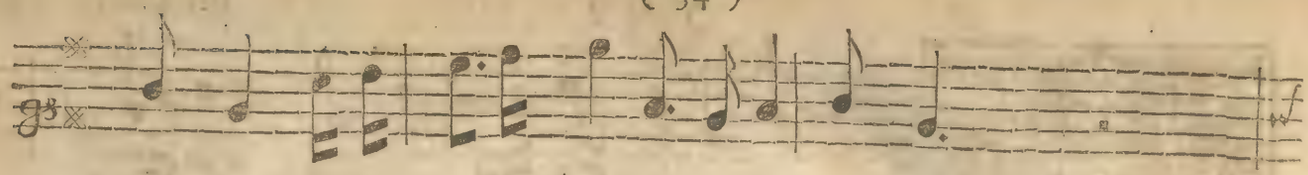


ſake, but ſuch advances ſhe does make, who lov'd her once muſt her for—ſake.

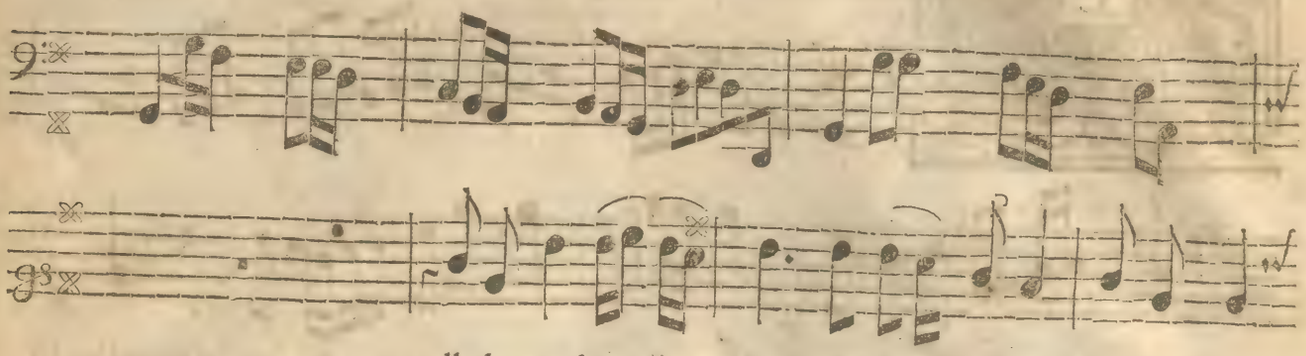


She who's too eagerly enclin'd
To catch at Love lets go her fame,
And 'tis beneath a generous mind
To catch ignoble yeilding game.
But in reſiſtance, but in reſiſtance ſuch force lies,
It Charms beyond the brighteſt Eyes.

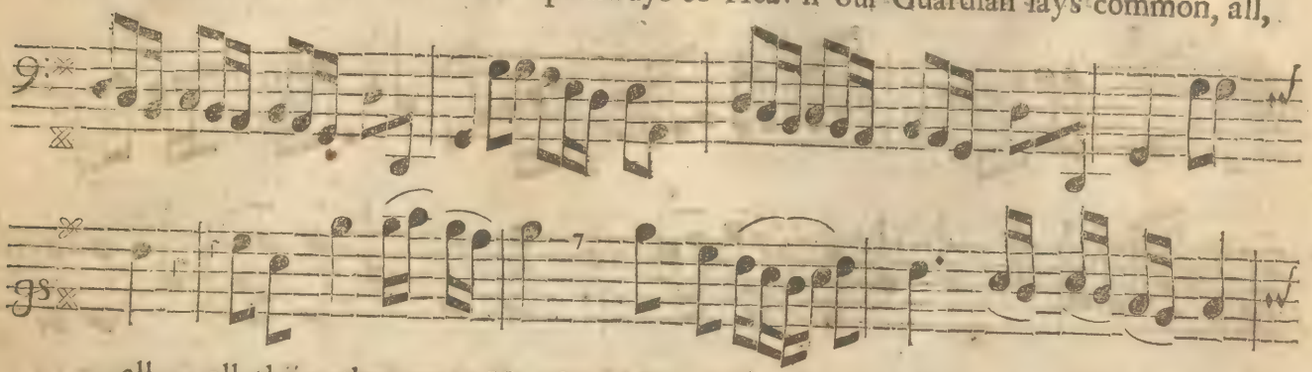

L
Eave to Him all our cares, who the Dy--a--dem
wears, leave to him, leave to him all our cares, to him all our cares who the
Dyadem wears, put to graſs all your fears, all your fears, all your fears put to
graſs all your fears, Whig and To--ry diſ-putes are all, all, all nonſence, he com-
mands us our eaſe, and to do what we pleaſe, which is freedome e--nough in all



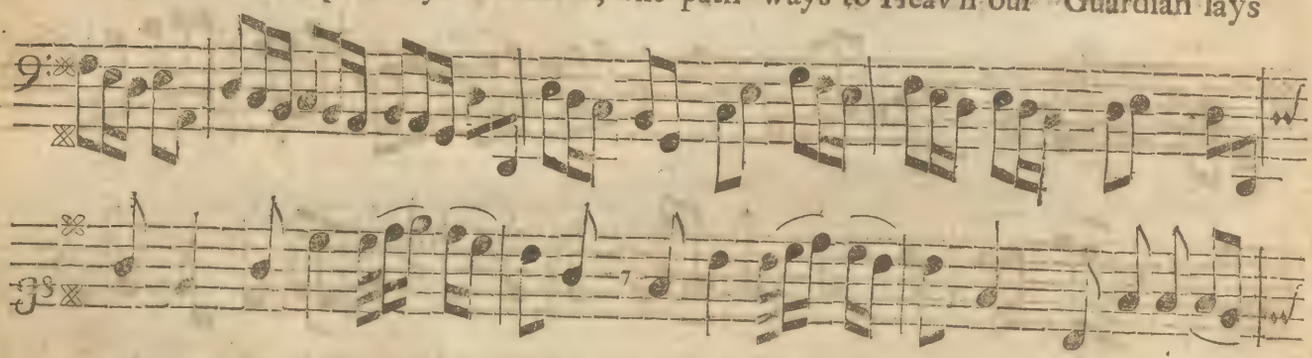
Conſcience, which is freedom enough in all Conſcience,



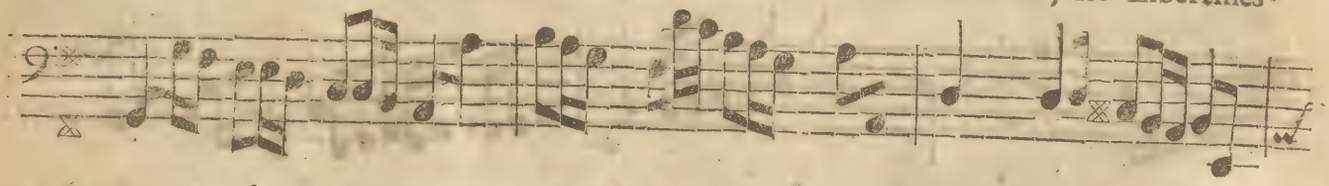
all the pathways to Heav'n our Guardian lays common, all,

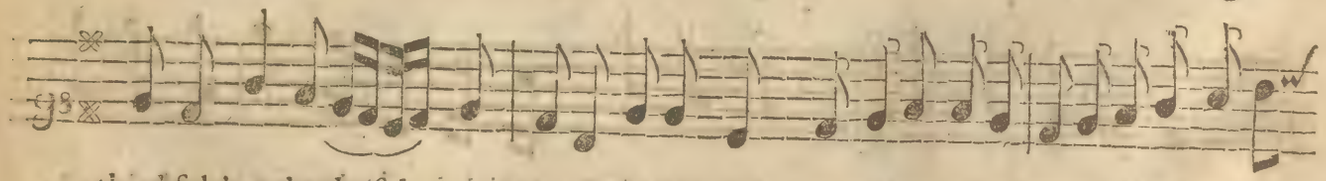


all, all, the pathways to Heav'n, the path--ways to Heav'n our Guardian lays

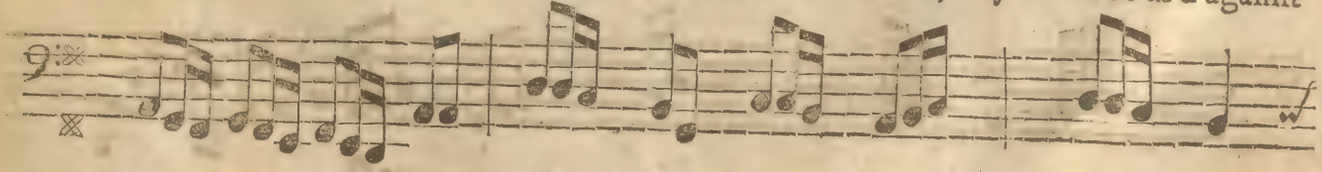


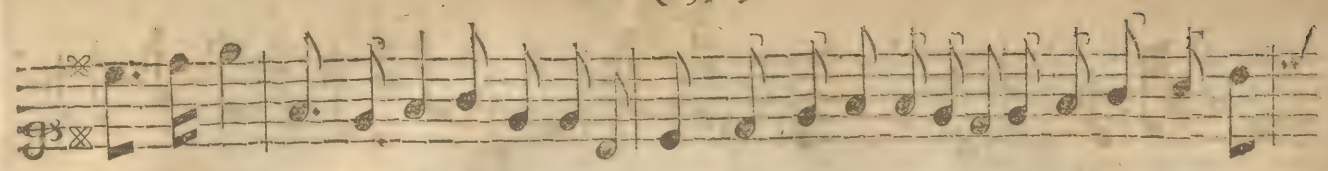
common, the Teſt now bars no Man, the Teſt now bars no Man, let Libertines



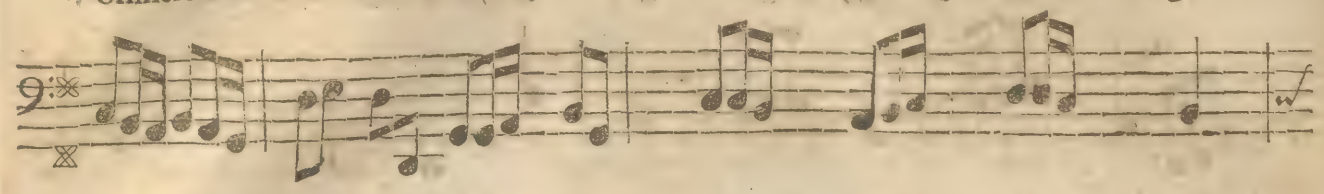


thankful be, thank-ful be, for it Penal Laws were abus'd, only fit to be us'd againſt

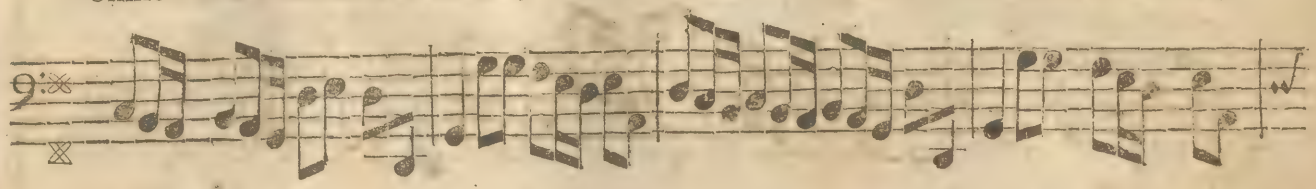


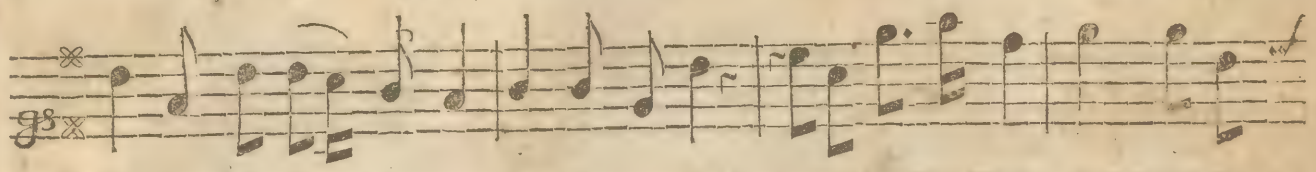


Shiflers and Flinchers of Claret, Penal Laws were abus'd, only fit to be us'd against

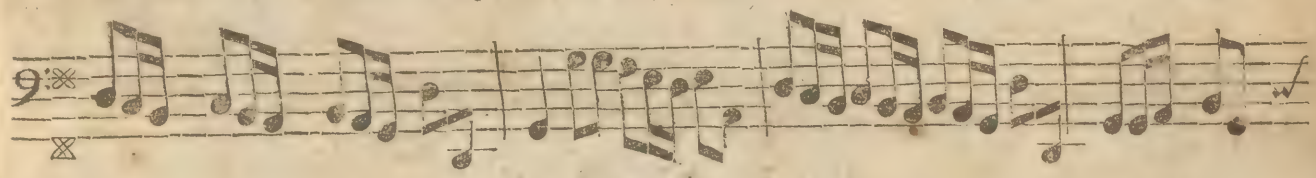


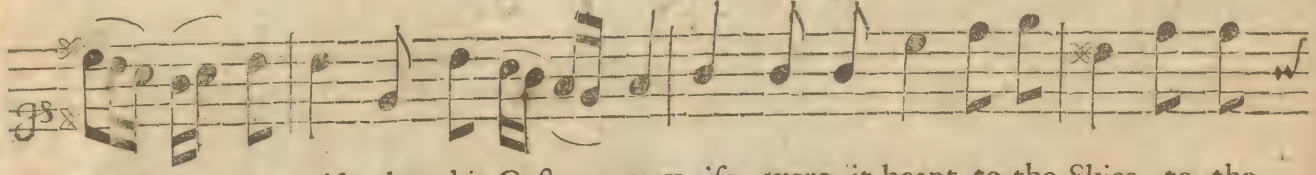
Shiflers and Flinchers of Claret, Fill a Glaſs of large



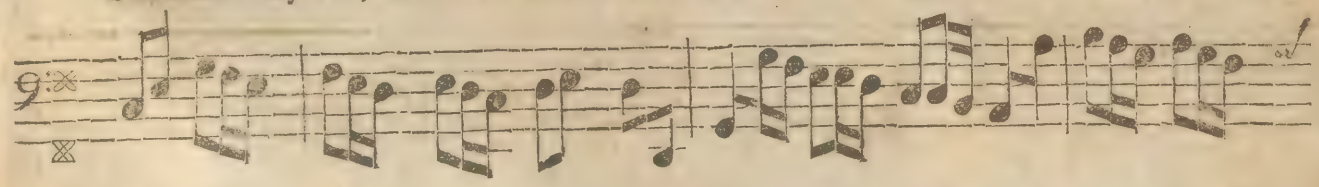


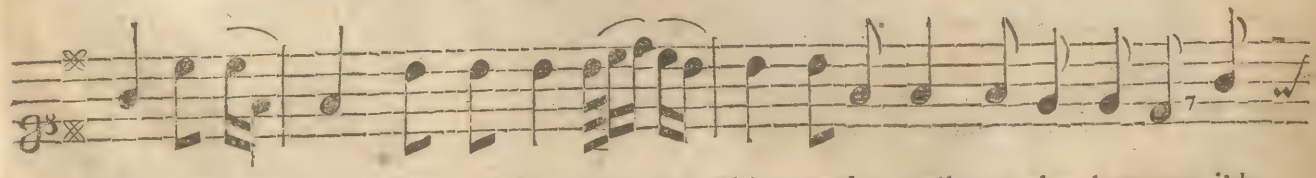
ſize that his Cuſtomes may riſe, fill a Glaſs, fill a Glaſs of large ſize, that his



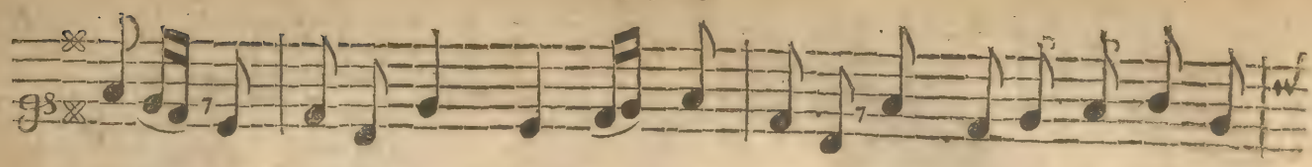


Cuſtomes may riſe, that his Cuſtoms may riſe, were it heapt to the Skies, to the

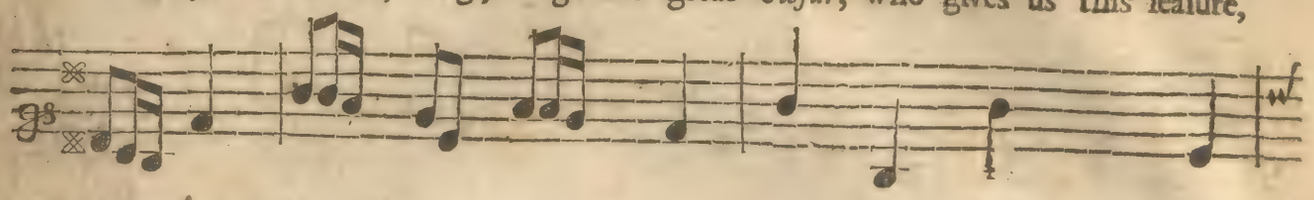


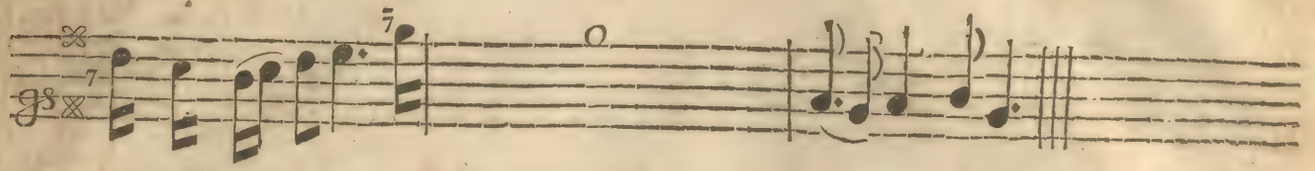


Skies, to the Skies, were it heapt to the Skies, and a mile to the bottom, i'de

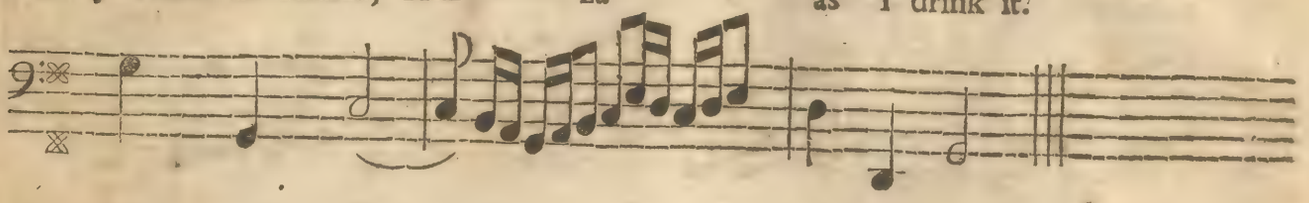


ſink it, I'de ſink it, long, long live great *Cæſar*, who gives us this leaſure,





you muſt all Huzza, Huz———za as I drink it.



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Anno Domini, MDCLXXXVIII.

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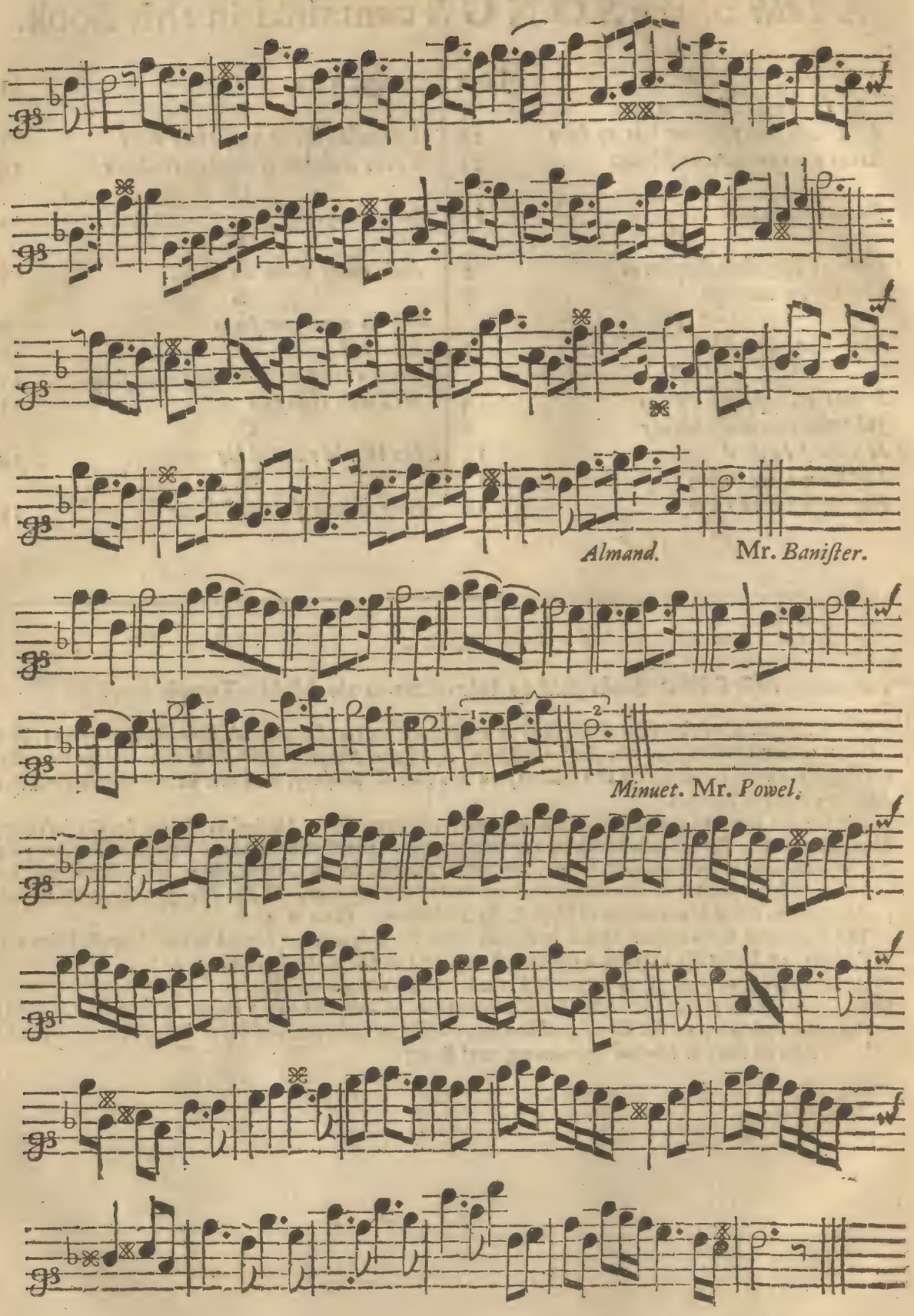
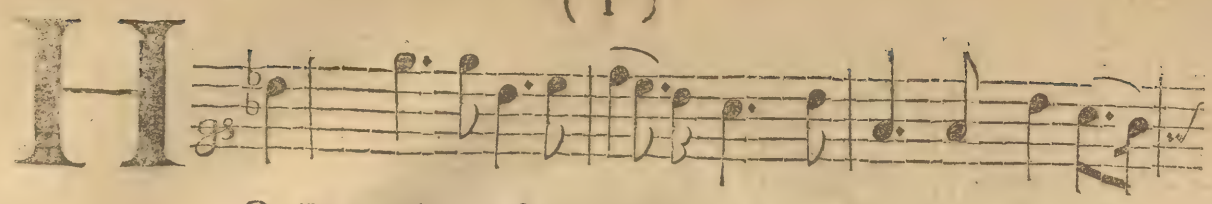
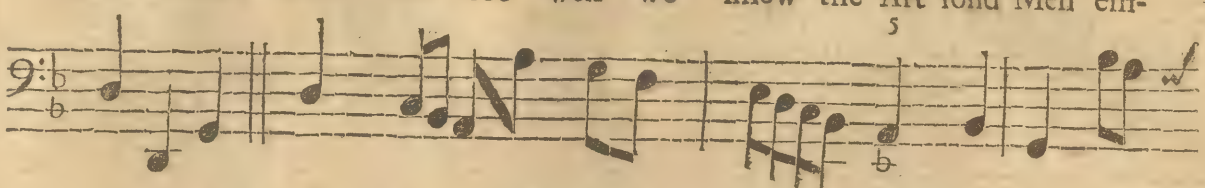

Almand. Mr. Banister.
Minuet. Mr. Powel.
Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.

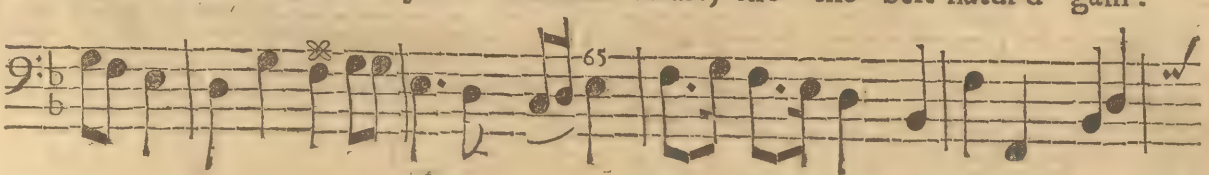


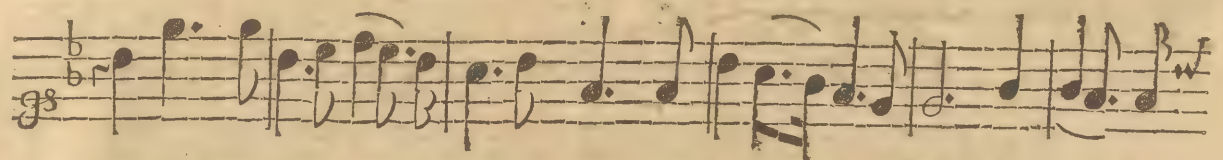
HOW much un-juſt-ly we ac--cuſe the Fair, who our De-

ſires refuſe: when but too well we know the Art fond Men em-

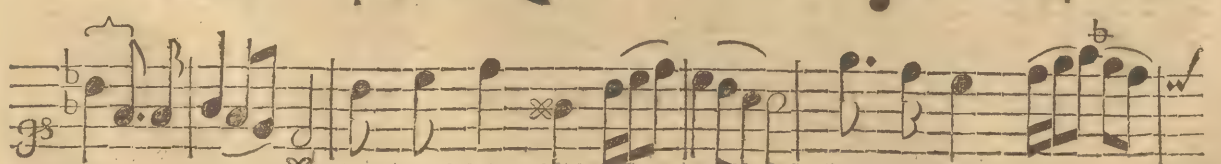


ploy in vain, did never yet a Womans Heart, tho' the beſt natur'd gain:

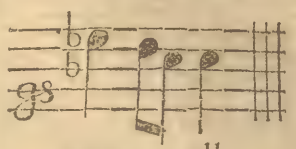




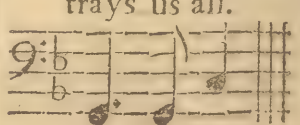
How much unjuſtly we ac--cuſe the Fair, who our Deſires refuſe; Then nothing



kind or cruel call, ſince the blind God betrays us all: Since the blind God be-



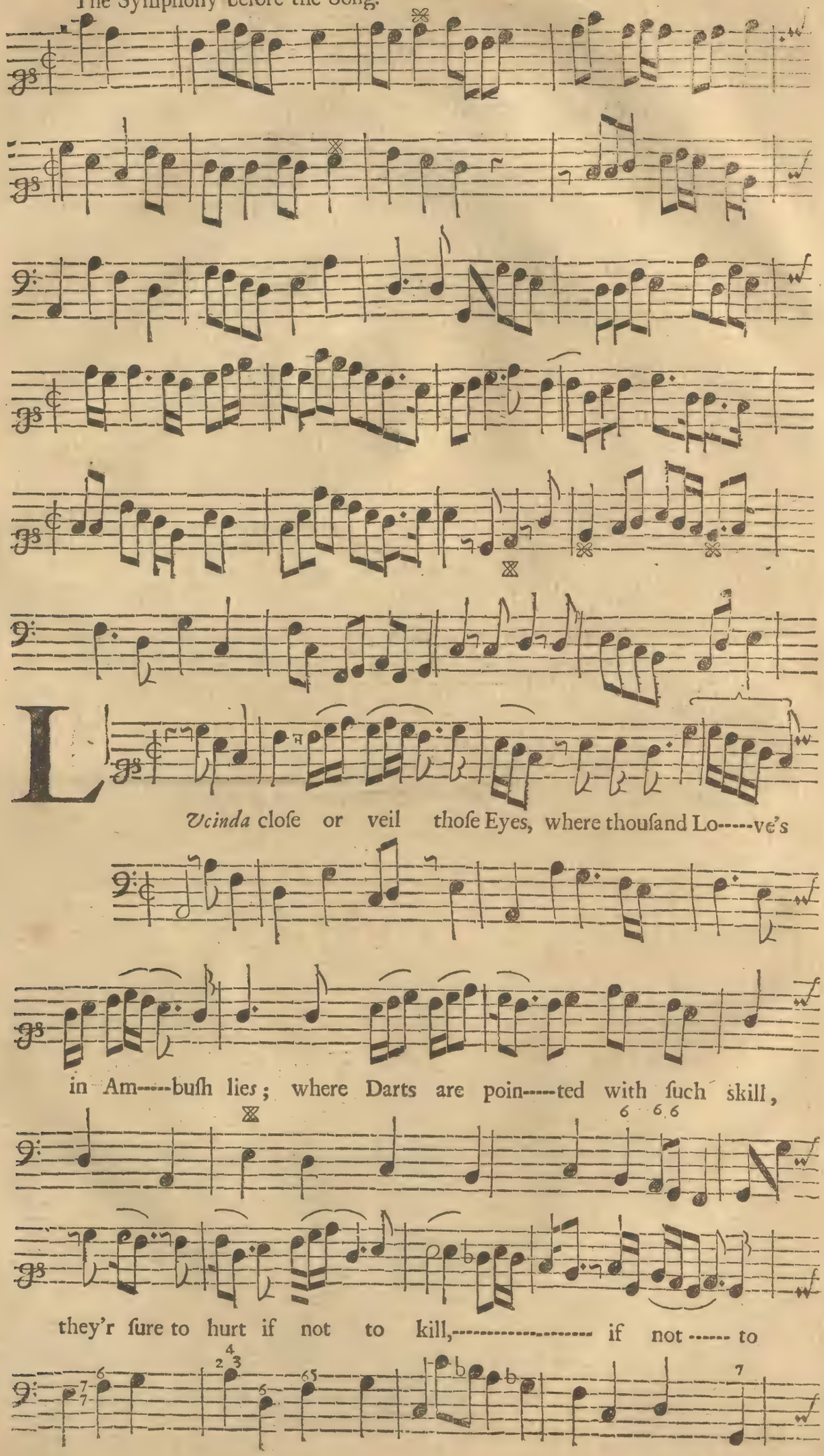
trays us all.



Thus he with beauteous *Phillis* Armes,
To Reign a Tyrant in her Charms,
Gives her unbounded power to kill;
But when ſhee'd Mercy have:
Where he points confines her Will,
Nor can ſhe farther ſave.
Then laughs to ſee ev'n Monarchs dye,
For what their Kingdoms cannot buy.

Mr. *Sam. Akeroyd.*

The Symphony before the Song.



kill: Let pity move thee to ſeem blind, leſt ſeeing thou leſt ſeeing

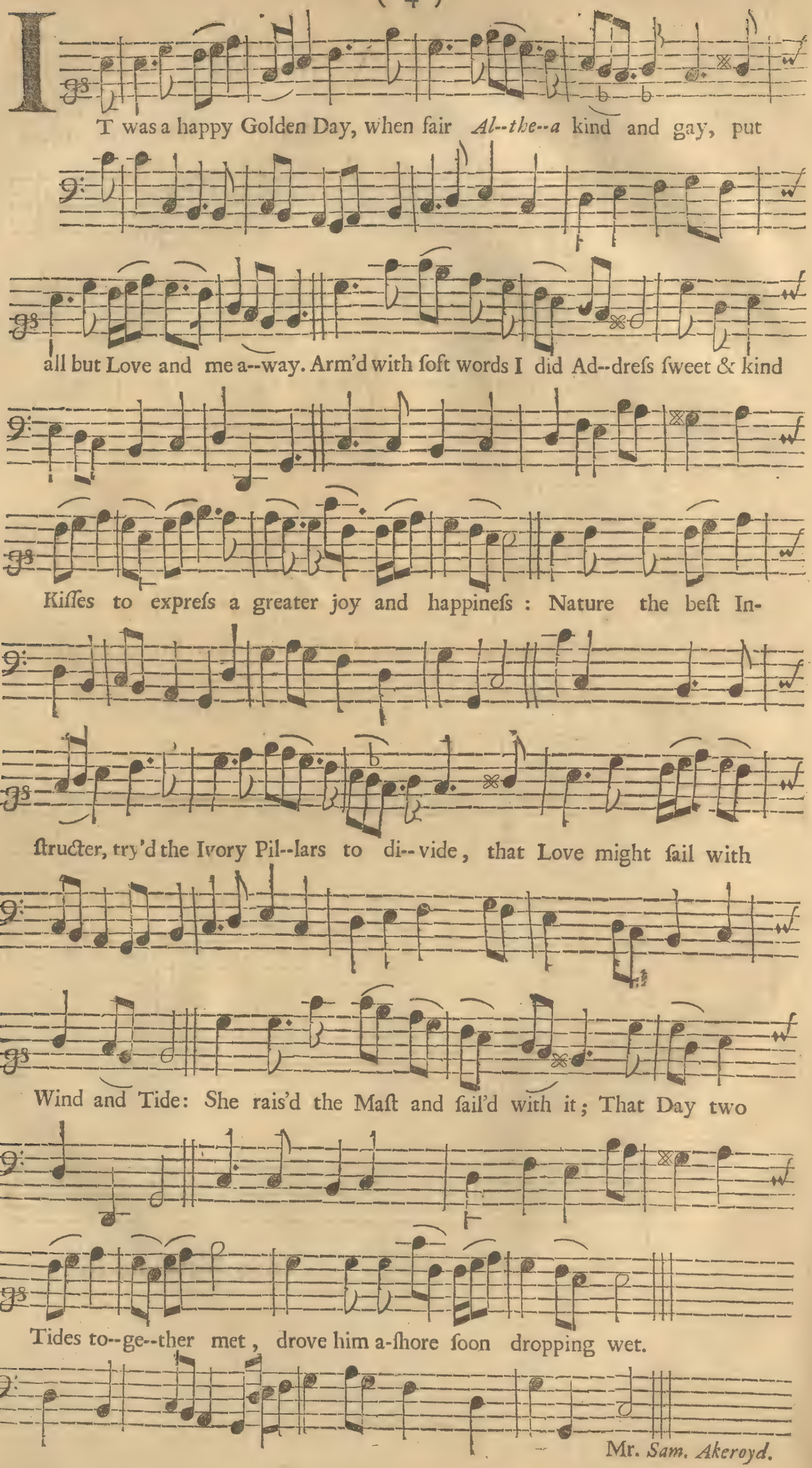
Thou---leſt-ſeeing thou De----ſtroy man-kind; Let pi--ty

move thee to ſeem blind, leſt ſee---ing thou leſt ſee---ing thou leſt ſeeing thou

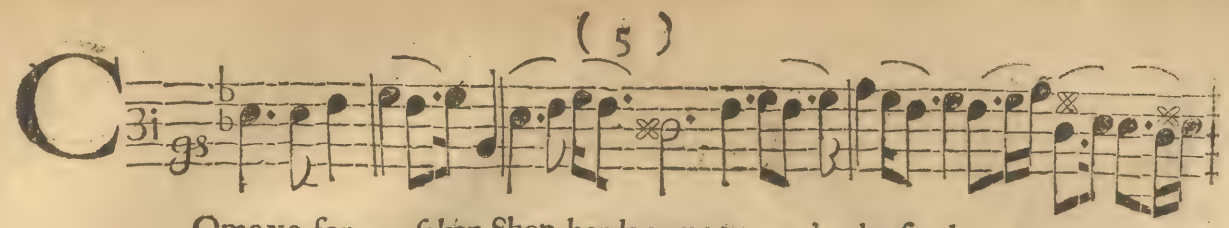
De----ſtroy Man----kind; leſt ſee---ing thou, leſt ſee--ing thou

De----ſtroy Man---kind.

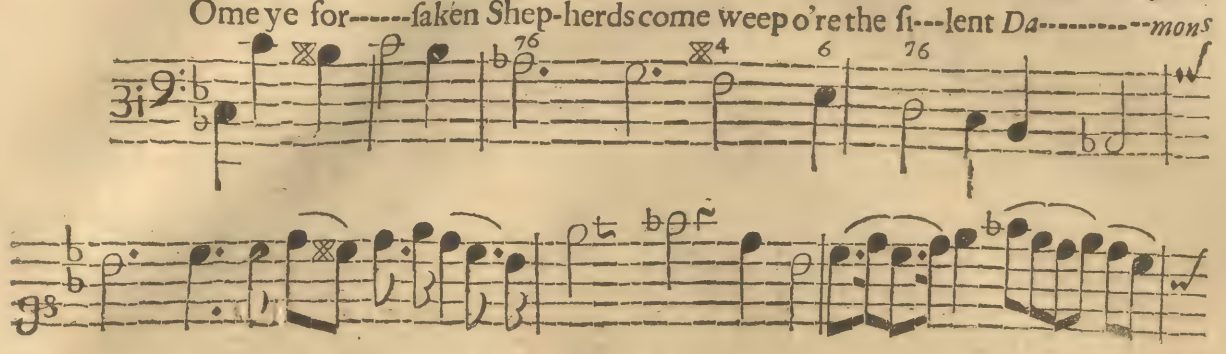
Set by Seignior *Baptiſt* Draghi



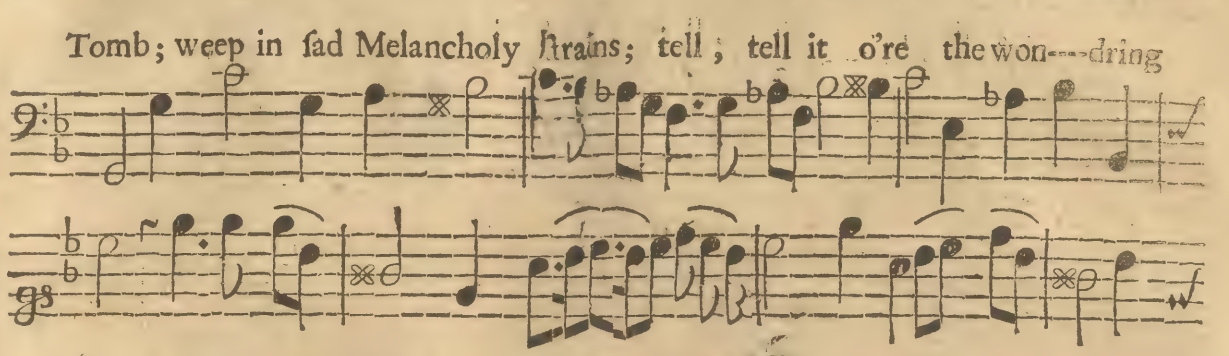
Mr. *Sam. Akeroyd.*



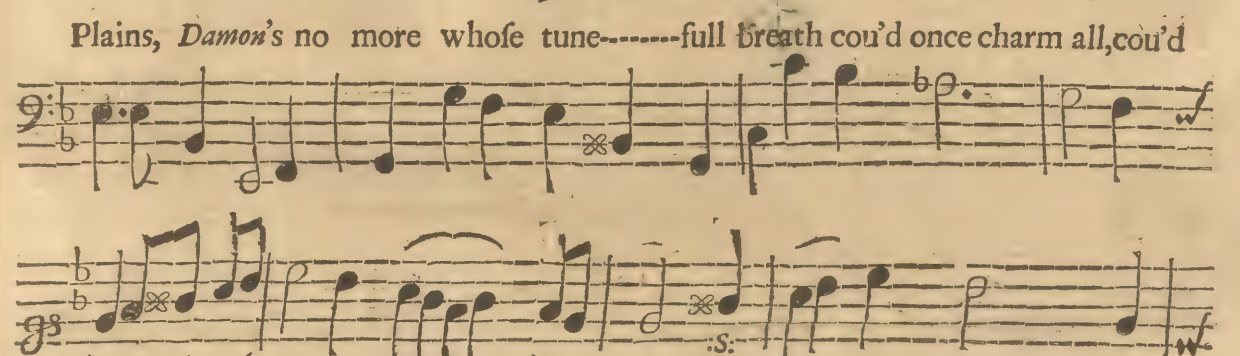
Come ye for------ſaken Shep-herds come weep o're the ſi---lent *Da*----------*mons*



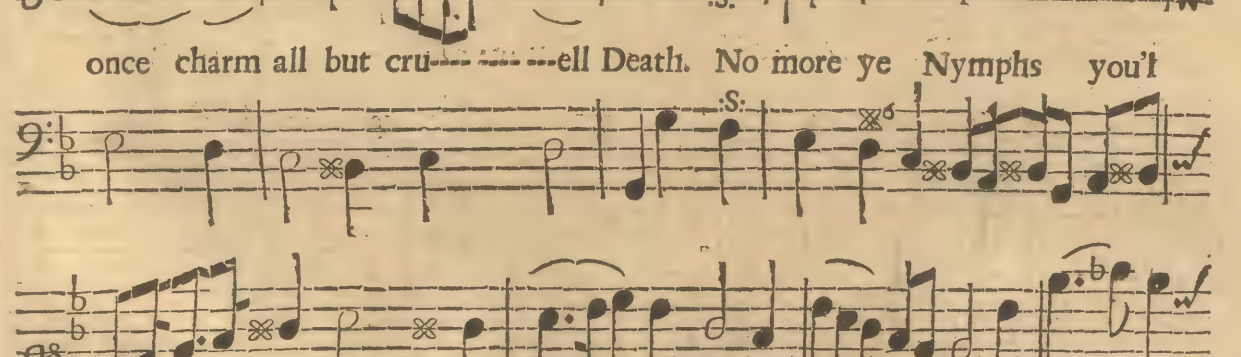
Tomb; weep in ſad Melancholy ſtrains; tell, tell it o're the won----dring



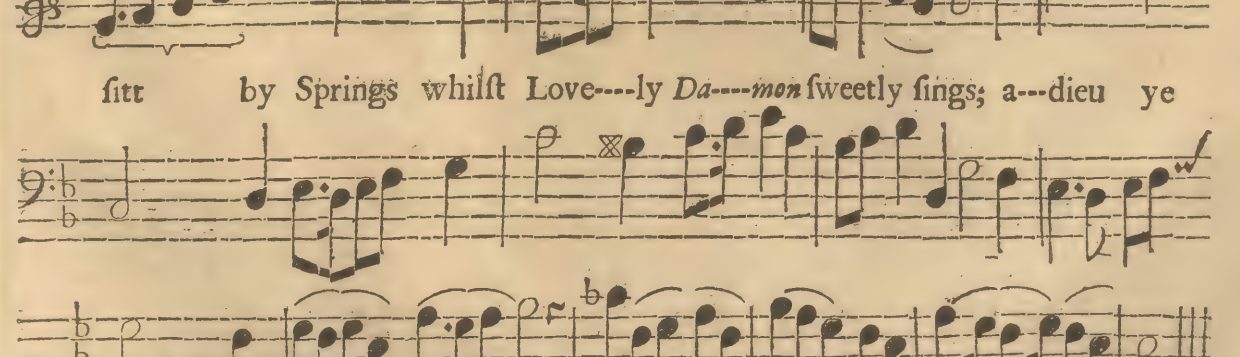
Plains, *Damon*'s no more whoſe tune-------full breath cou'd once charm all, cou'd



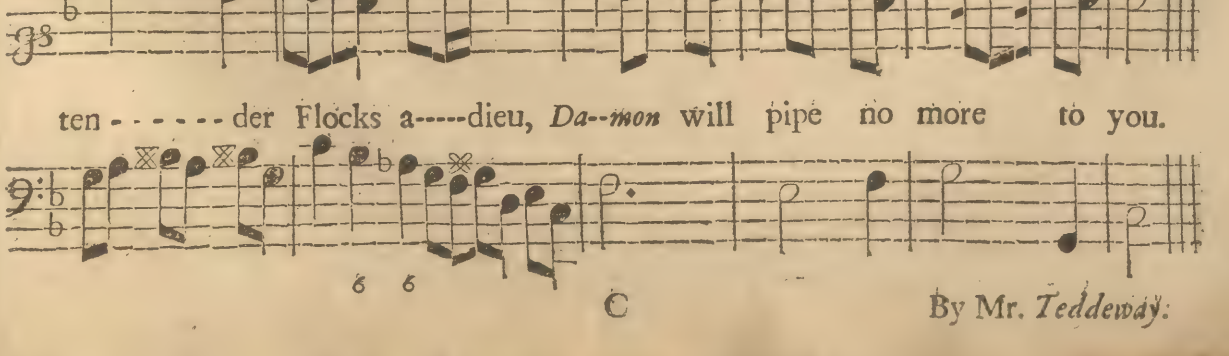
once charm all but cru---------ell Death. No more ye Nymphs you'l



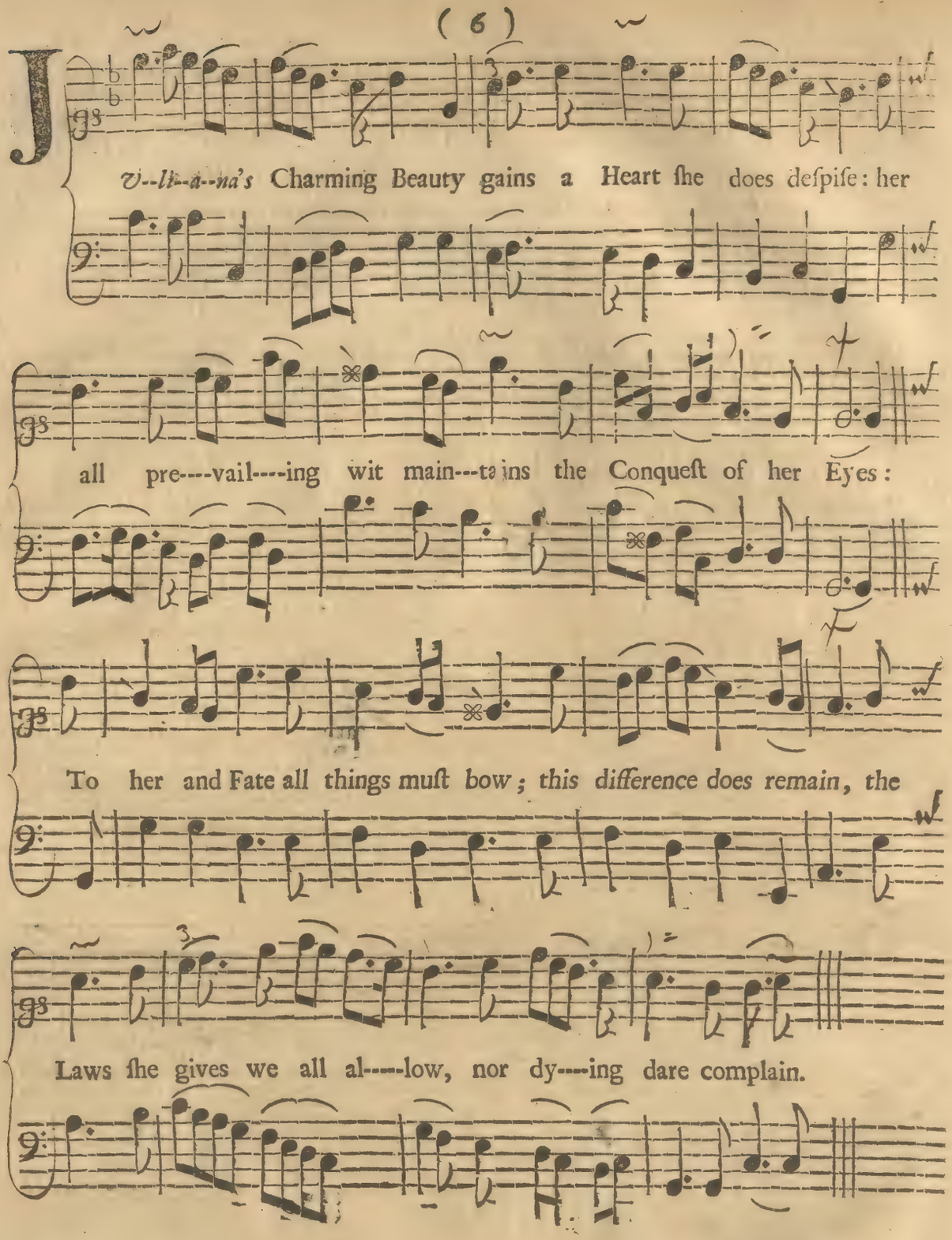
ſitt by Springs whilſt Love----ly *Da*----*mon* ſweetly ſings; a---dieu ye



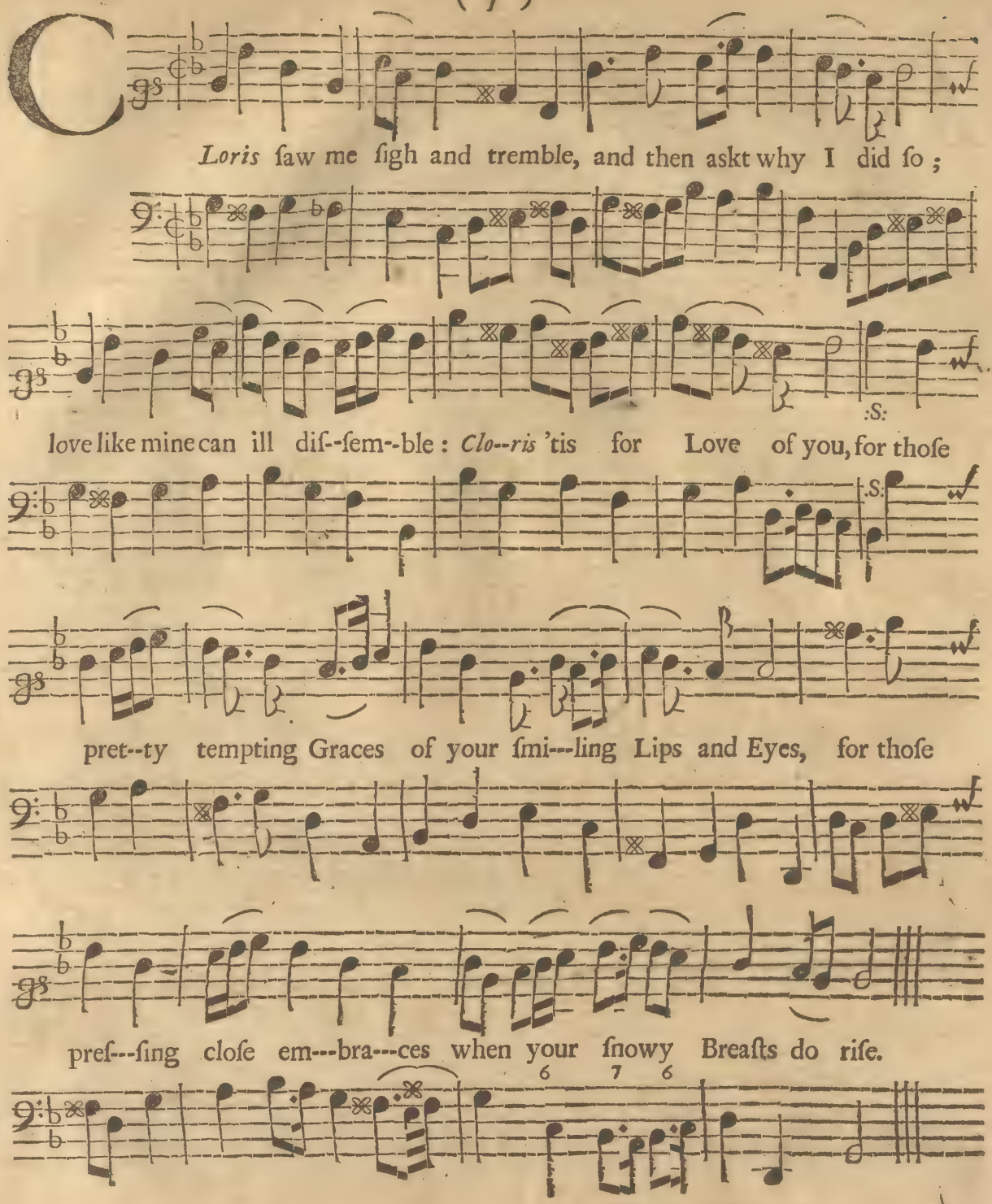
ten------der Flocks a-----dieu, *Da*--*mon* will pipe no more to you.



By Mr. *Teddeway*.



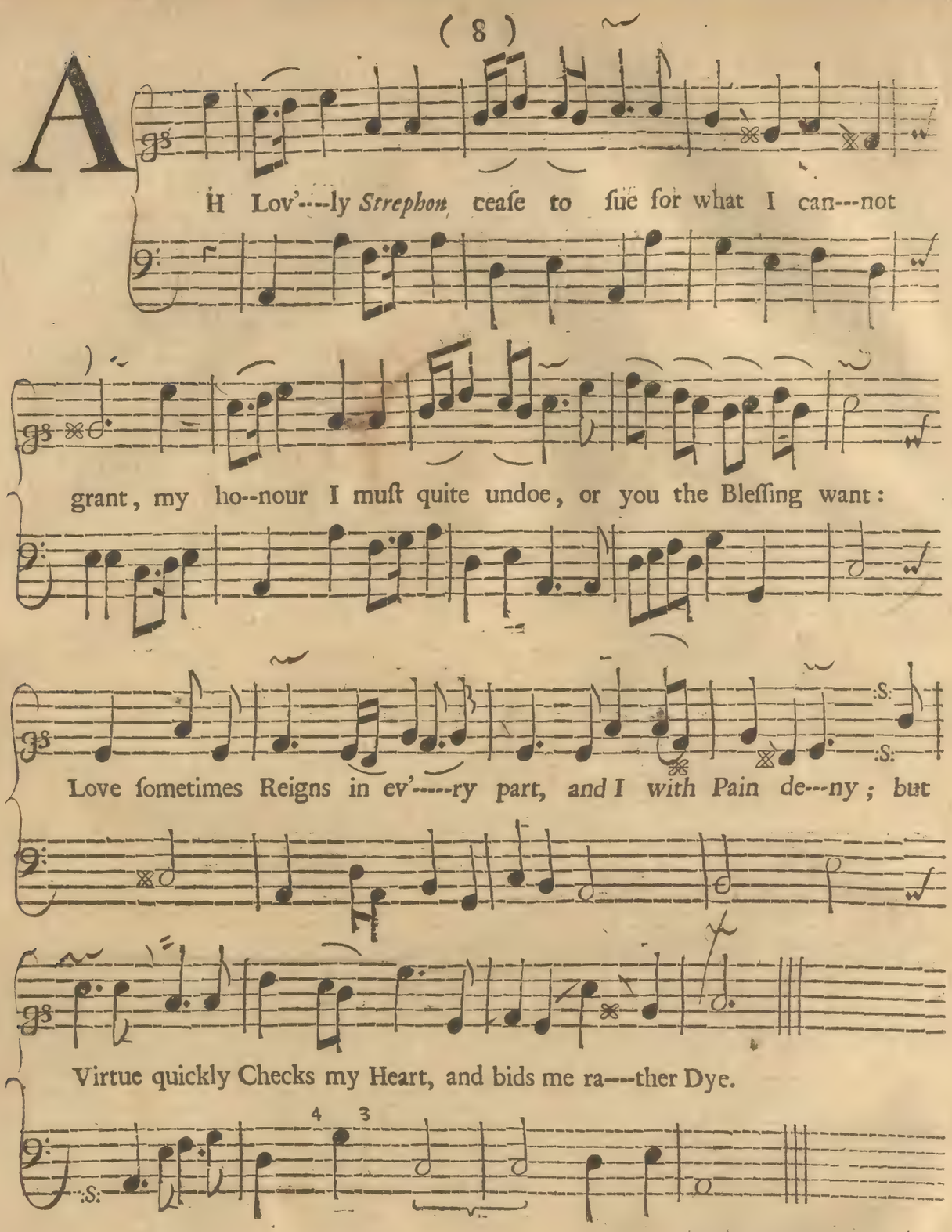
Mr. *Raphel Courtevill.*



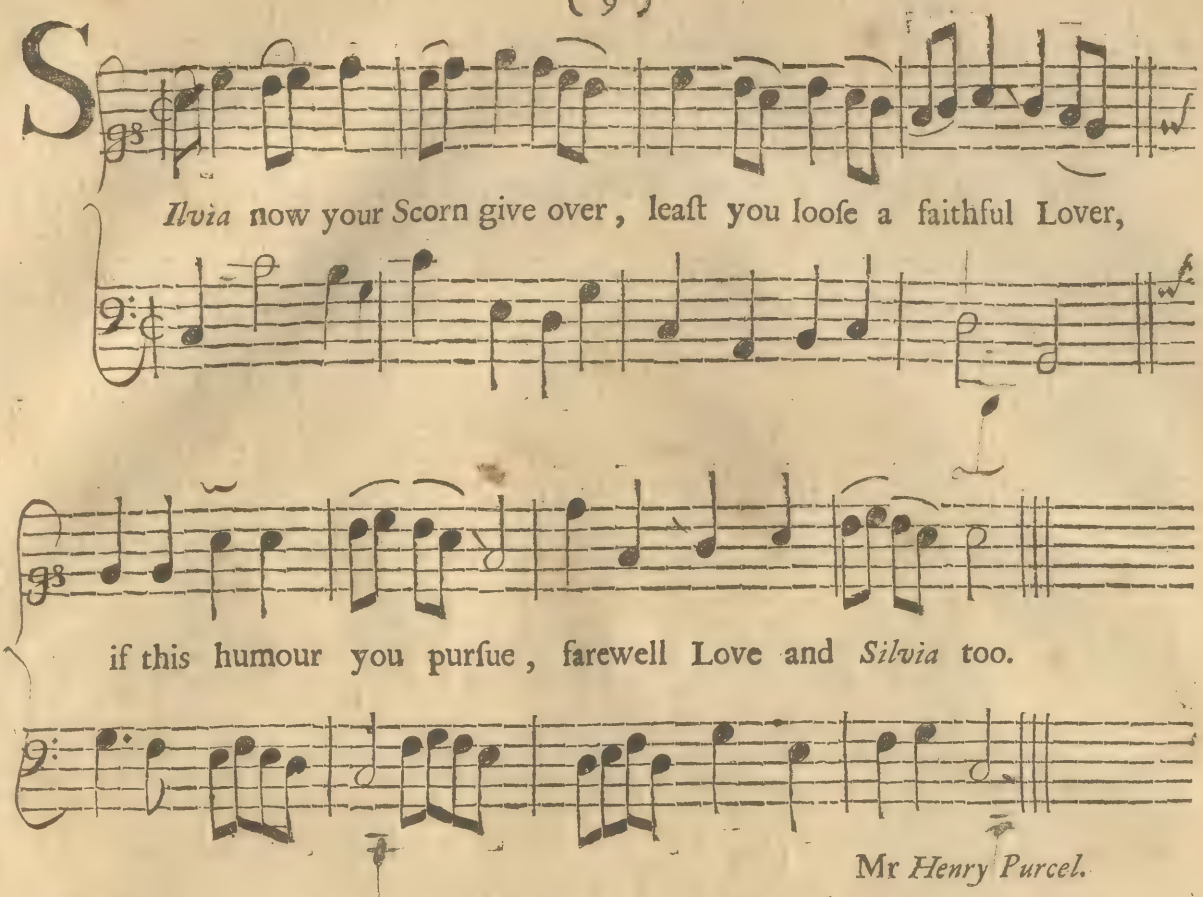
For thoſe Joys of which the trial
Only can inſtruct your Heart:
What you loſe by your denial,
When Love draws his pleaſing Dart.
For thoſe Kiſſes in perfection,
Which a wanton Soul like mine,
Form'd by *Cupid*'s own direction
Cou'd infuſe too into thine.

For thoſe Shapes my lovely *Cloris*,
And a thouſand Charming things,
For which Monarchs might implore you
To beget a Race of Kings.
And for which I fain wou'd whiſper,
But my Heart is ſtill afraid ;
Yet 'tis that young Ladies wiſh for
Ev'ry Night they go to Bed.

By Mr. *Teddeway*.

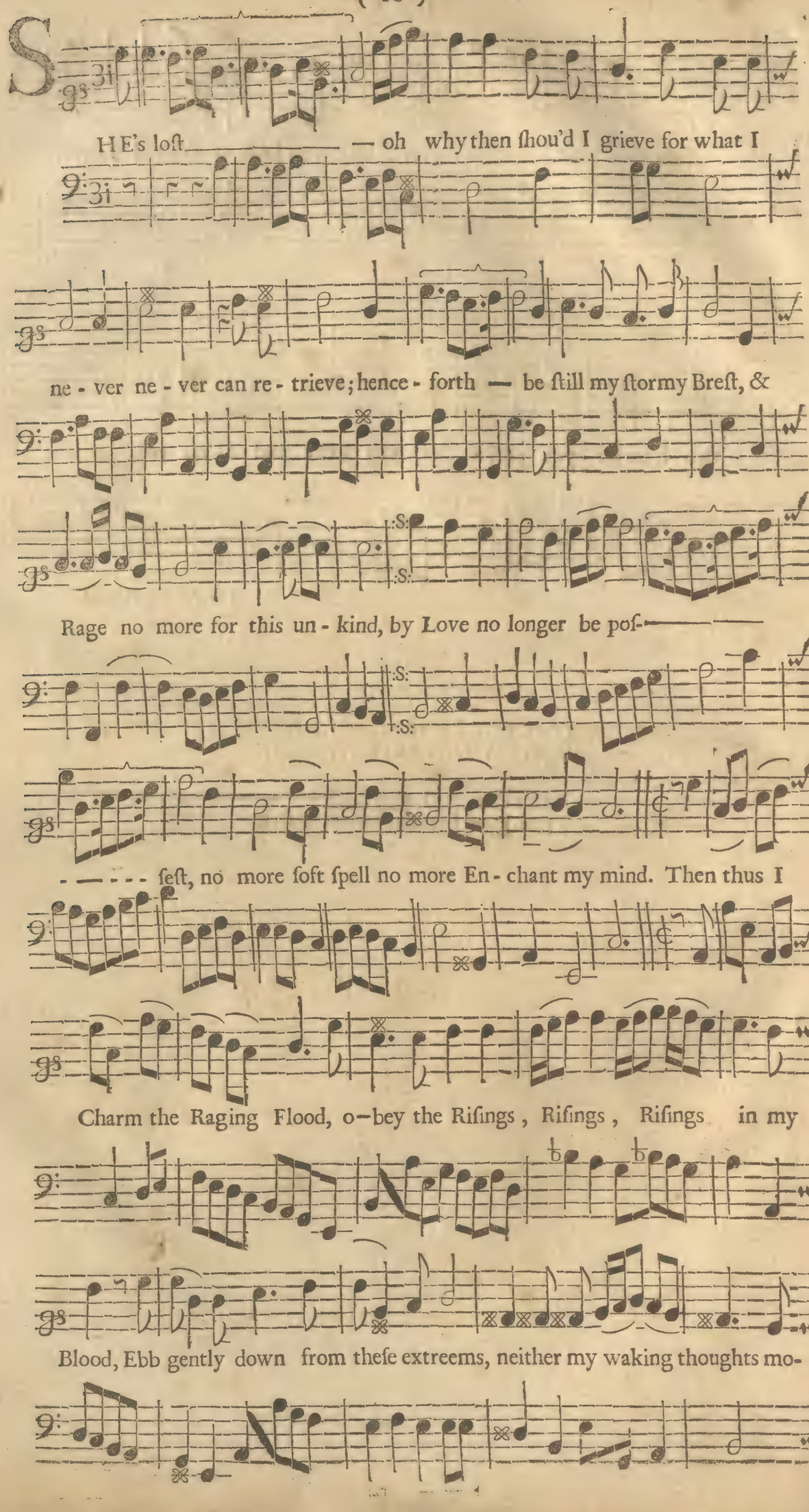


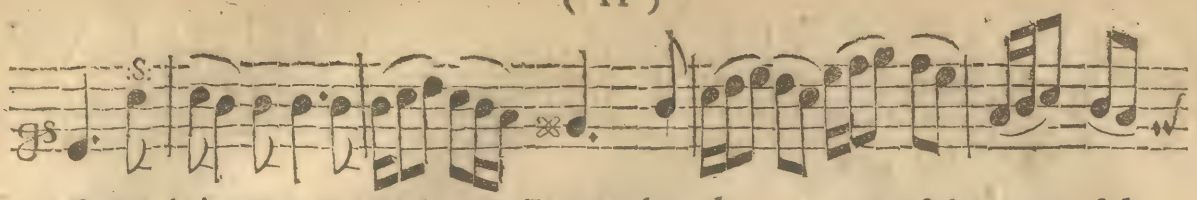
Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcel.*



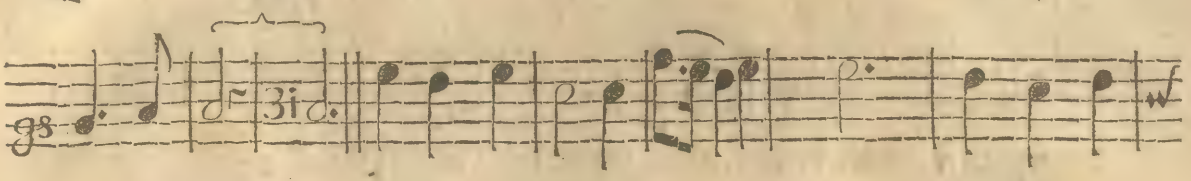
Long have I been unregarded,
Sighs and Teers ſtill unrewarded,

If this does with you agree
Troth good Madam 'twont with me.

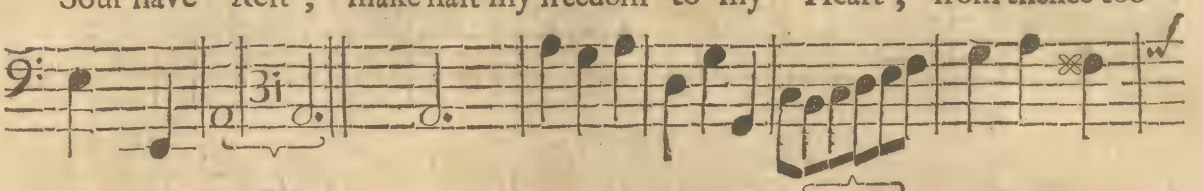

SHE's loſt — oh why then ſhou'd I grieve for what I
ne - ver ne - ver can re - trieve; hence - forth — be ſtill my ſtormy Breſt, &
Rage no more for this un - kind, by Love no longer be poſ-
- — - - - ſeſt, no more ſoft ſpell no more En - chant my mind. Then thus I
Charm the Raging Flood, o-bey the Riſings, Riſings, Riſings in my
Blood, Ebb gently down from theſe extreems, neither my waking thoughts mo-

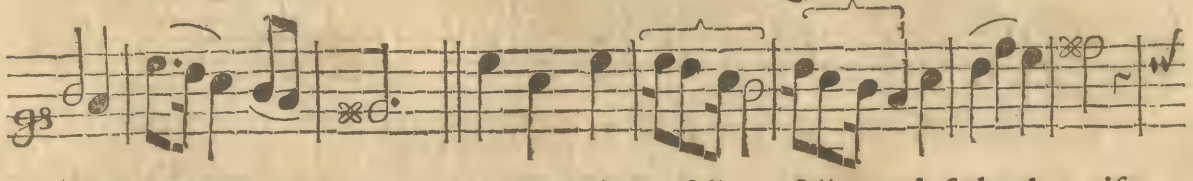


left, nor bring P*anthea* to my Dreams, but let my Love sick, Love sick

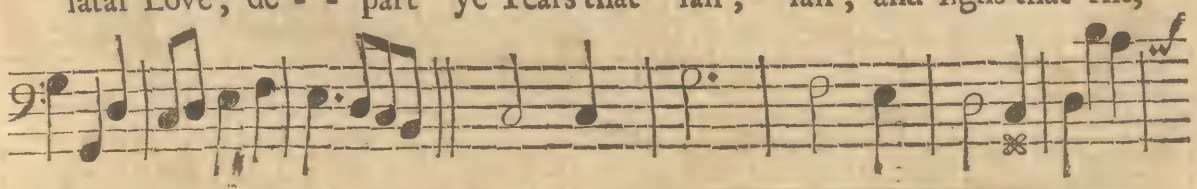


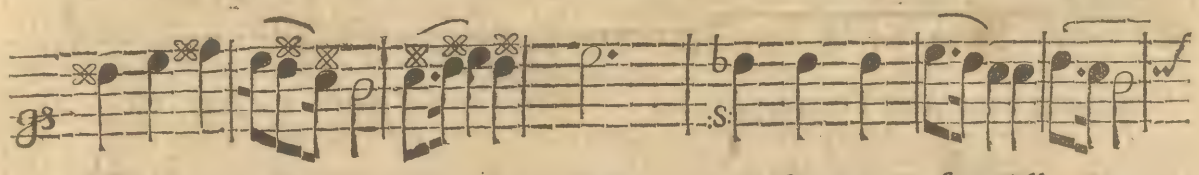
Soul have Rest; make hast my freedom to my Heart, from thence too



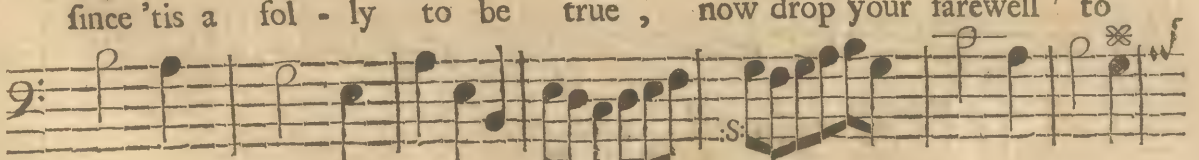


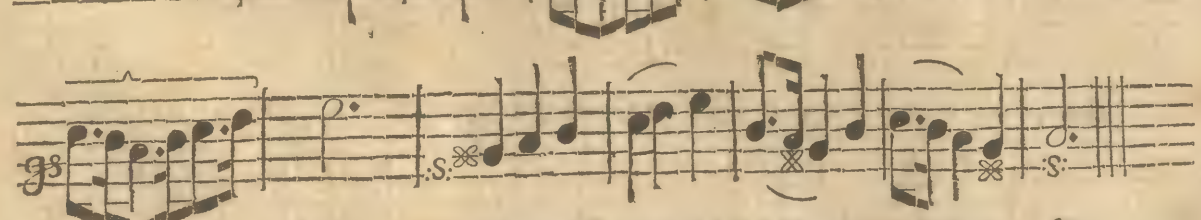
fatal Love, de - - part ye Tears that fall; fall, and sighs that rise,



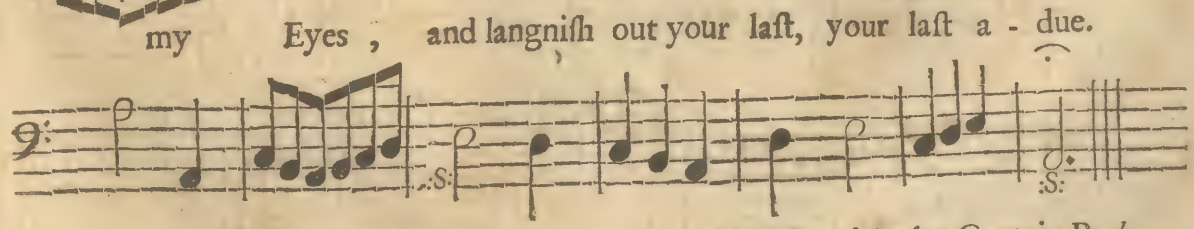


since 'tis a fol - ly to be true, now drop your farewell to

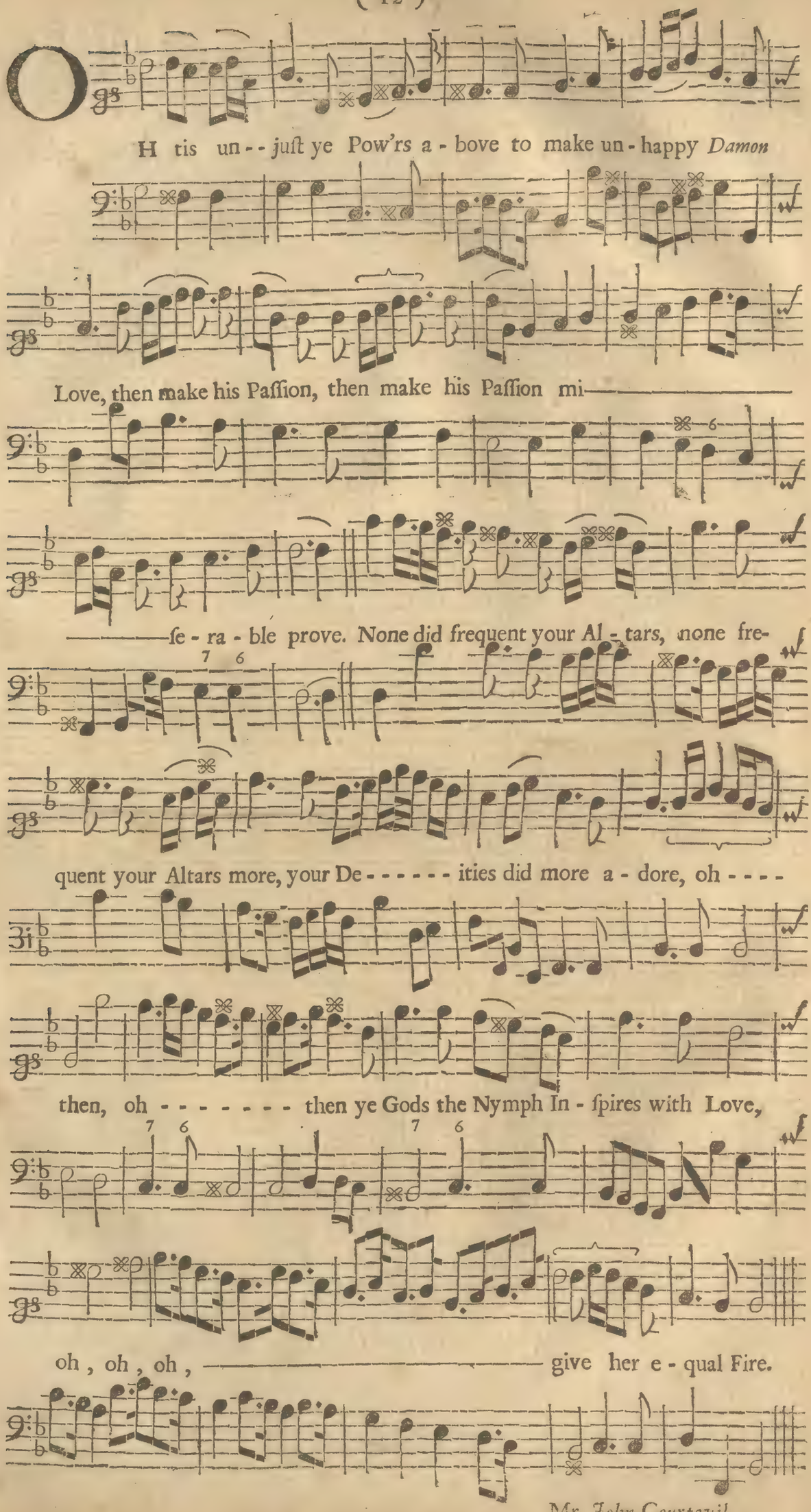




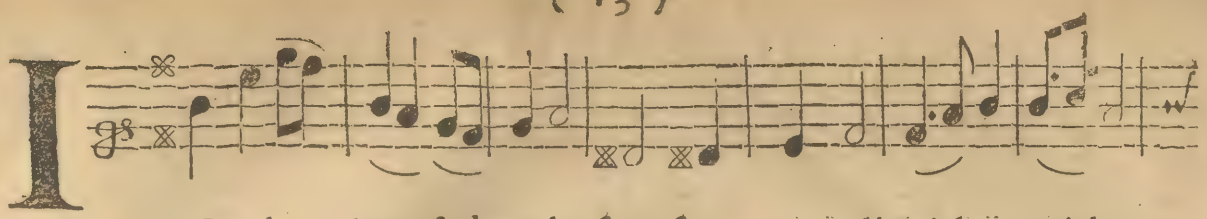
my Eyes, and langnish out your last, your last a - due.



A New Song, the Words made and set by Captain P*ack*.

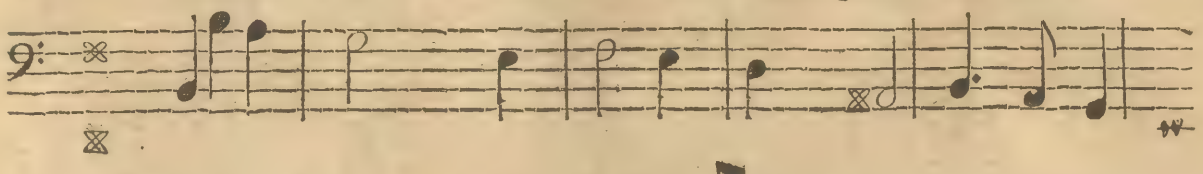


Mr. *John Courtevil.*

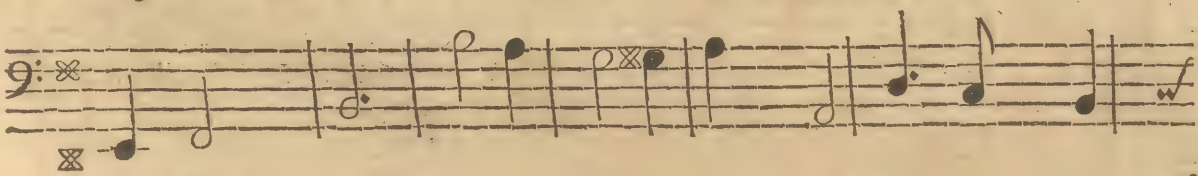


IN vain I boa---ſted to be free, from Loves Al--migh--ty migh----ty

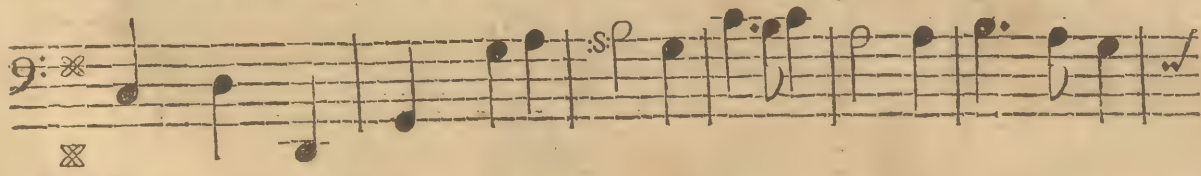
Charms, when one kind look hath Van----quiſht me and all



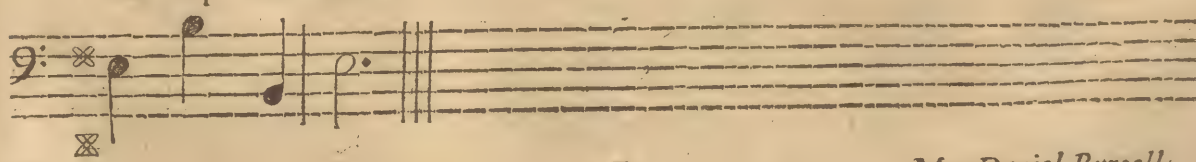
my force diſarms: how weak a----las is Rea----ſon grown when Beau-



ty ſhoots her Dart; how ea--ſi-ly her power we own, and of-

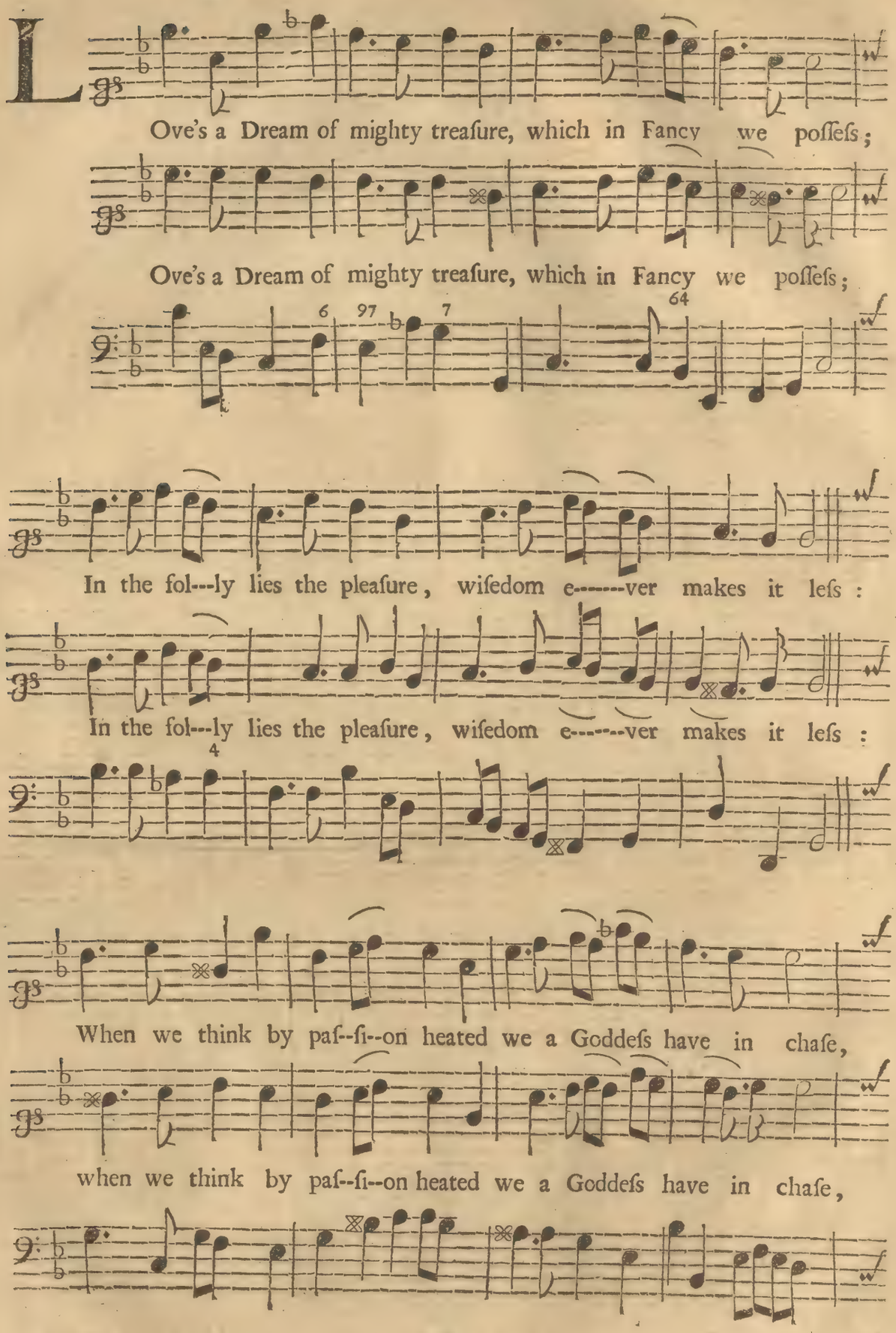


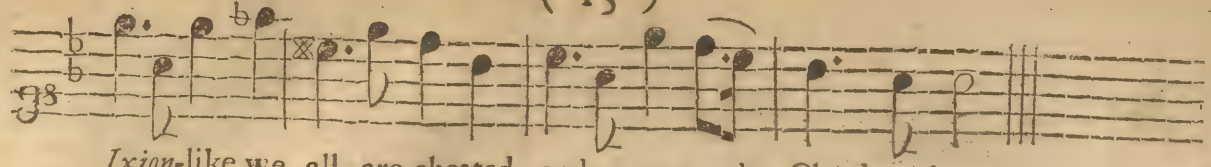
fer up our Heart.



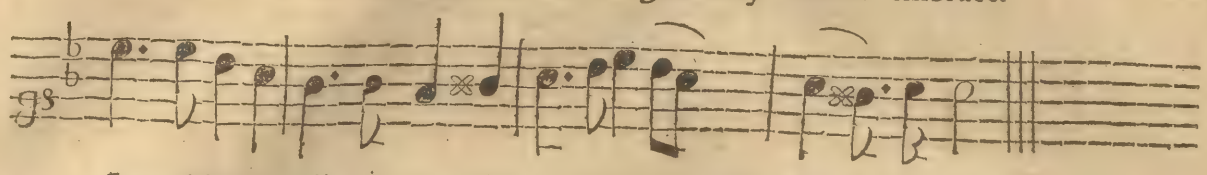
Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

A Song for two Voices. Set by Mr. *Sam. Akeroyd.*

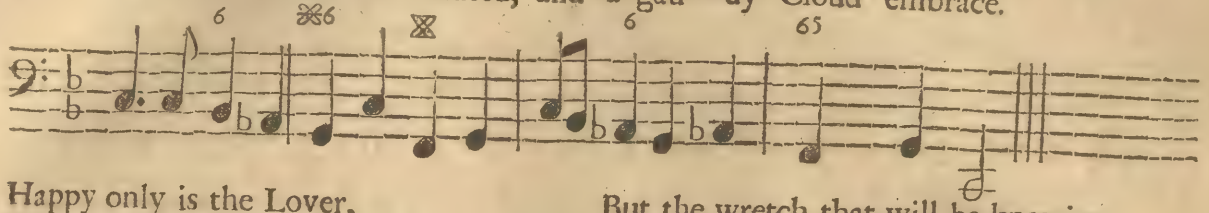




Ixion-like we all are cheated, and a gau----dy Cloud embrace.

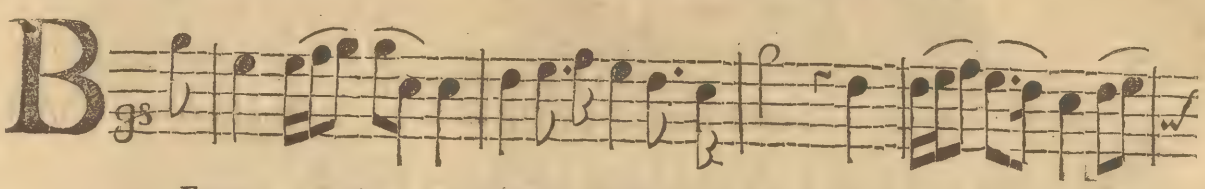


Ixion-like we all are cheated, and a gau----dy Cloud embrace.

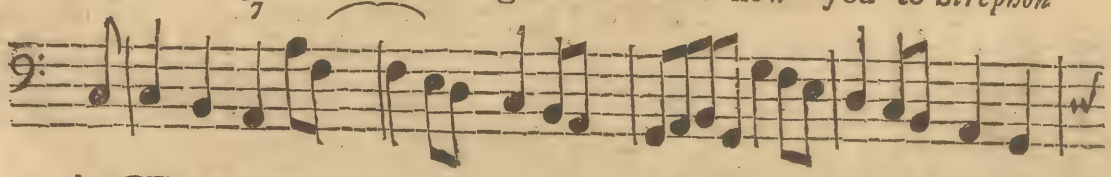


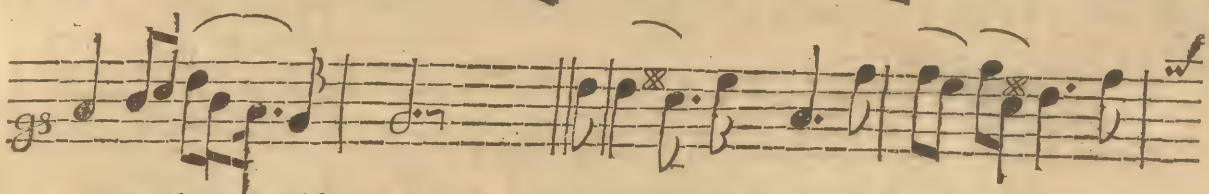
Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at eaſe.

But the wretch that will be knowing
What the Fair one would diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wiſe.

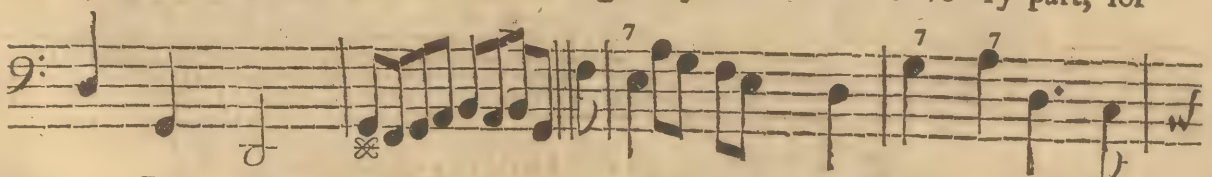


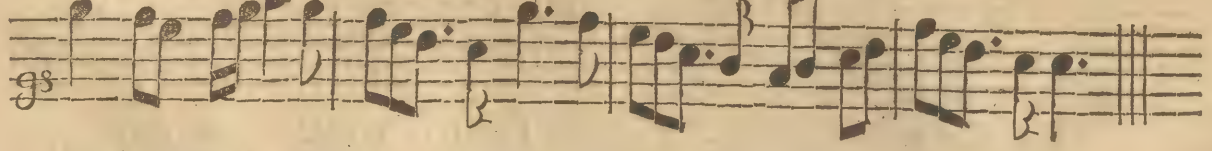
Eware *A---glau---ra*, tender *Aglaura* be--ware how you to *Strephon*



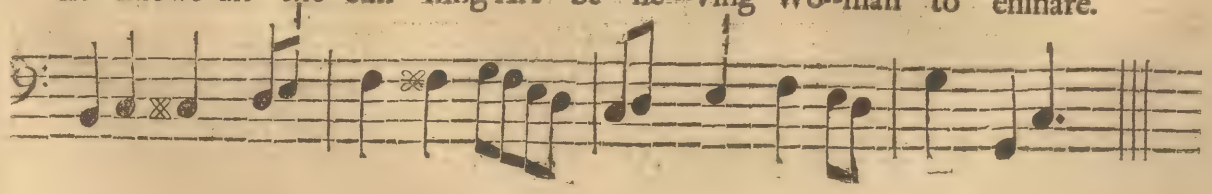


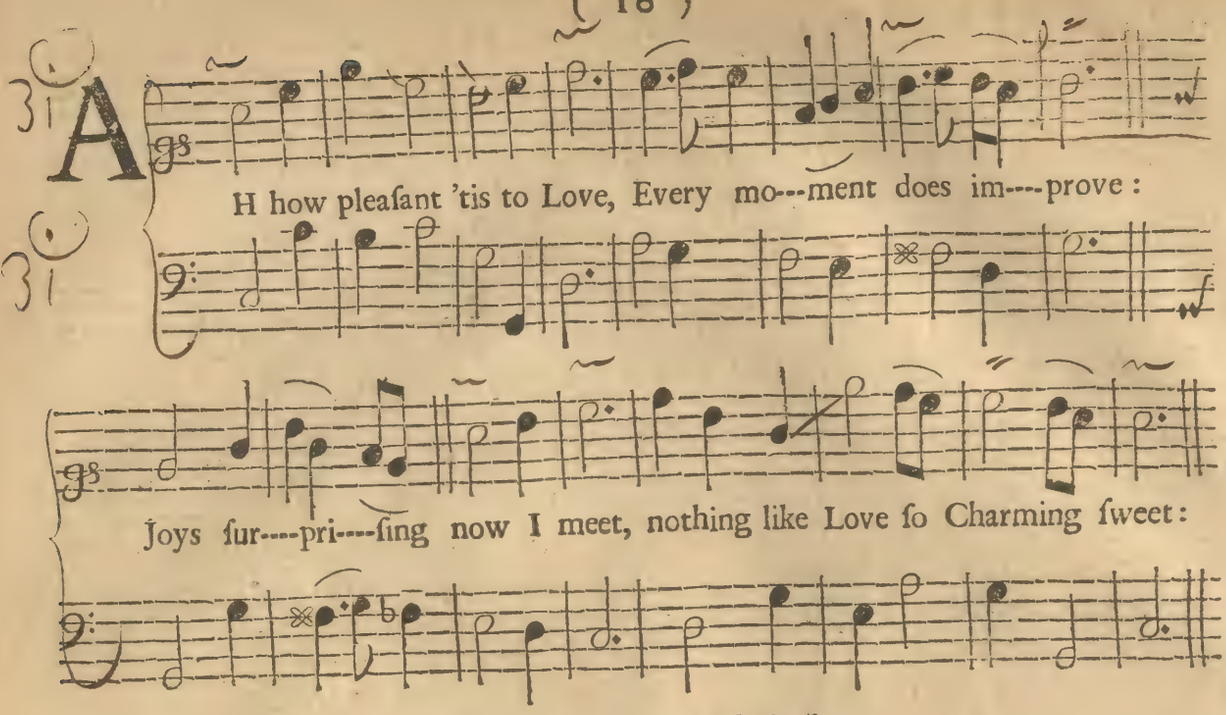
too good na---tur'd a---r---e, but guard your Heart on e--ve---ry part, for





he knows all the cun---ning Art be---lie---ving Wo--man to enſnare.

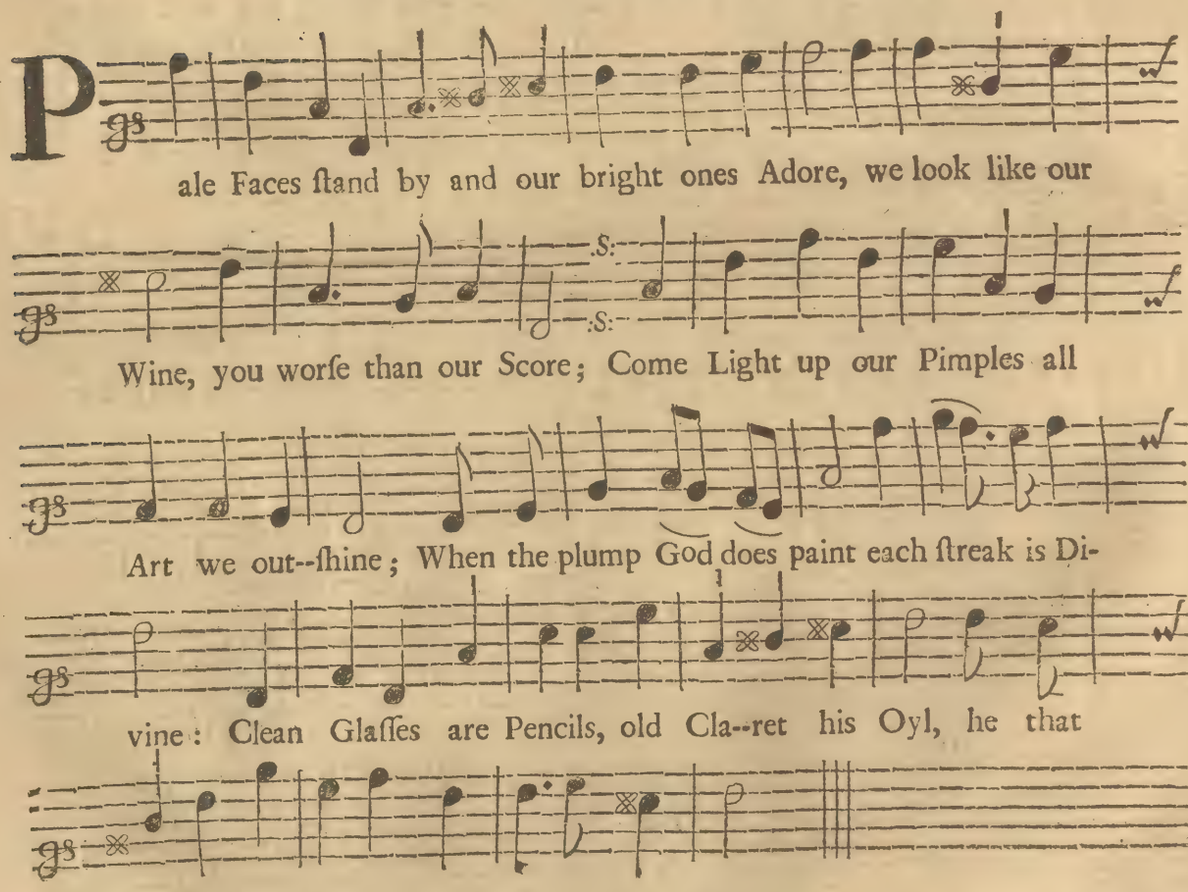


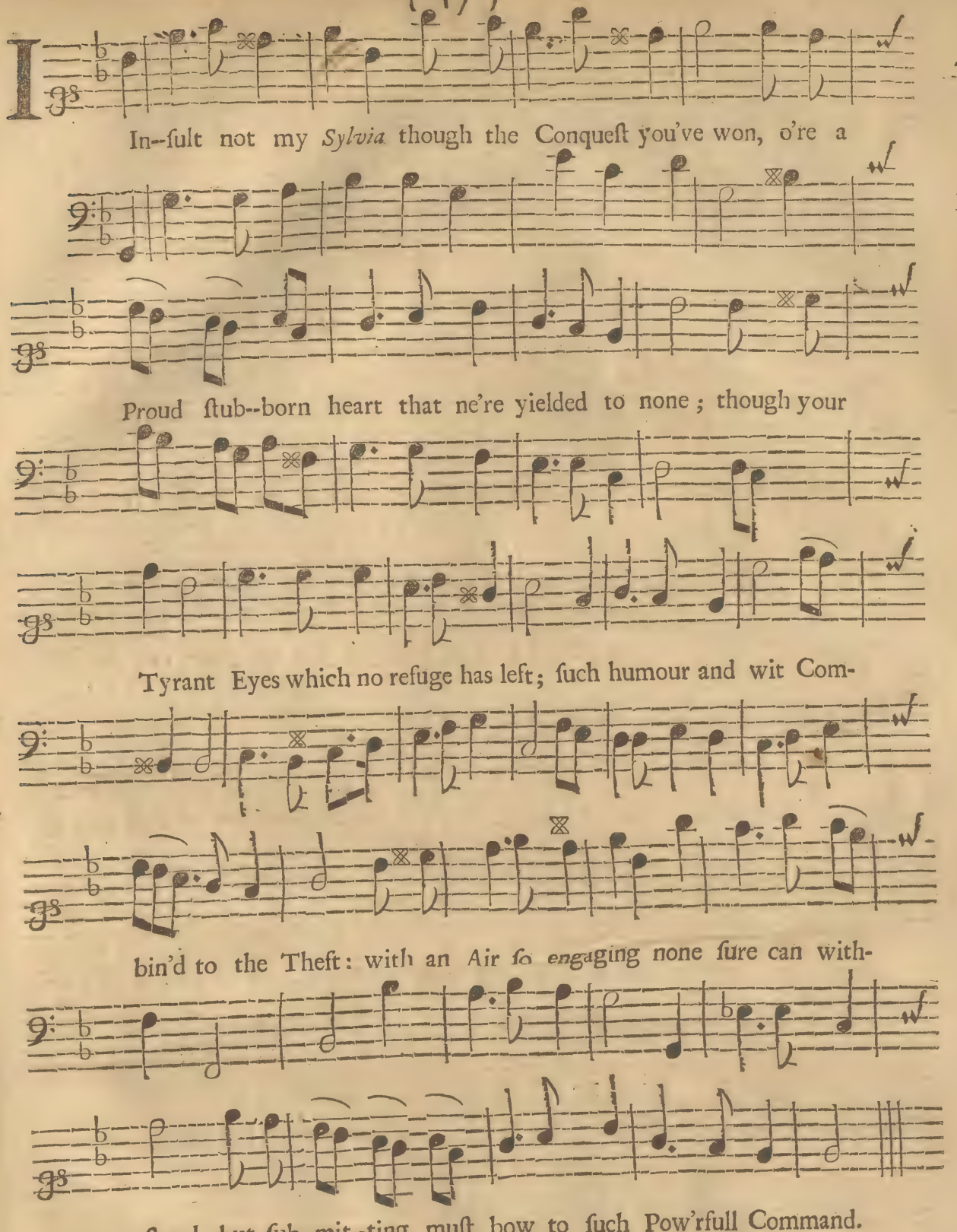


Some do make a God of Pleaſure,
Others Worſhip hoarded Treaſure;
While the Lover's ſtill addreſſing,
To his Nymph for every bleſſing.

By Mr. *Henry Purſell.*

A CATCH. Set by Mr. *Henry Purſell.*





Set by Mr. *Courtival.*

On the Fall of Canary. 2 Voc. By Mr. *Richard Brown.*

I ne're mind to know how the prizes do goe of Sack, Reniſh, Whitewine or

I ne're mind to know how the pri-zes-- doe goe of —— Sack, Rhe--niſh,

Sherry: ——————But it's cre—di—bly ſaid by ſome of the Trade they muſt

Whitewine or Sherry: ——————But it's cre—di—bly ſaid by ſome of the

fall, fall in their price for Ca--nary: Since thus it muſt be were all rul'd by

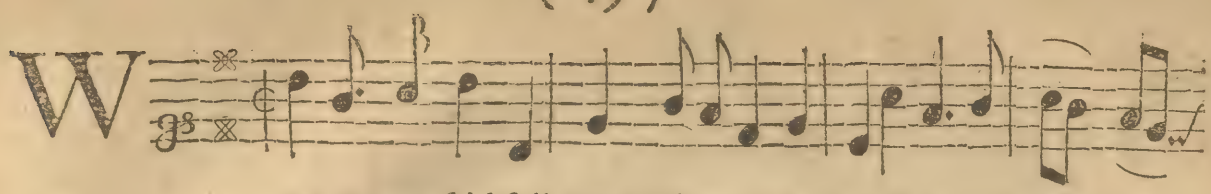
Trade they muſt fall in their price for Ca--nary: Since thus it muſt be were all rul'd by

me, and there's none ſure here but will be for it, the Vintner ſhan't lack his ſix pence for

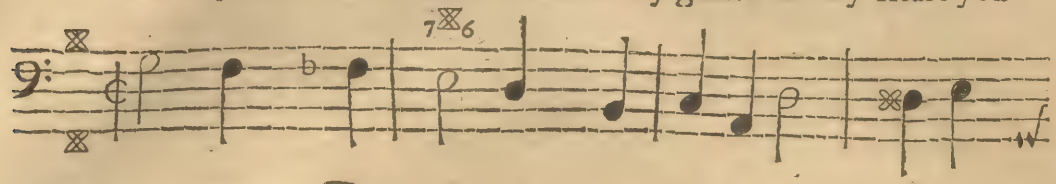
me, and there's none ſure here but will be for it, ——————— the Vintner ſhan't lack his

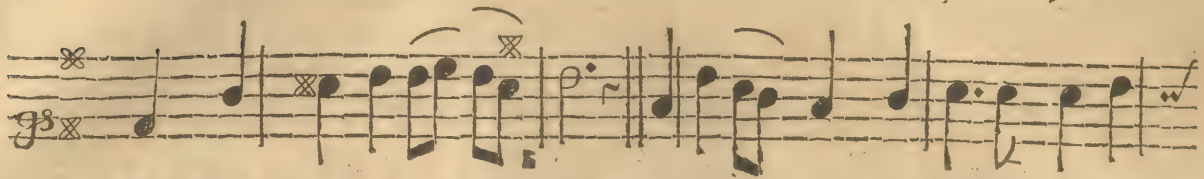
Sack if hee'l fall, ——fall us but Three pence in Claret.

ſix pence for Sack if he'l fall us but Three pence in Claret.

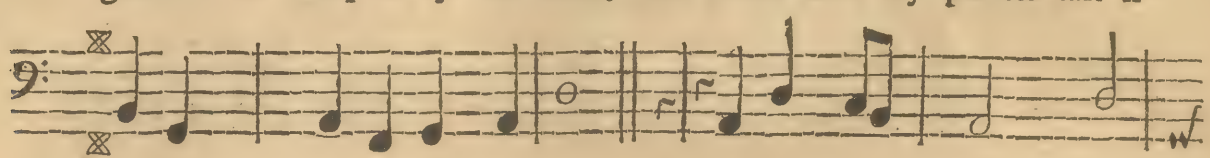


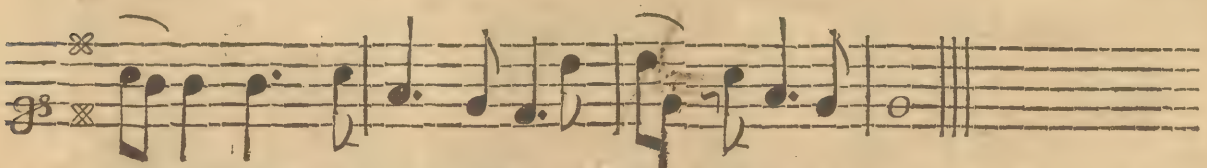
WHY is your faithfull Slave disdain'd? by gentle Art my Heart you



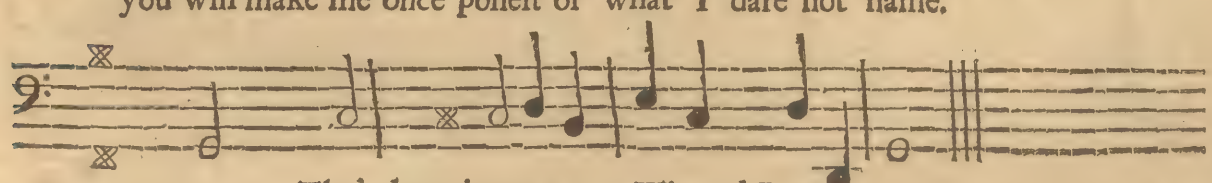


gain'd: oh keep it by the same; For e--ver shall my passion last if





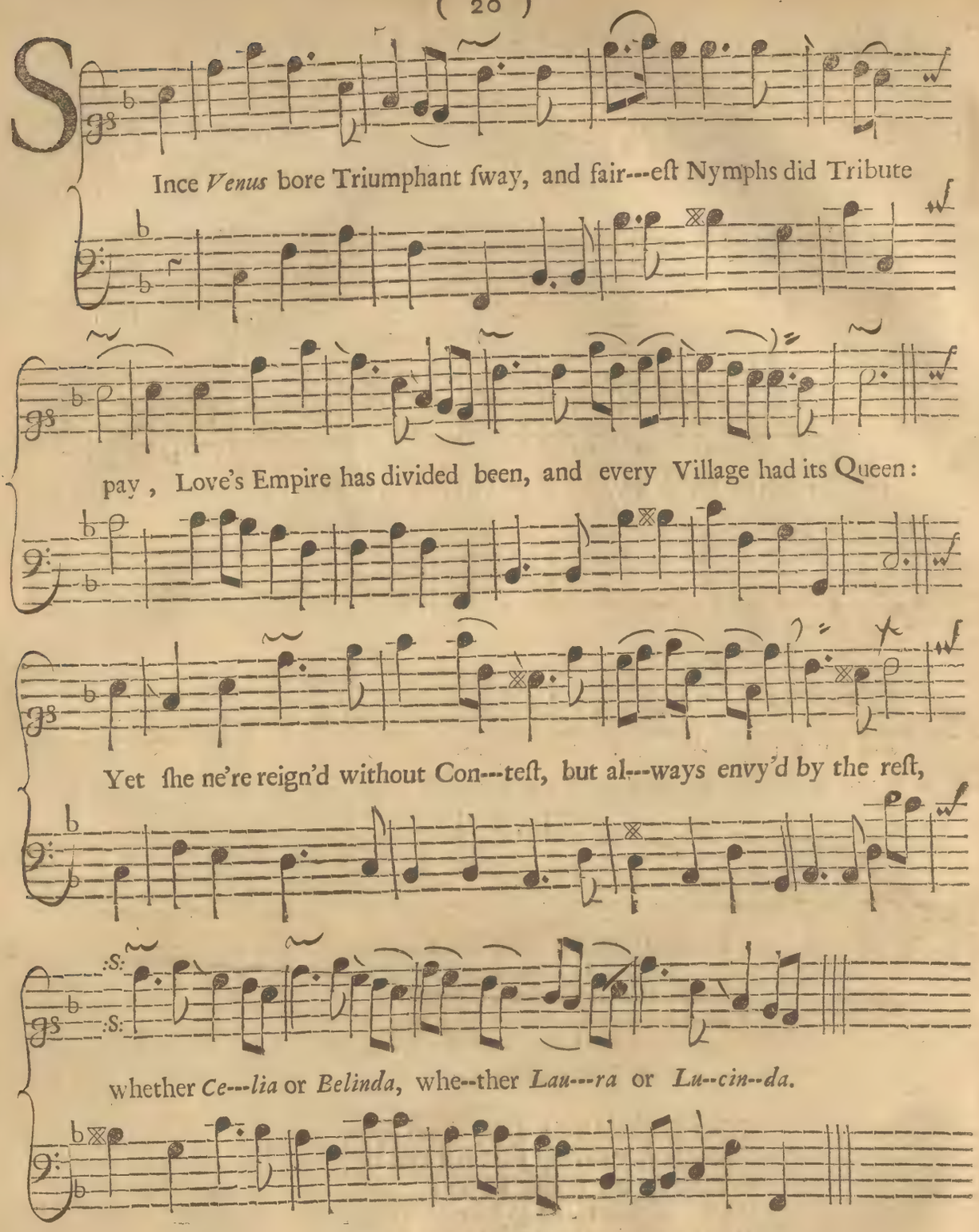
you will make me once possest of what I dare not name.



Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze
That will *suffice my flame*:
Loves Infancy on hopes may live,
But you to my full growth must give,
Of what I dare not name.

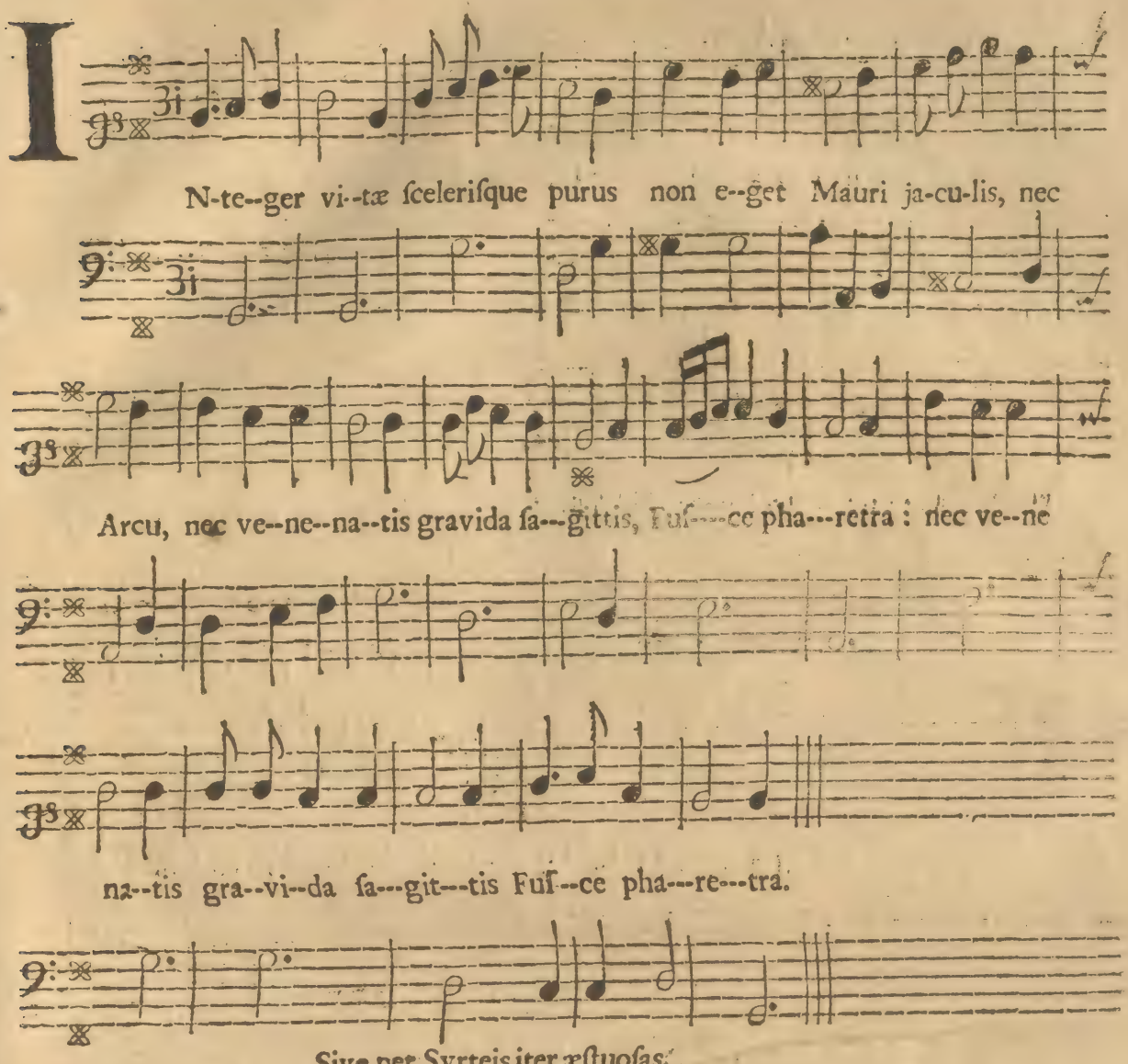
When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
Fanning my raging Flame:
That Shape so made to be embrac't,
What wou'd I give I might but taste,
Of what I dare not name.

In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
And that vain breath call'd Fame:
By Love I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis something more I wou'd obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.



Set by Mr. *Courtival.*

A Song in the Play of *The Squire of* Alſatia. Set by Mr. *Shadwell.*



Sive per Syrteis iter æſtuoſas,
Sive facturus per inhoſpitalem
Caucaſum, vel quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.

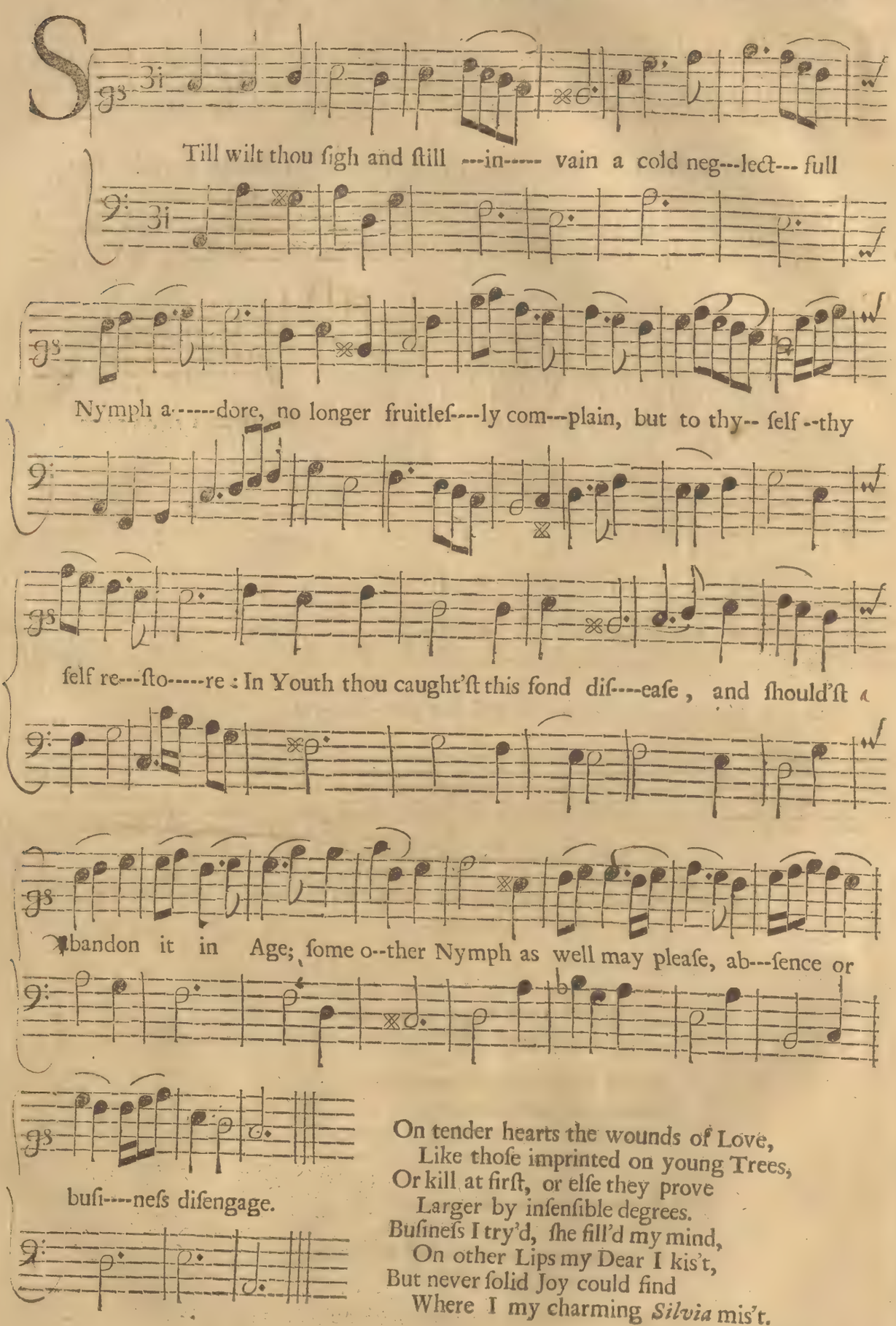
Namque me Sylva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meum Canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris,
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, Leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis,
Arbor æſtiva recreatur Aura,
Quod latus Mundi nebulæ maluſque
Jupiter urget.

Pone ſub Curru nimium propinqui,
Solis, in Terra domibus negata :
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

One of the Songs in the Play of *The Squire of* Alſatia. Set by Mr. *Shadwell.*

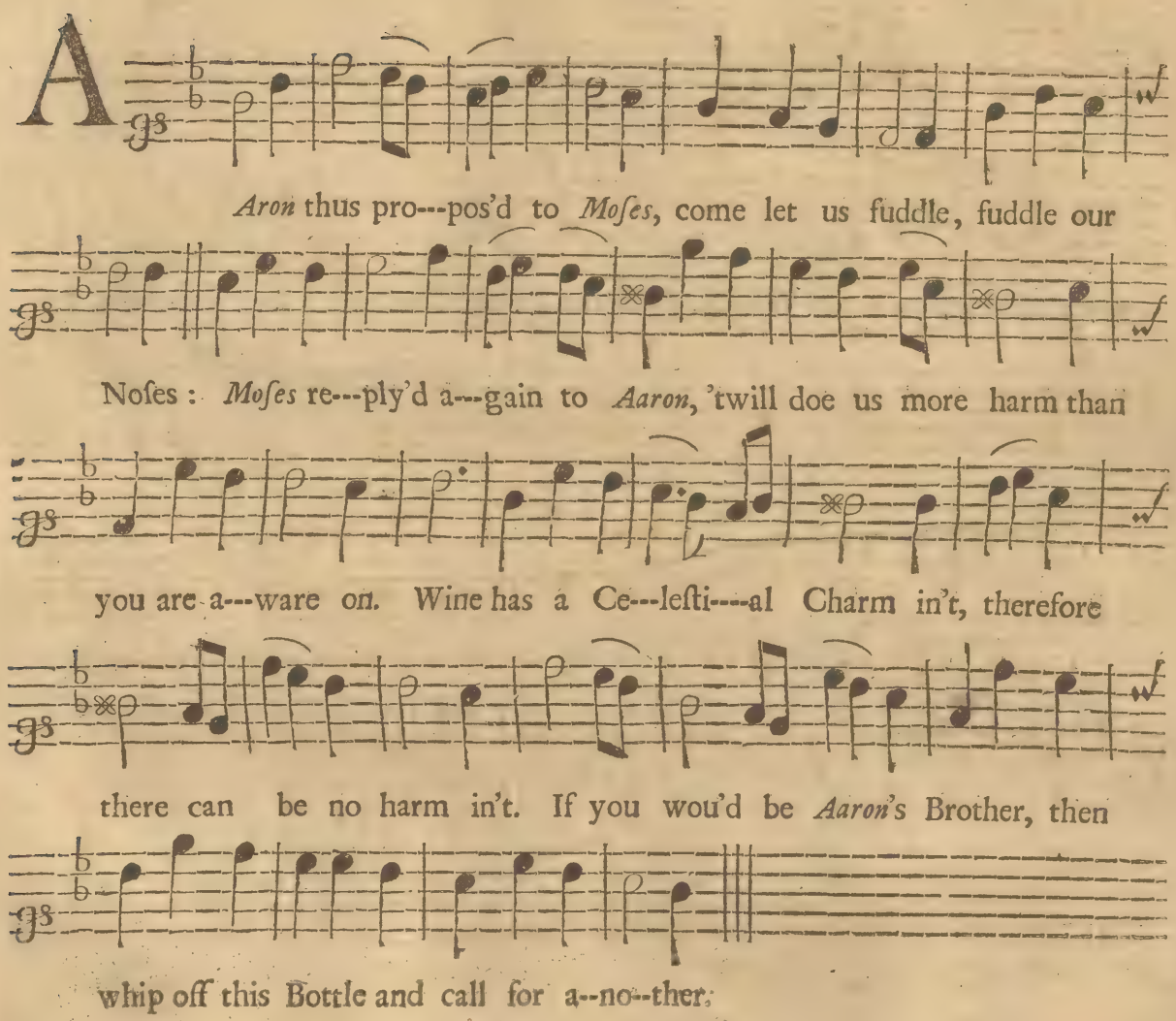


On tender hearts the wounds of Love,
Like thoſe imprinted on young Trees,
Or kill at firſt, or elſe they prove
Larger by inſenſible degrees.
Buſineſs I try'd, ſhe fill'd my mind,
On other Lips my Dear I kis't,
But never ſolid Joy could find
Where I my charming *Silvia* mis't.

Long

Long absence like a Green-land Night
  Made me but wish for Sun the more;
And that immutable light,
  She, none but she could e're restore:
She never once regards thy fire,
  Nor never Vents one sigh for thee;
The glorious Sun I must admire;
  Tho' he can never look on me.

Look well, you'l find she's not so rare,
  Much of her former Beauty's gone;
My love her shadow larger far
  Is made by her declining Sun.
What if her faded Glories be,
  My former wounds I must endure;
For though the Bow unbended be,
  Yet that can never help the Cure.



Slow.

THE World's a Bubble, and the Life ----of----- Man leſs

than------ a ſpan, leſs than---- a ſpan; in his Con---ception wretched,

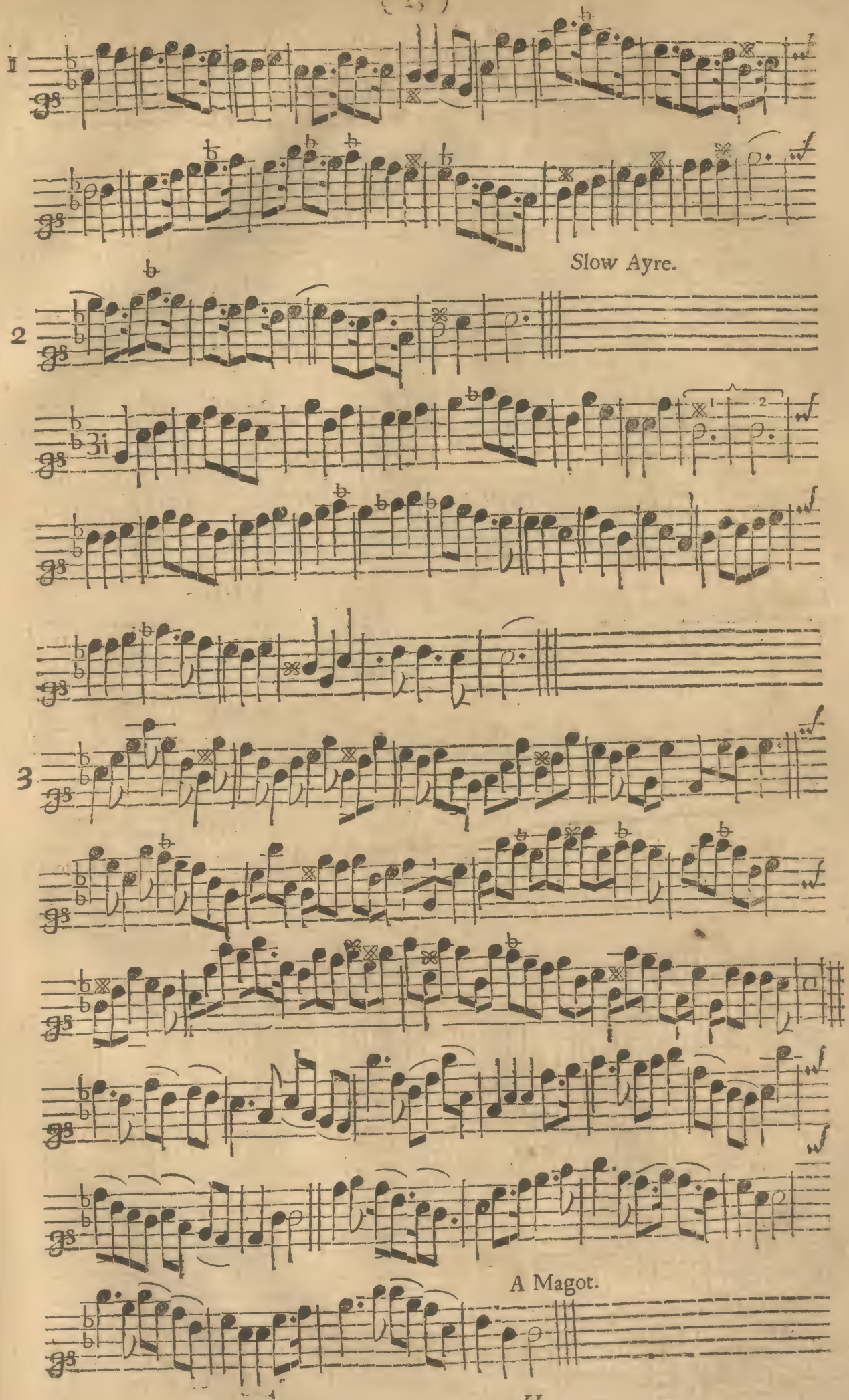
wretched from------ the Womb: ſo to the Tomb: Curſt, curſt fr----------om his

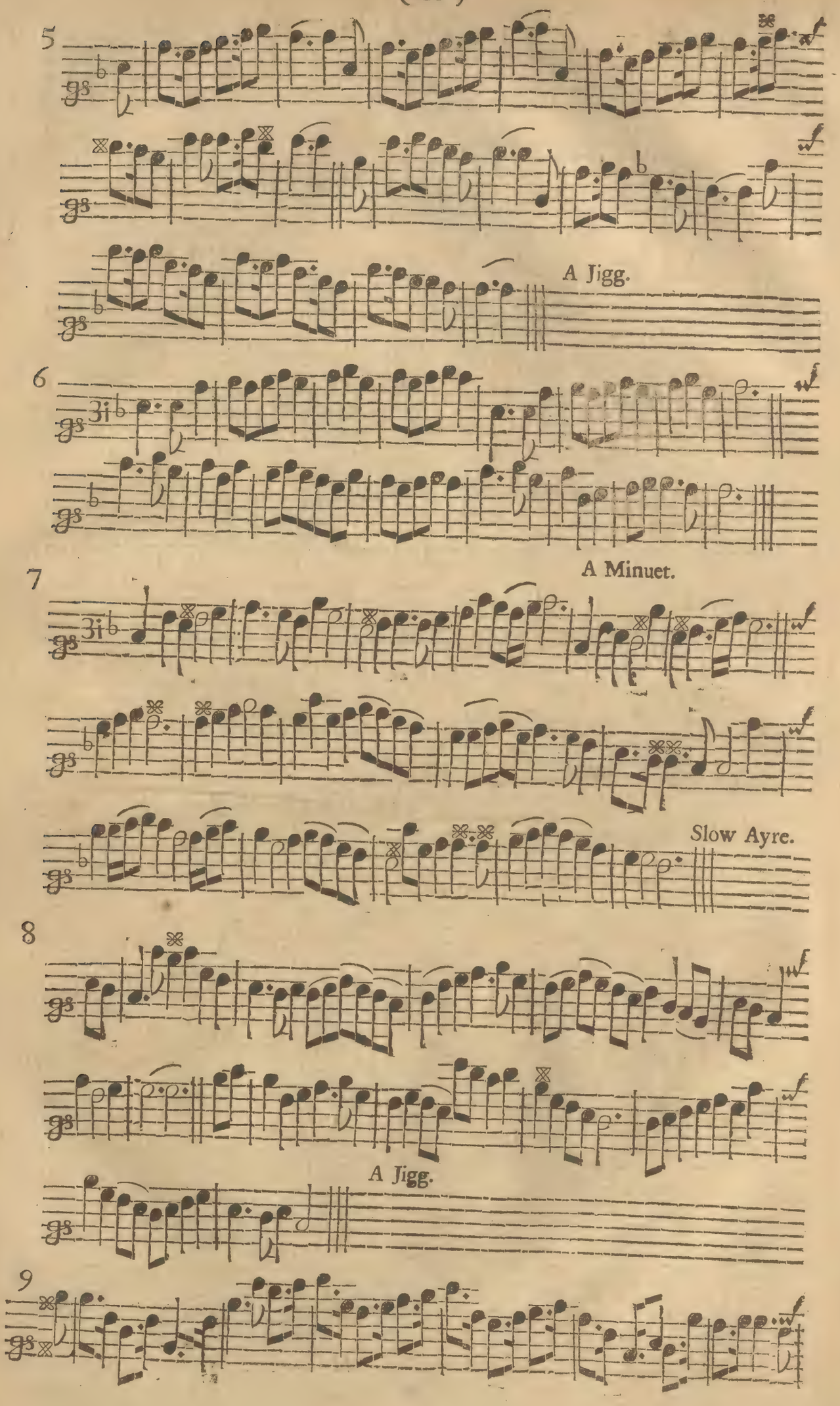
Cradle, and brought up to years in Tears and Fears: Who then to

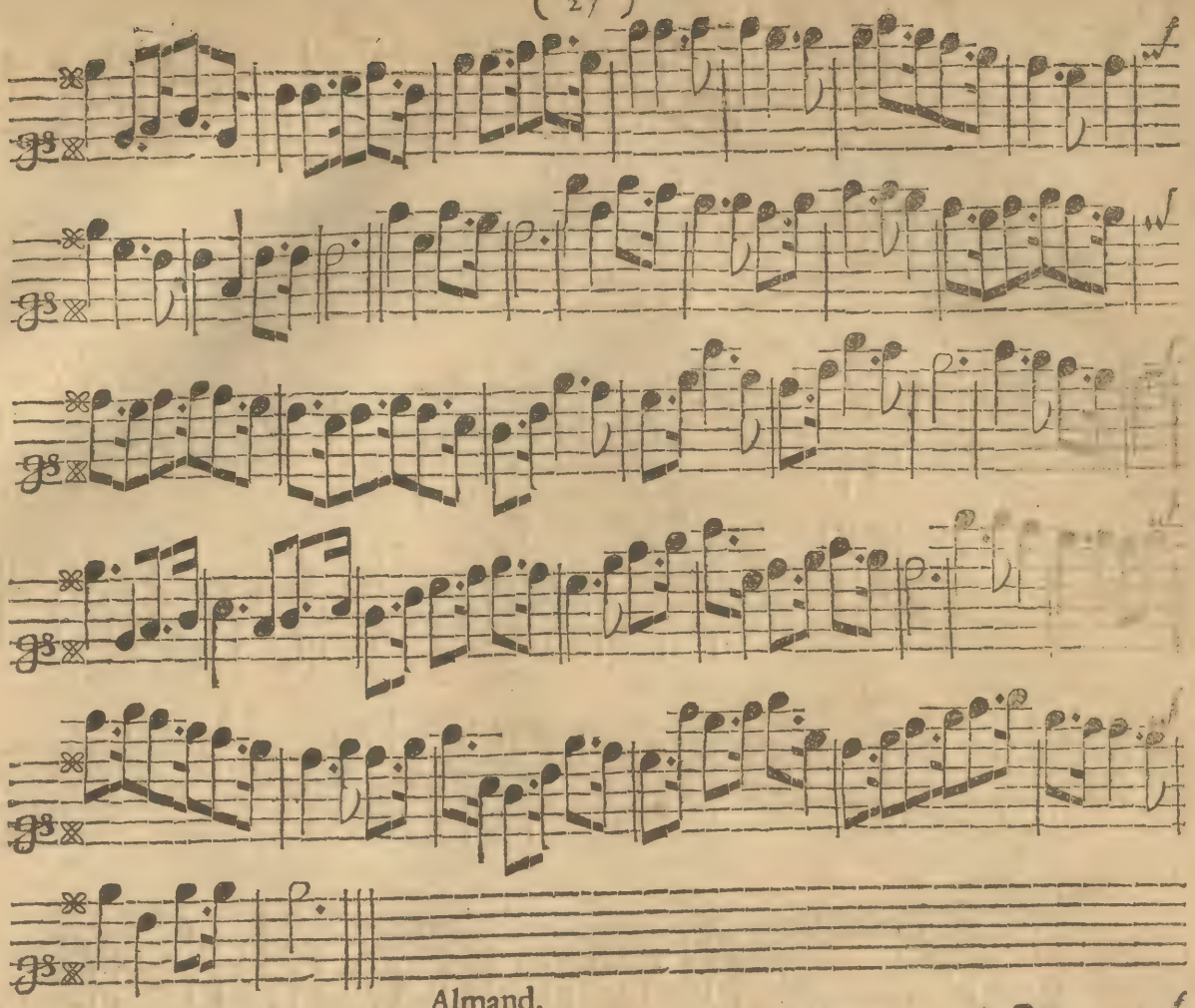
frail Mor-- ta----li---ty ſhall truſt, --but-- Limns in Wa-------ter

and doth write in duſt.

Mr. *Richard Brown.*

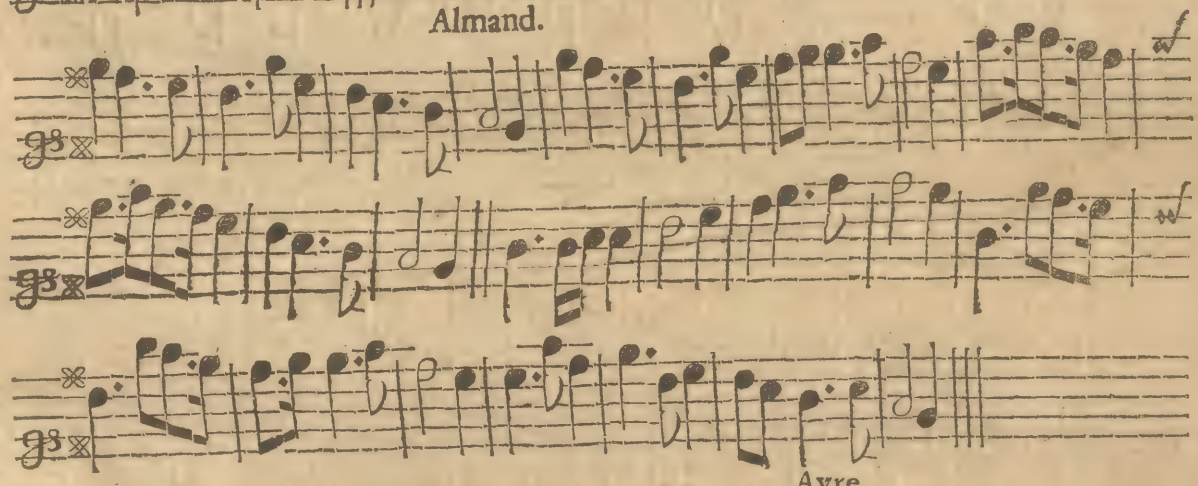

1
Slow Ayre.
2
3
A Magot.


5
A Jigg.
6
A Minuet.
7
Slow Ayre.
8
A Jigg.
9



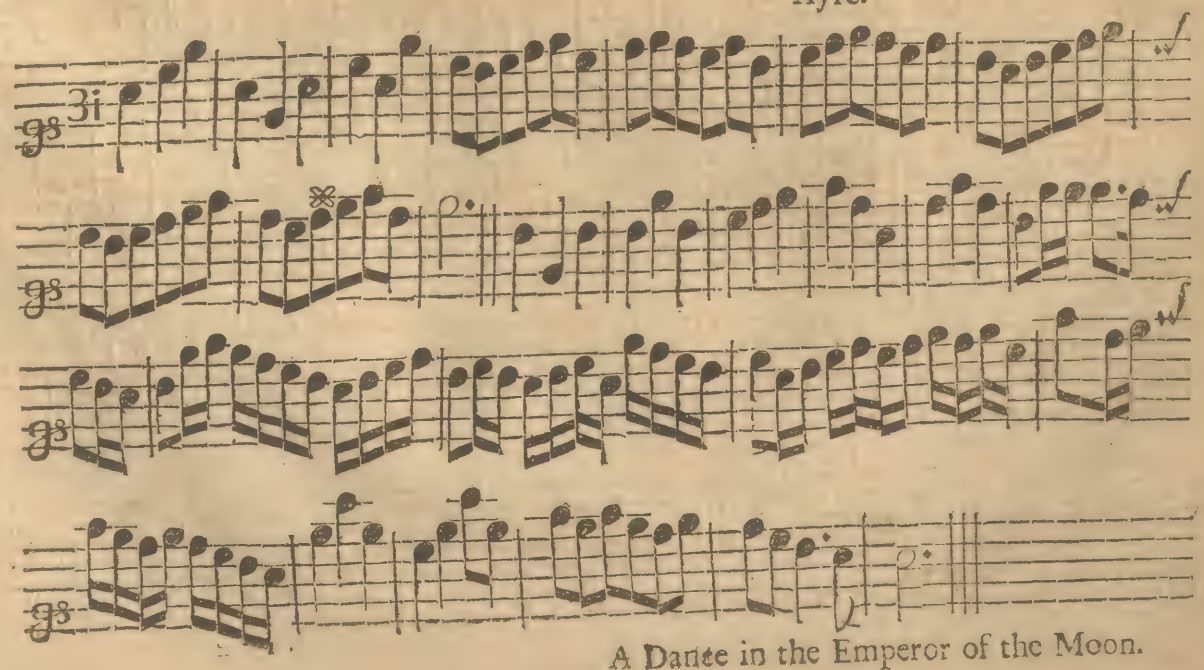
Almand.

10

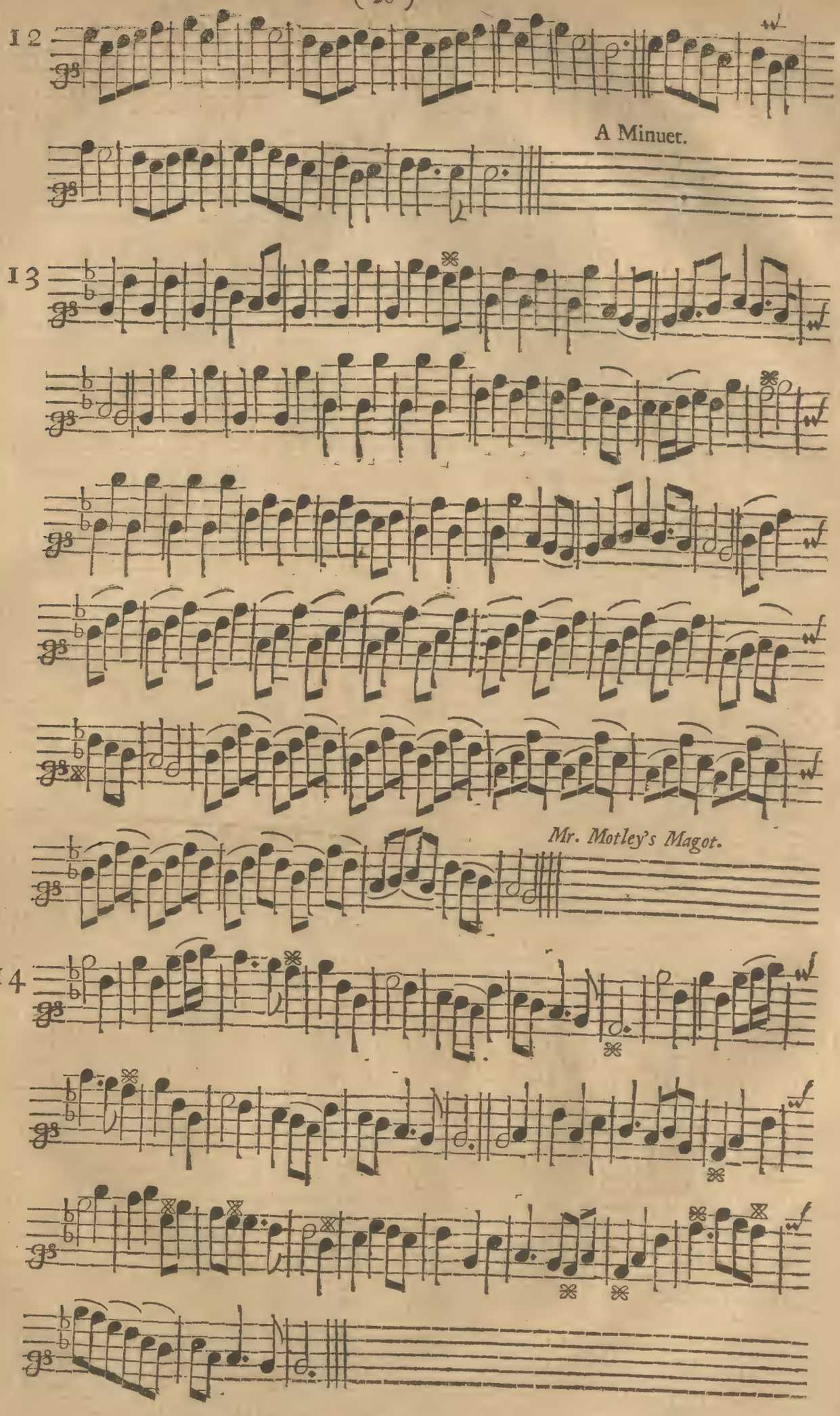


Ayre.

11



A Dance in the Emperor of the Moon.


12
A Minuet.
13
Mr. Motley's Magot.
14

A THIRD COLLECTION OF NEW SONGS,

Never Printed before.

The WORDS *by Mr.* D'URFEY.

Set to MUSIC by the best Masters in that Science,

VIZ.

Dr. *John Blow.*	Mr. *William Turner.*
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*	Mr. *Thomas Farmer.*
Senior *Baptist.*	Mr. *John Lenton.*
Mr. *Courtiville.*	Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd.*

WITH

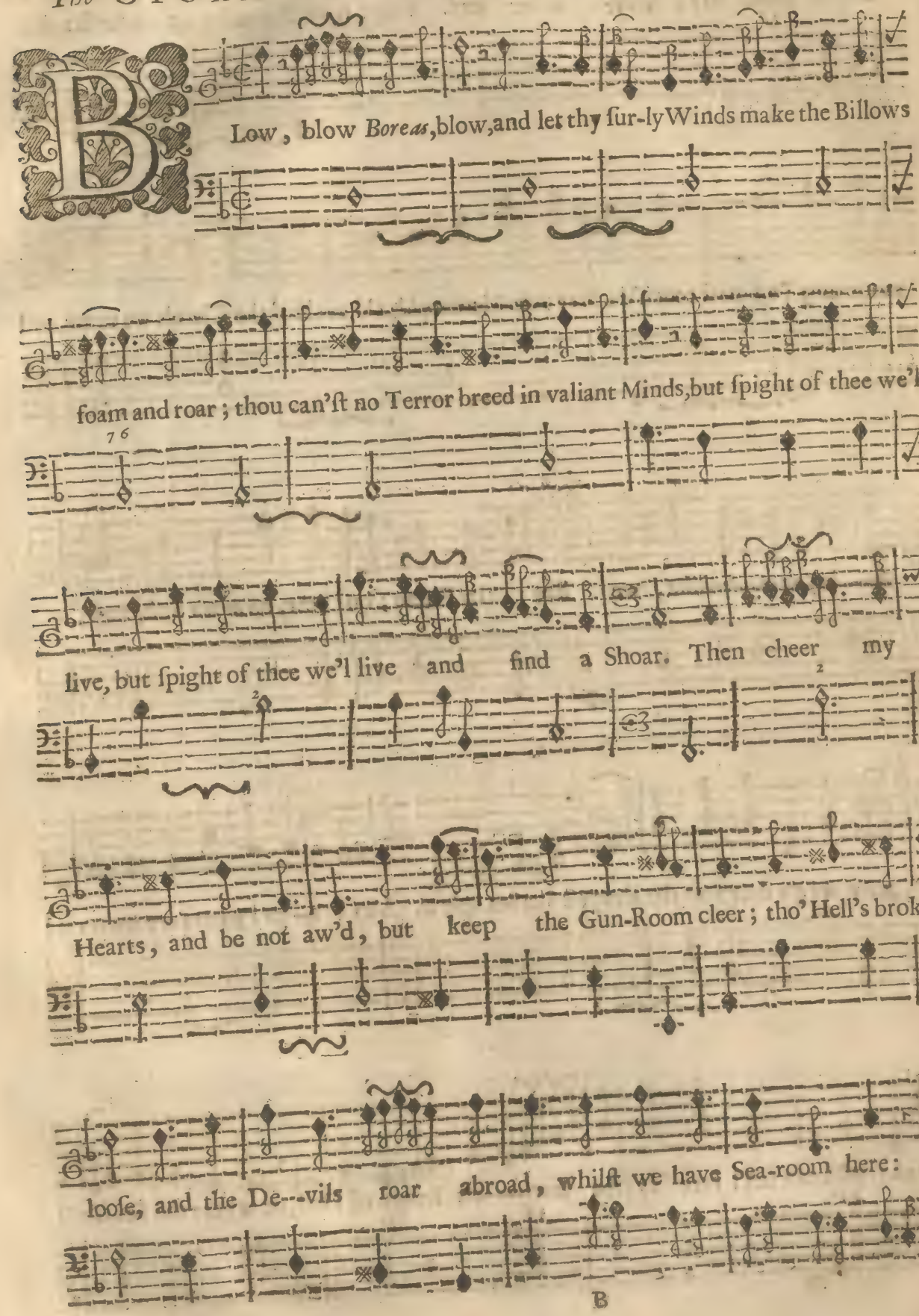
THOROW-BASSES for the *Theorbo*, and *Bass-Viol.*

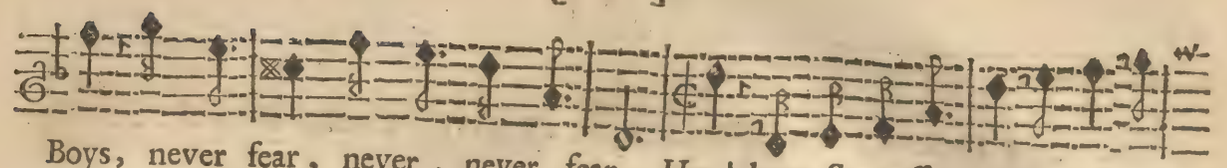
LONDON,

Printed by J. P. for JOSEPH HINDMARSH, at the *Golden-Ball* over against the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1685.

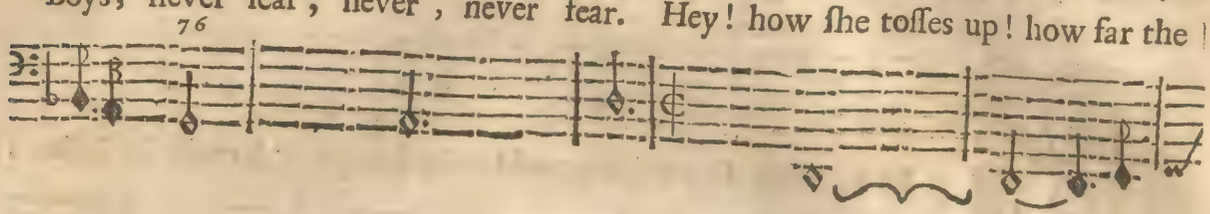
D63/6

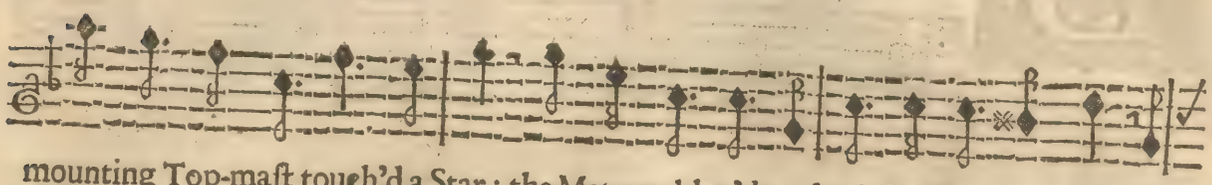
The STORM: *Set to Music by Mr.* Henry Purcell.



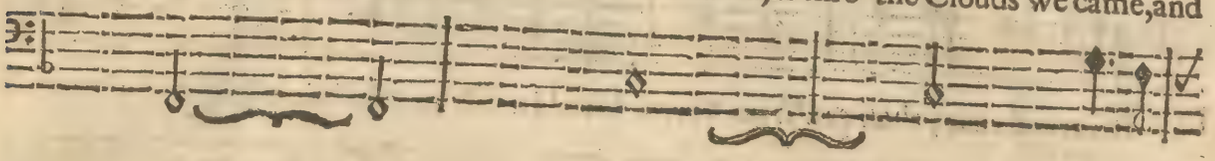


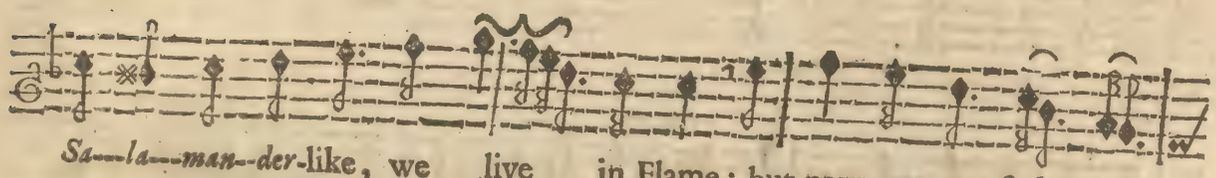
Boys, never fear, never, never fear. Hey! how ſhe toſſes up! how far the



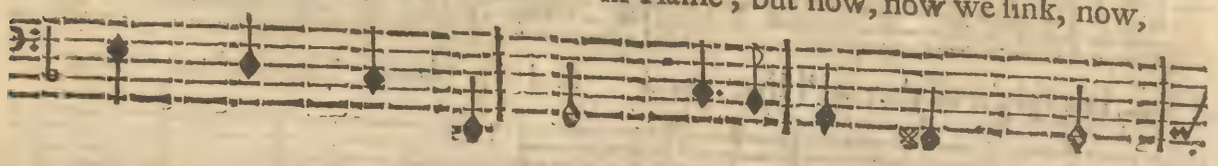


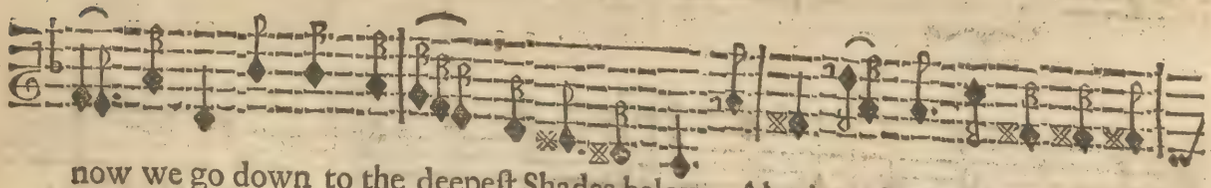
mounting Top-maſt touch'd a Star; the Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came, and



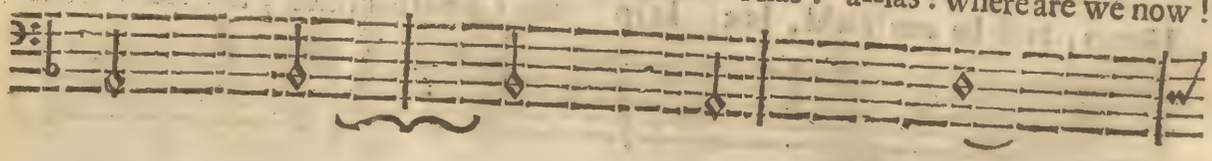


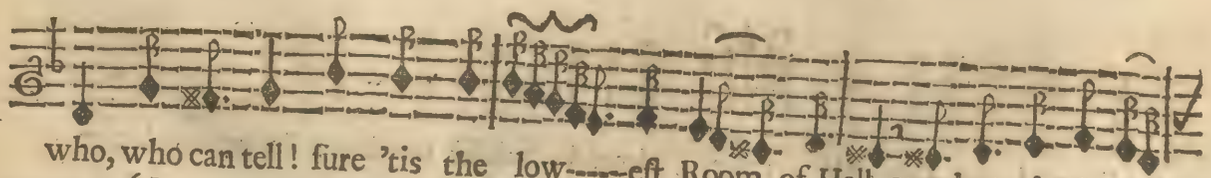
Sa---la---man--der-like, we live in Flame; but now, now we ſink, now,



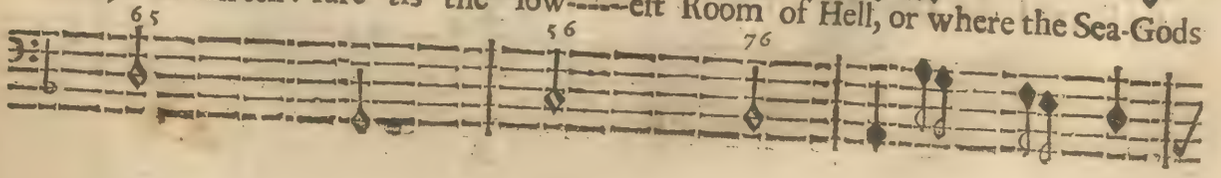


now we go down to the deepeſt Shades below. Alas! a--las! where are we now!

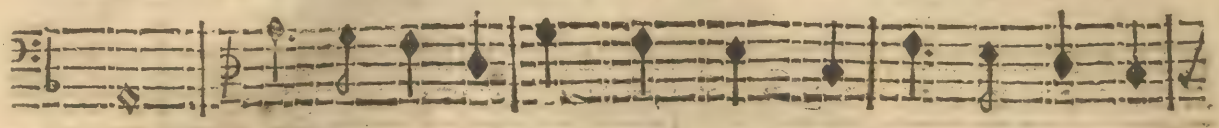


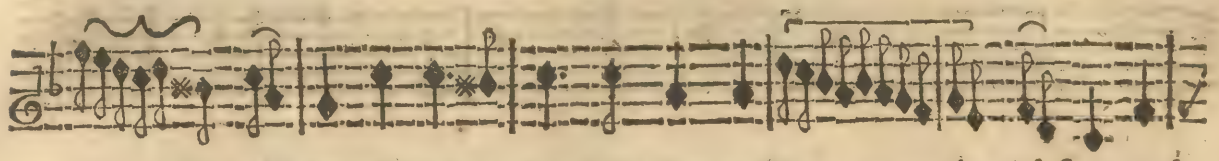


who, who can tell! ſure 'tis the low-----eſt Room of Hell, or where the Sea-Gods

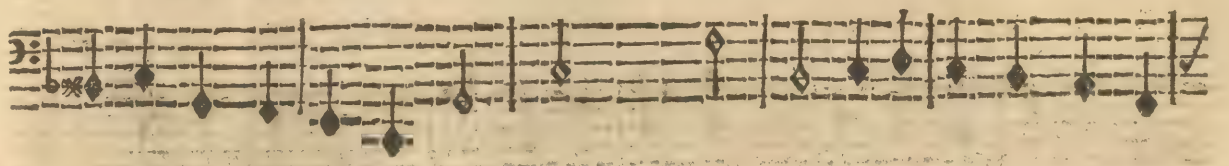


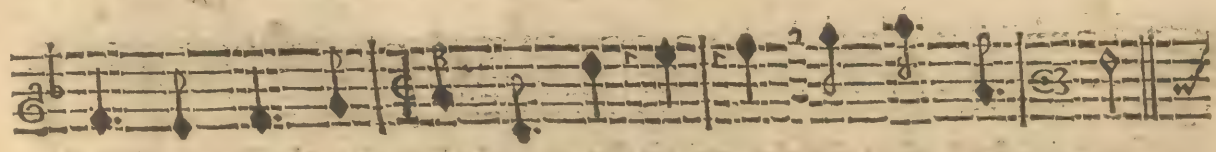
dwell: With them we'l live, with them we'l live and raign, with them we'l



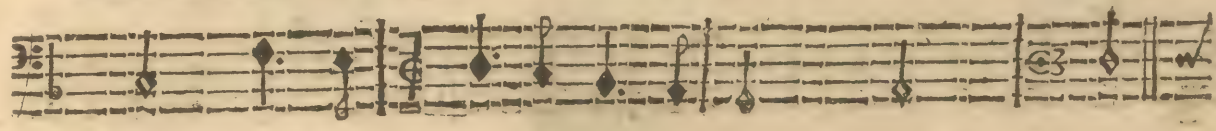


lau——gh, and ſing, and drink amain, with them we'l lau————gh, and ſing, and

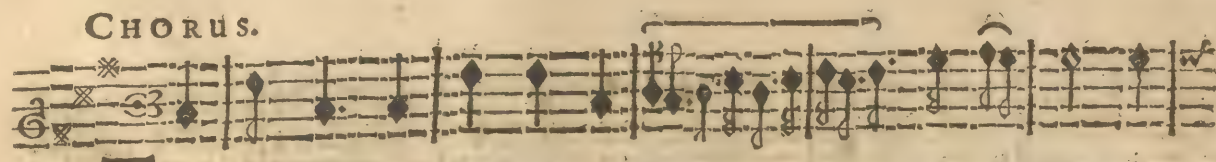




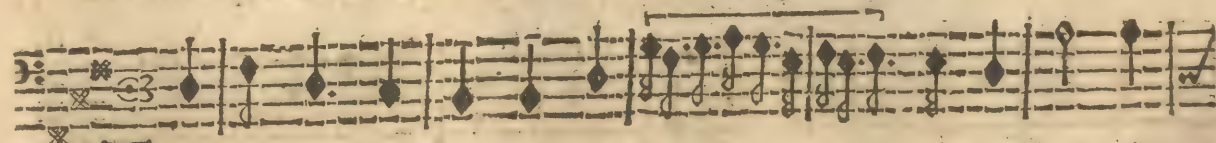
drink a---main, but ſee we mount, ſee, ſee we riſe a——gain.



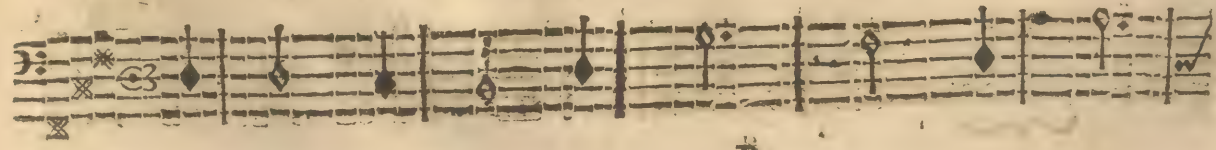
CHORUS.



THo' fla---ſhes of Lightning, and Tem————peſts of Rain, do

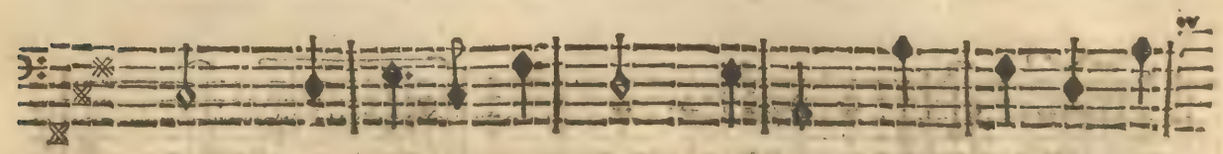


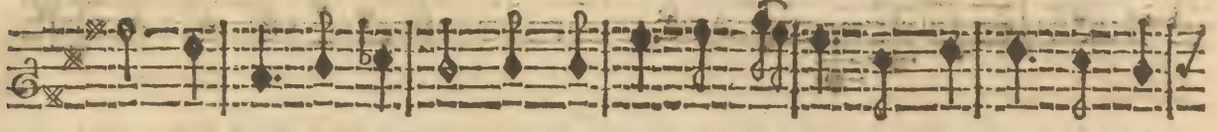
THo' fla---ſhes of Lightning, and Tem————peſts of Rain, do



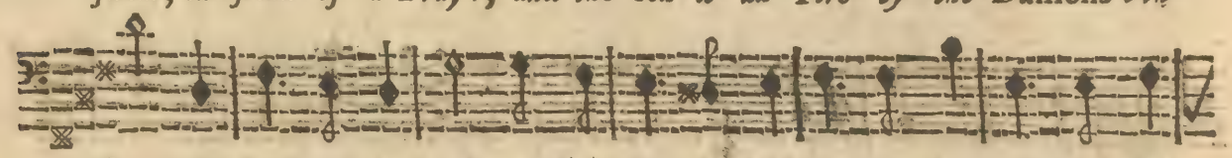
fierce——ly con--tend which ſhall conquer the Main; tho' the Captain does

fierce——ly con--tend which ſhall conquer the Main; tho' the Captain does





ſwear, in--ſtead of a Pray'r, and the Sea is all Fire by the Damons *o'th'*



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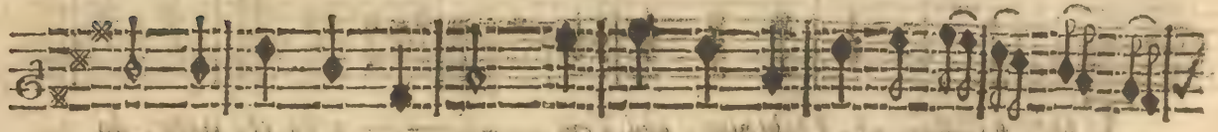
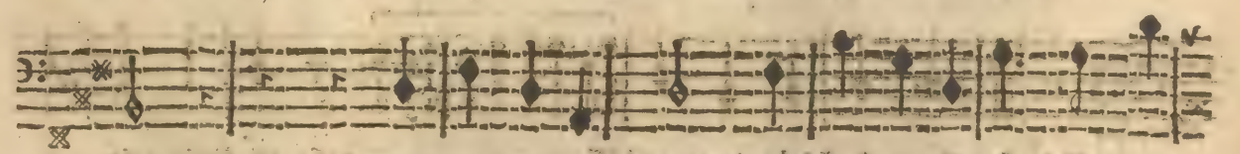
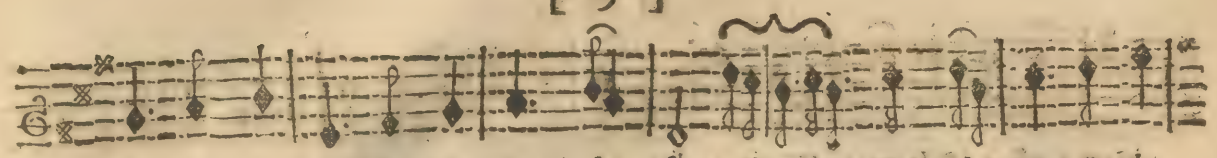


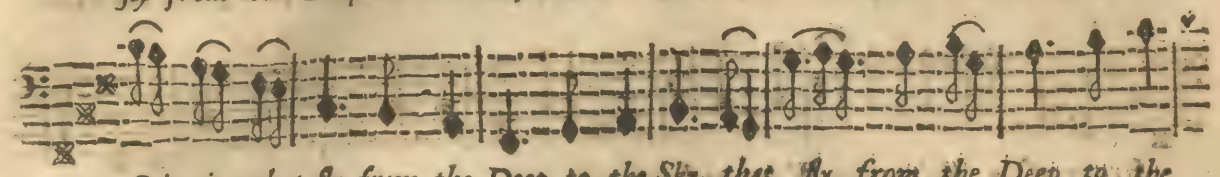
Air; we'l drink and de——ſie, we'l drink and de——ſie the mad Spi--rits that



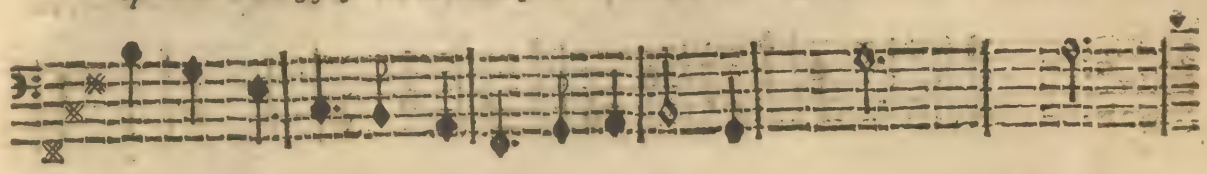
Air; we'l drink and de——ſie, we'l drink and de--ſie the mad

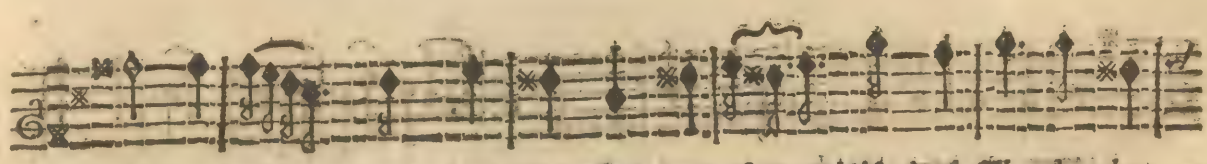


fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly, fli——e, from the Deep to the

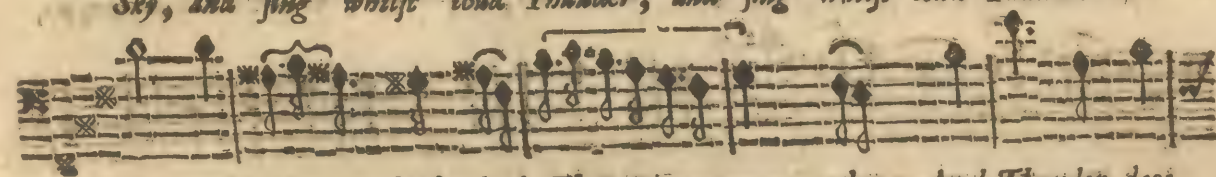


Spi--rits that fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly from the Deep to the

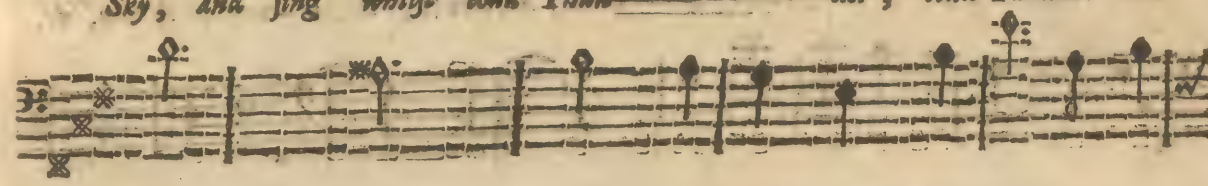




Sky, and sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst loud Thunder does

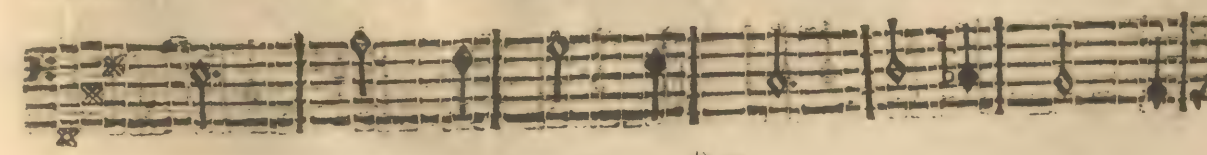


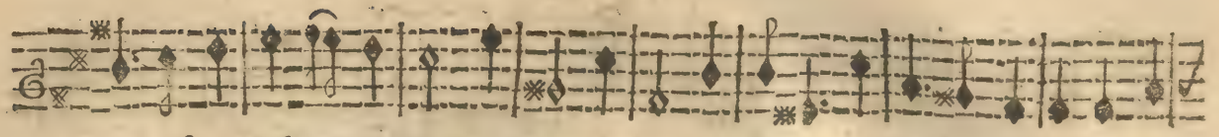
Sky, and sing whilst loud Thun——————der, loud Thunder does



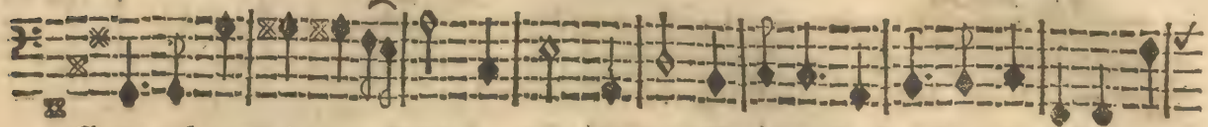
bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his

bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his

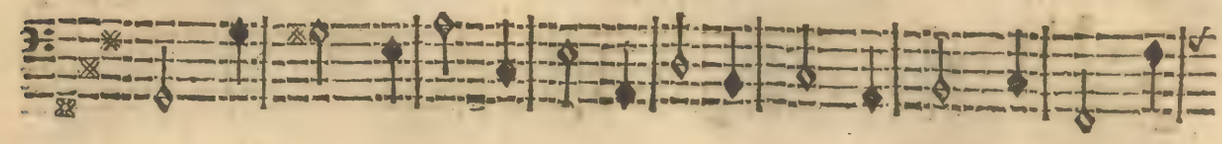


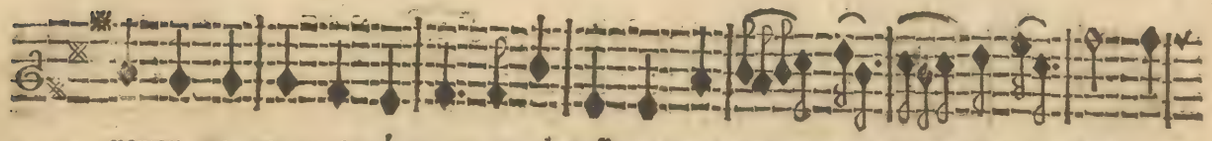


Grave of a Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no,

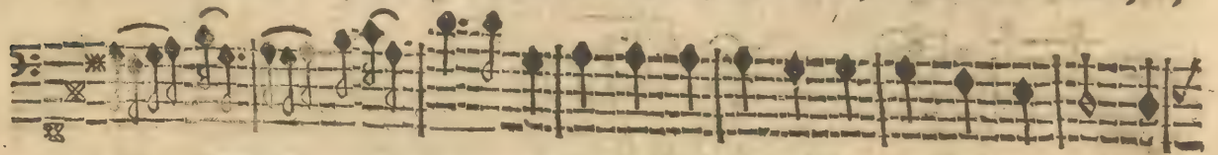


Grave of a Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no,

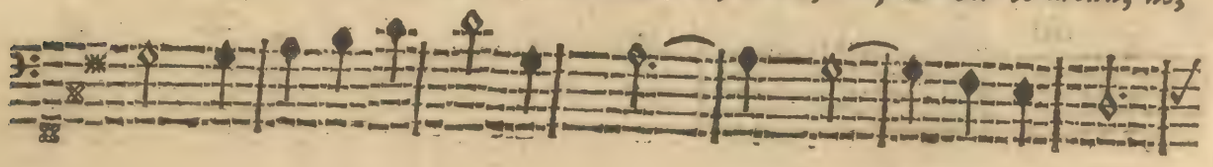


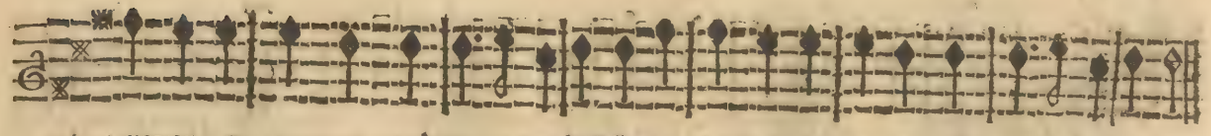


never, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no, ne——ver, ne——ver to drown, no,

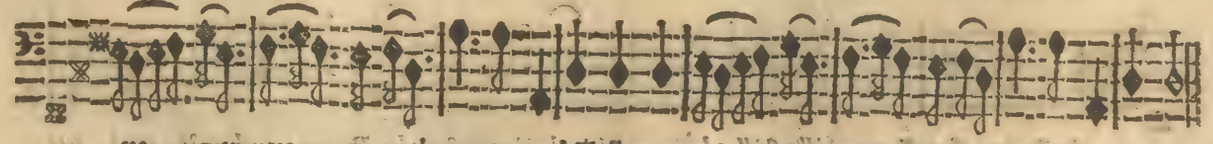


ne——ver, ne--ver to drown a good Fellow; no, never, no, ne--ver to drown, no,

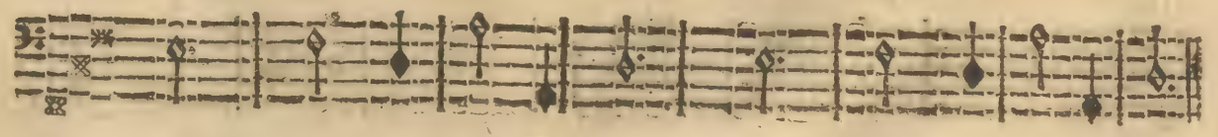




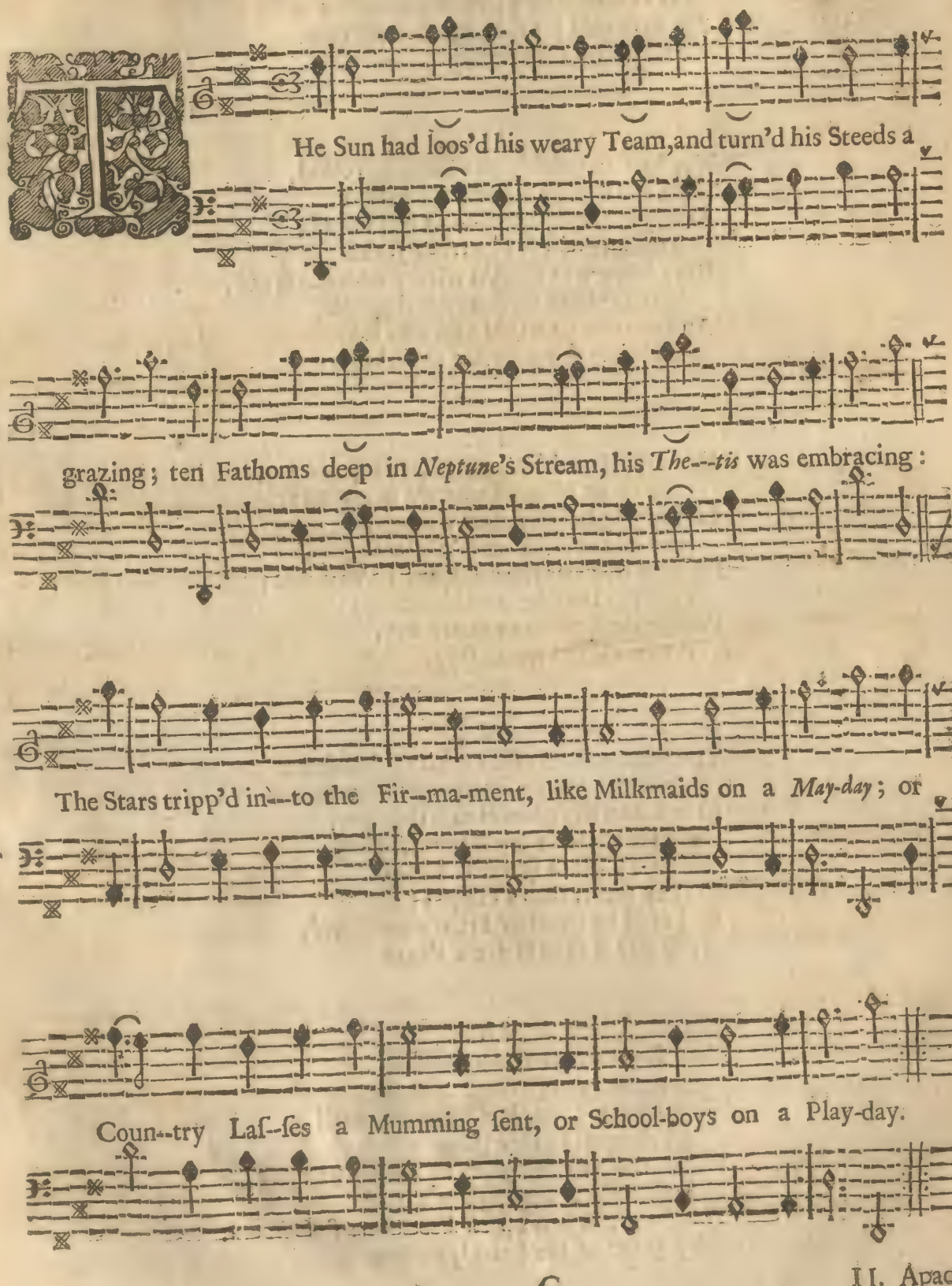
never, no, ne--ver to drown a good Fellow; no, never, no, never to drown a good Fellow.



ne——ver, ne--ver to drown a good Fellow; no, ne——ver, ne--ver to drown a good Fellow



The WINCHESTER CHRISTENING, *the Sequel of the* Winchester *Wedding*: *A new Song, set to the Tune of a pretty Country Dance, called,* The Hemp-dresser.



II.

Apace came on the gray-ey'd Morn',
The Herds in the Fields were lowing;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
The Ploughman's Clock sate crowing:
When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a bawling Rout Sir;
For *Cisly* told him, he needs must rise,
His *Juggy* was crying out Sir.

III.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
At the toping a good Ale Firkin;
As *Roger* Hosen and Shoon had found,
And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
To bring the poor Kid to light Sir.

IV.

Up, up, dear Mother, then *Roger* cries,
The Fruit of my Labour's new come;
In *Juggy*'s Belly it sprawling lies,
And cannot get out 'till you come.
I'le help it, cries the old Hag, ne're doubt,
Thy *Jug* shall be well again Boy;
I'le get the Urchin as safely out,
As ever it did get in Boy.

V.

The Mare now Bustles with all her feet,
No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
At last into the good House they get,
And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
A female Chit so small was born,
They put it into a Flagon;
And must be christen'd that very Morn',
For fear it should dye a *Pagan*.

VI.

Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Condy*;
The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,
But they will grow larger one day:
What tho' her Thighs and Legs lye close,
And little as any Spider;
They will, when up to her Teens she grows,
By grace of the Lord lye wider.

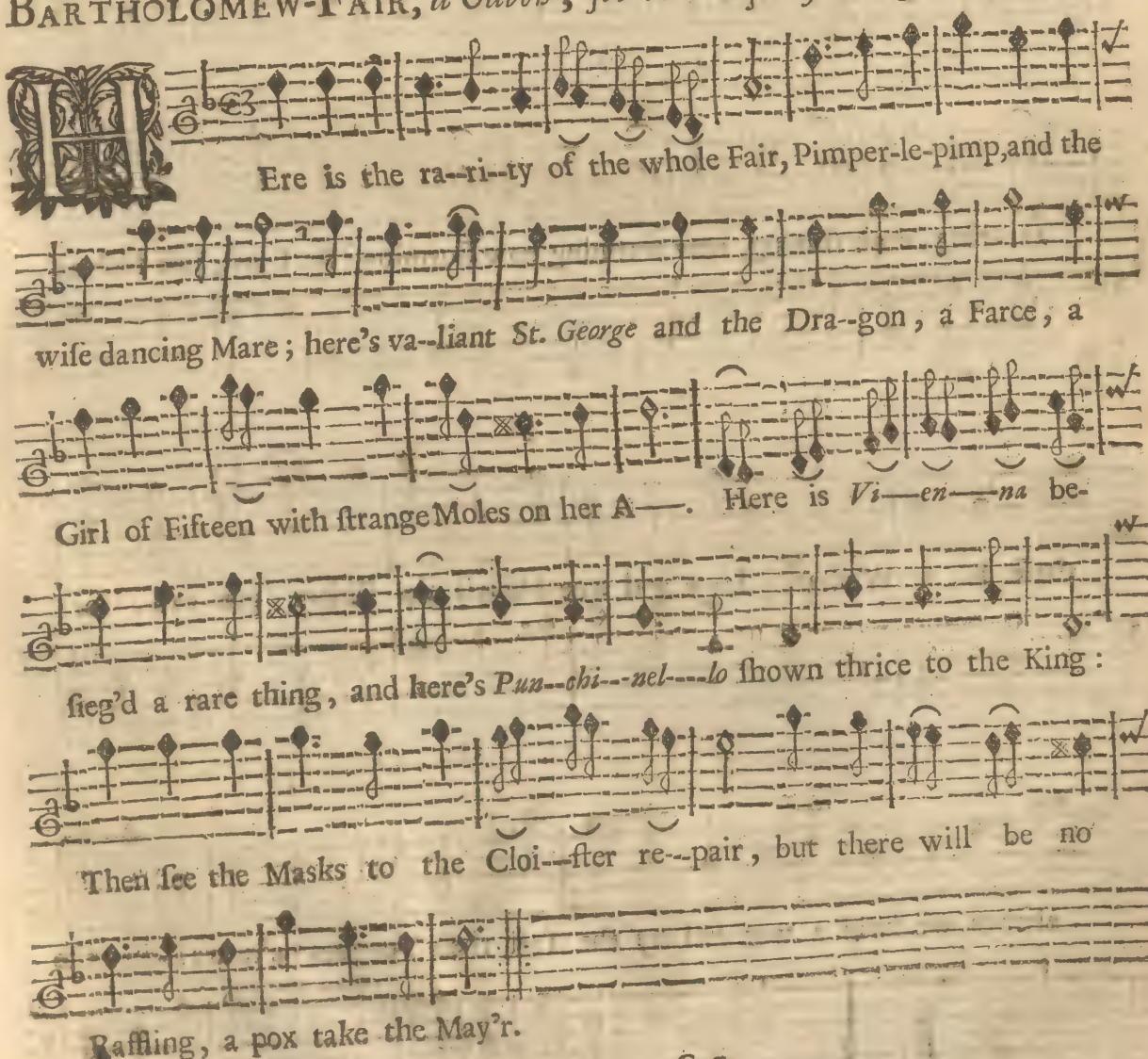
VII.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
The Gossips were void of shame too;
In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
Demands the Infant's Name too,
Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint;
For she would have it *Concula*,
'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

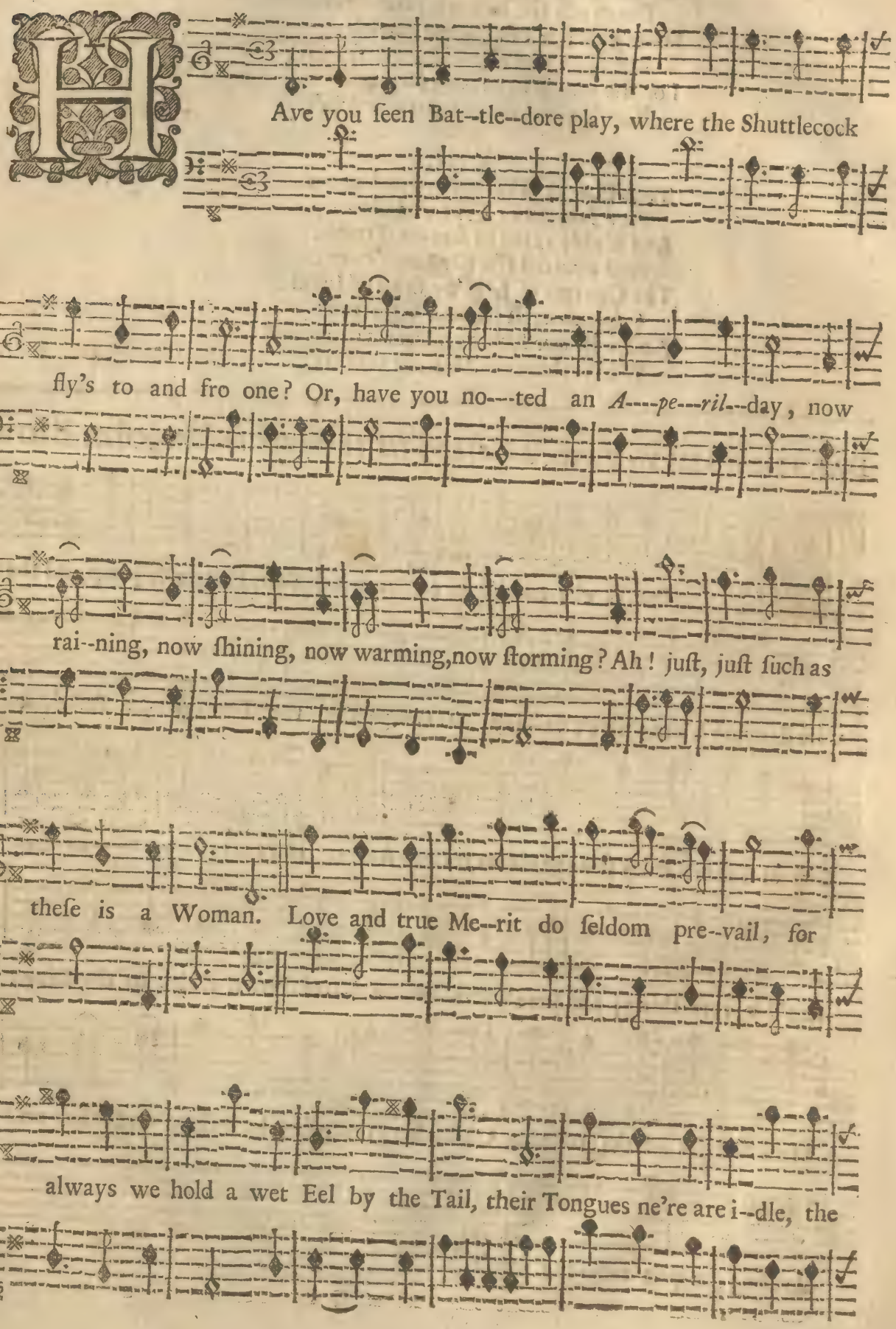
VIII.

Thus May of *Winchester* was known,
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover*;
And highly rated in *London* Town,
And courted the Kingdom over:
The Charms of [illegible] by Sea and Land,
Subdues each human Creature;
And will our stubborn Hearts command,
Whilst there is a Man, or Nature.

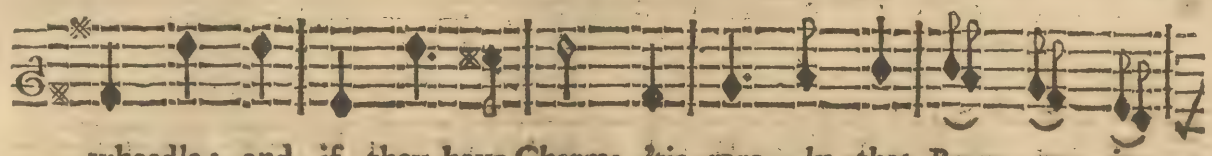
BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, *a Catch; set to Music by* Dr. John Blow.



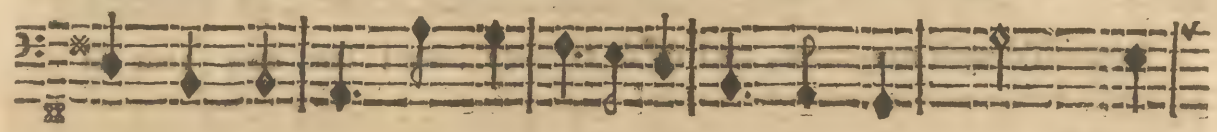
The SHUTTLECOCK; *a new Song, set to a pretty* Scotch *Tune by Mr.* Courtiville.

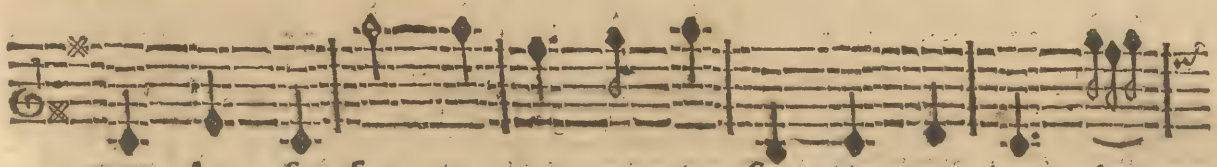


Humour's a Rid---dle, they prick with their Needle, and o—gle and

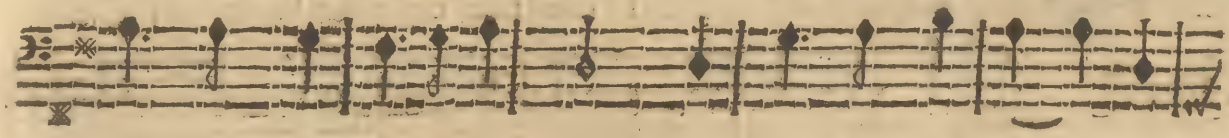


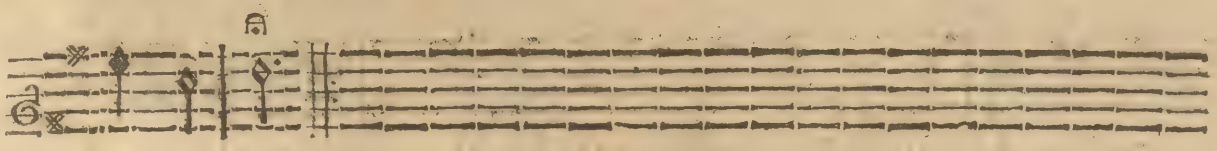
wheedle; and if they have Charms, 'tis rare---ly that Beau---ty is



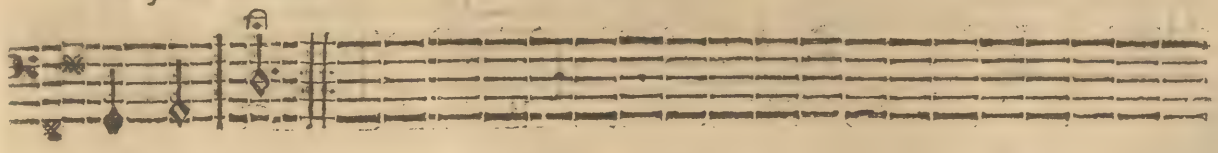


true t'ye, for few or none you are ſure are your own, but





in your Arms.



LOVE UNBLINDED; *a new Song, set to Music by Mr.* William Turner.

MY Life and my Death were once in your pow'r, I

languish'd each mo--ment, and dy'd ev'---ry hour; but now your ill

u--sage has o--pen'd my Eyes, I can free my poor Heart, and give

o--thers Advice: By Dis--sem--bling and Lies the Cocquet may be won, but

he that loves faith-ful---ly, will be undone.

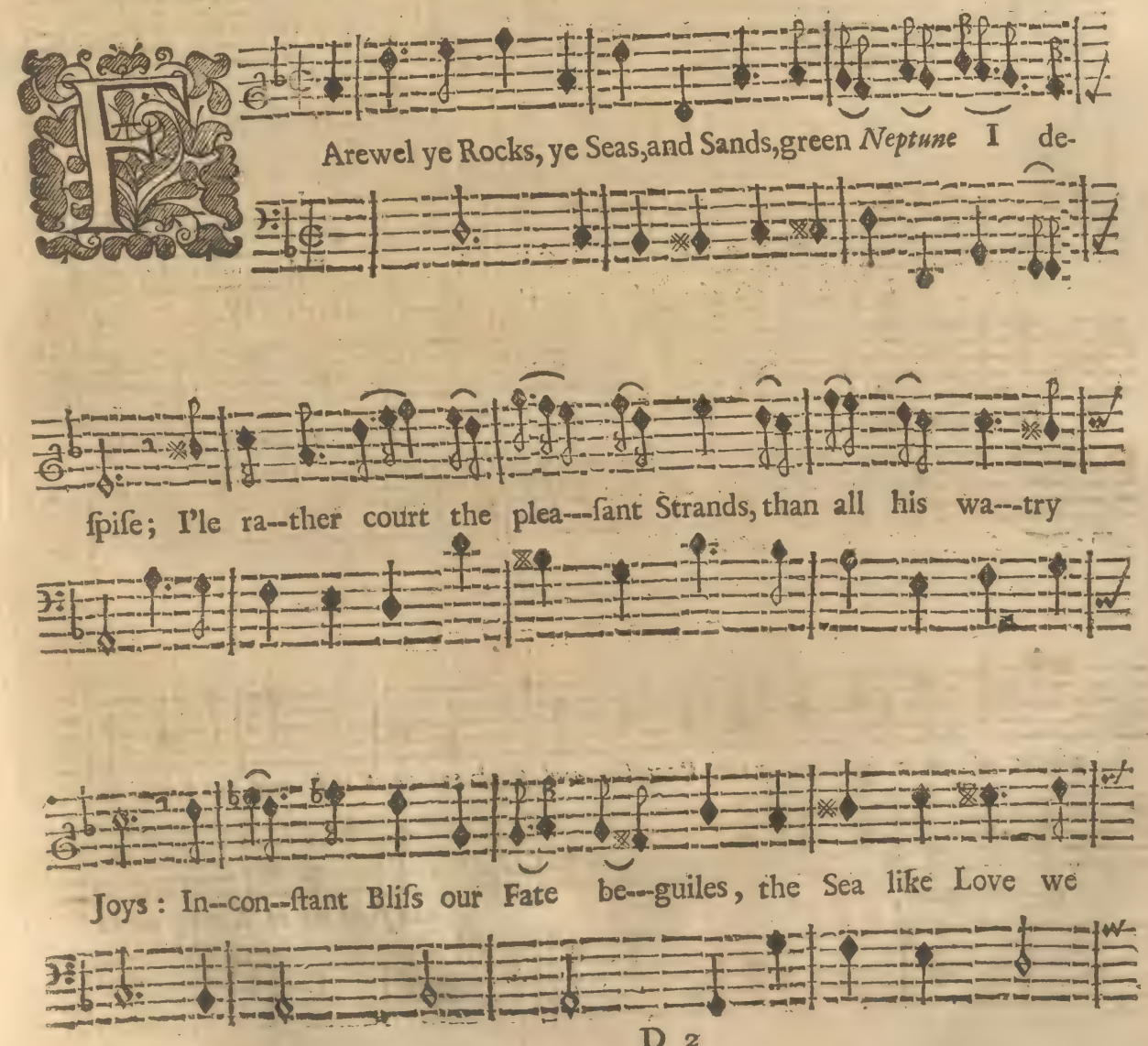
II.

Time was, falſe *Aurelia*, I thought you as bright
As Angels adorn'd in the Glories of Light;
But your Pride and Ingratitude now, I thank Fate,
Have taught my dull Sence to diſtinguiſh the Cheat:
And now I can ſee in your Face no ſuch Prize,
No Charms in your Perſon, no Darts in your Eyes.

III.

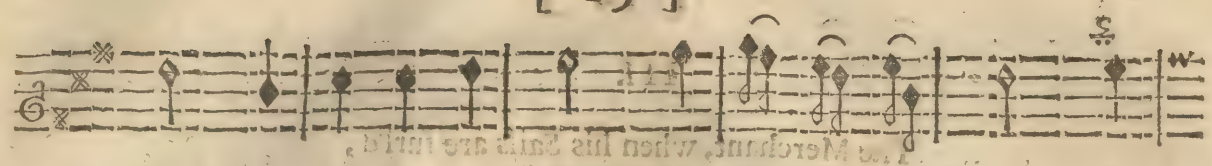
Fain, fain for your ſake my Amours I would end,
And the reſt of my days give my Books, and my Friend;
But another kind Fair calls me fool, to deſtroy,
For the ſake of one Jilt, my whole Life's greateſt Joy:
For tho' Friends, Wine, and Books, make Life's Diadem ſhine;
Love, Love is the Jewel that makes it ſo fine.

The STORM; *ſet to Muſic by Mr.* Henry Purcell.

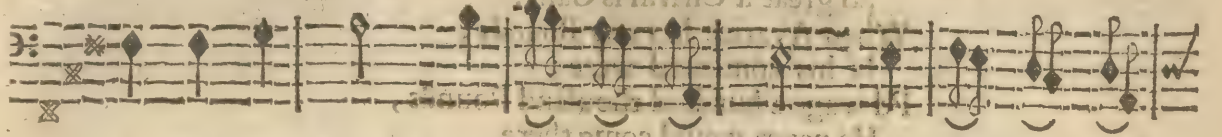


find; where Calms are like fair *Cynthia*'s Smiles, and frowns like gusts of Wind.

Hear the noise of the Tar--paw--lin Boys; Port, port, Port, port, port, hear the noise of the port, Luff hawl aft the Sheet is the Ma----ri----ner's Wit: A Tarpawlin Boys: A plague of their plague of their ig----no--rant Prattle, and send me to Land, and send me to ig----no--rant, ig---no--rant Prattle, and send me to Land, where

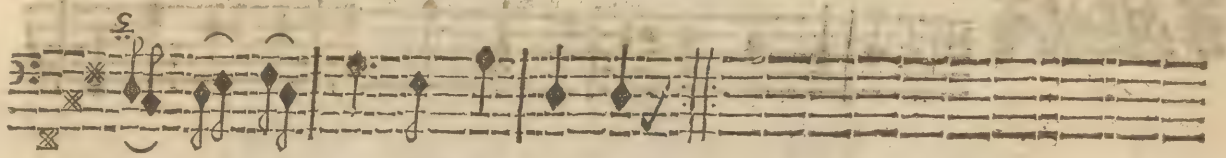


Land, where I may com--mand a pret---ty kind Wench, a

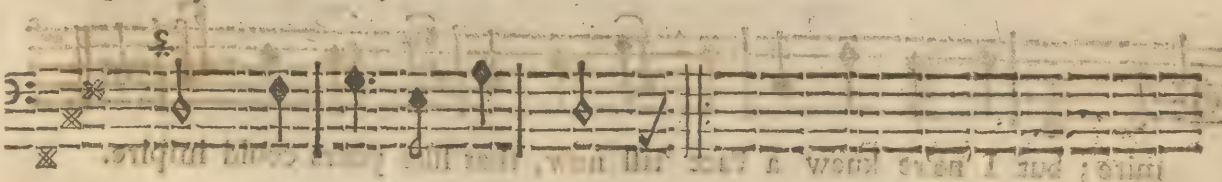


I may com---mand a pret---ty kind Wench, a pret---ty kind

pret--ty kind Wench, and a Bot--tle.



pret---ty kind Wench, and a Bot--tle.



II.

With all God's Miracles at Land,
Let me acquainted be;
Let Fools that more would understand,
Go find them out at Sea.
His mighty Works I'le praise on Shore,
And there his Blessings reap;
But from this moment seek no more
His Wonders in the Deep.

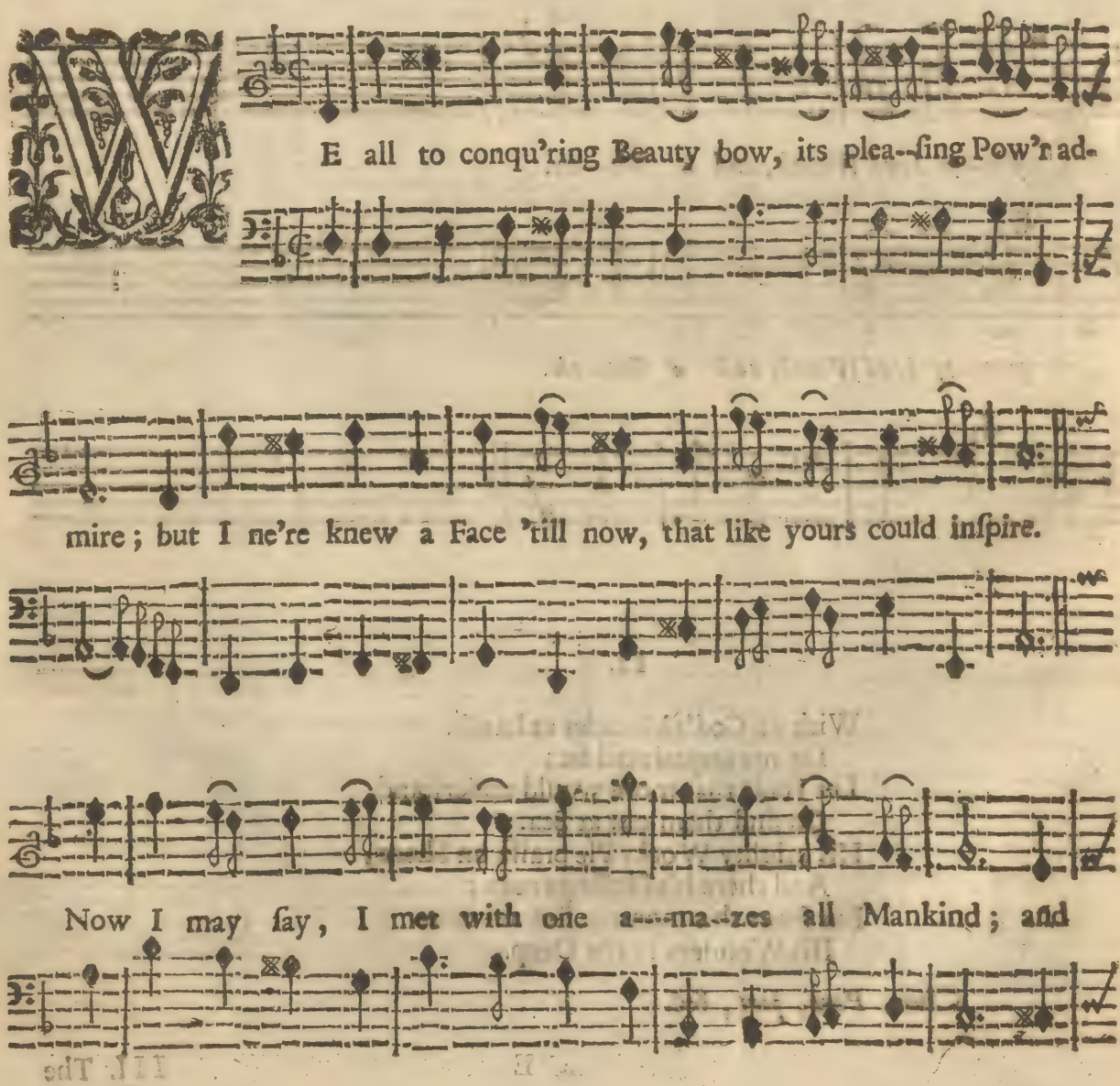
Chor. *Port, port*, &c.

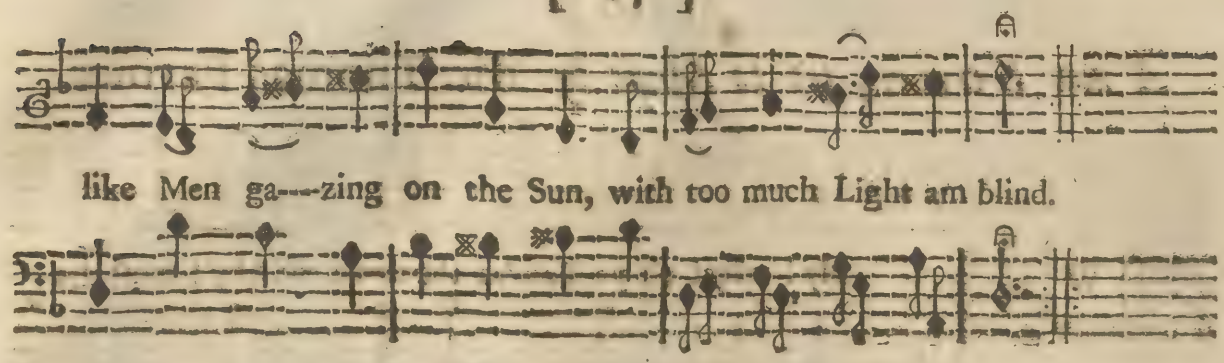
III.

The Merchant, when his Sails are furl'd,
Glides o're the foamy Main;
And ploughs with eaſe the watry World,
So great a Charm is Gain:
When Avarice has any Bounds,
If his contented were;
I'd wage a hundred thouſand Pounds,
He never would come there.

Chor. *Port, port*, &c.

The PERFECTION; *a new Song to the Dutcheſs: Set to Muſic by Dr.* John Blow.





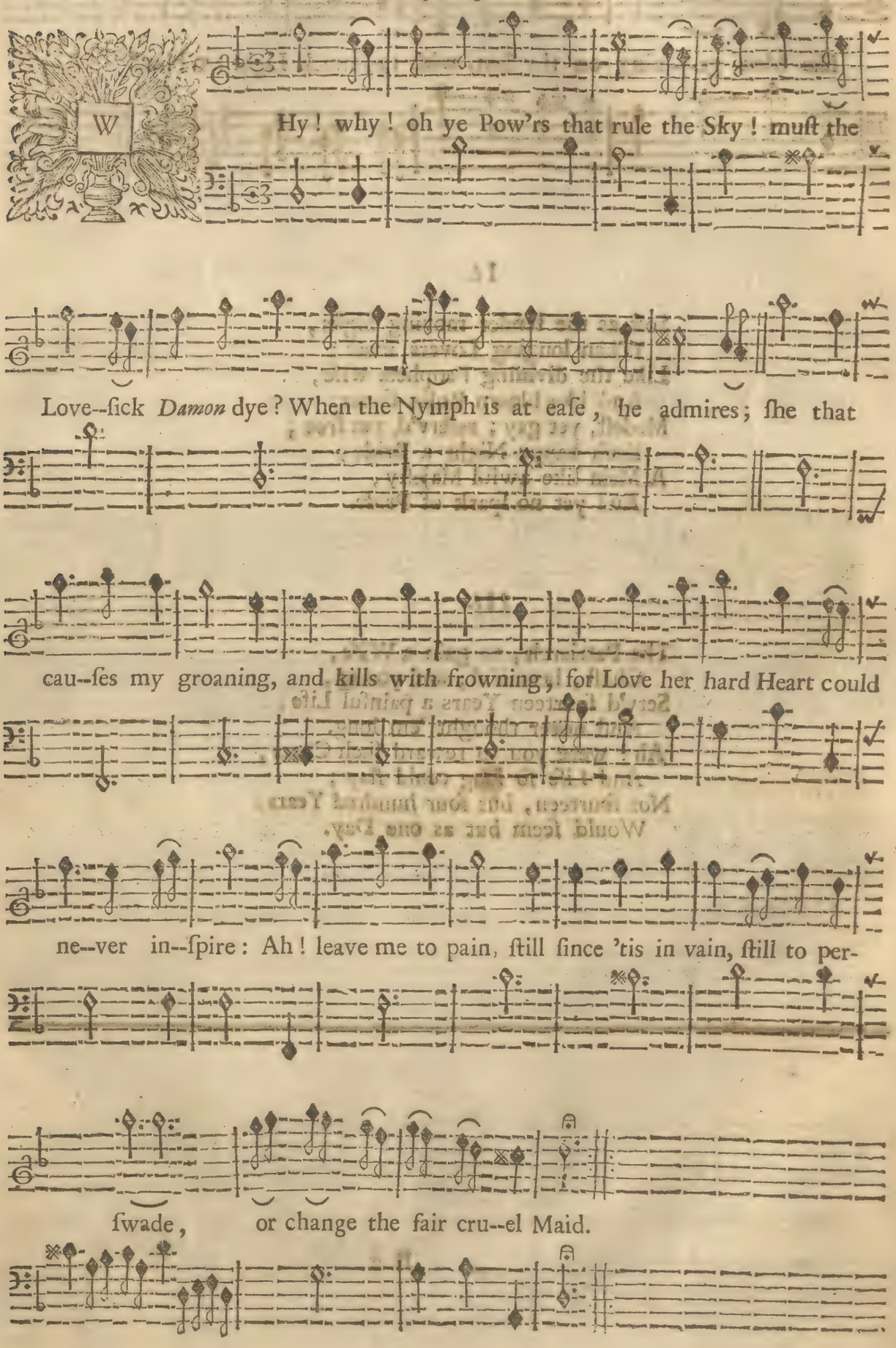
II.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophets wife,
And like blown Roses sweet:
Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
Each happy Night a Bride;
A Mein like awful Majesty,
And yet no spark of Pride.

III.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
Chast, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought 'em long.
Ah! were you to reward such Cares,
And Life so long could stay;
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
Would seem but as one Day.

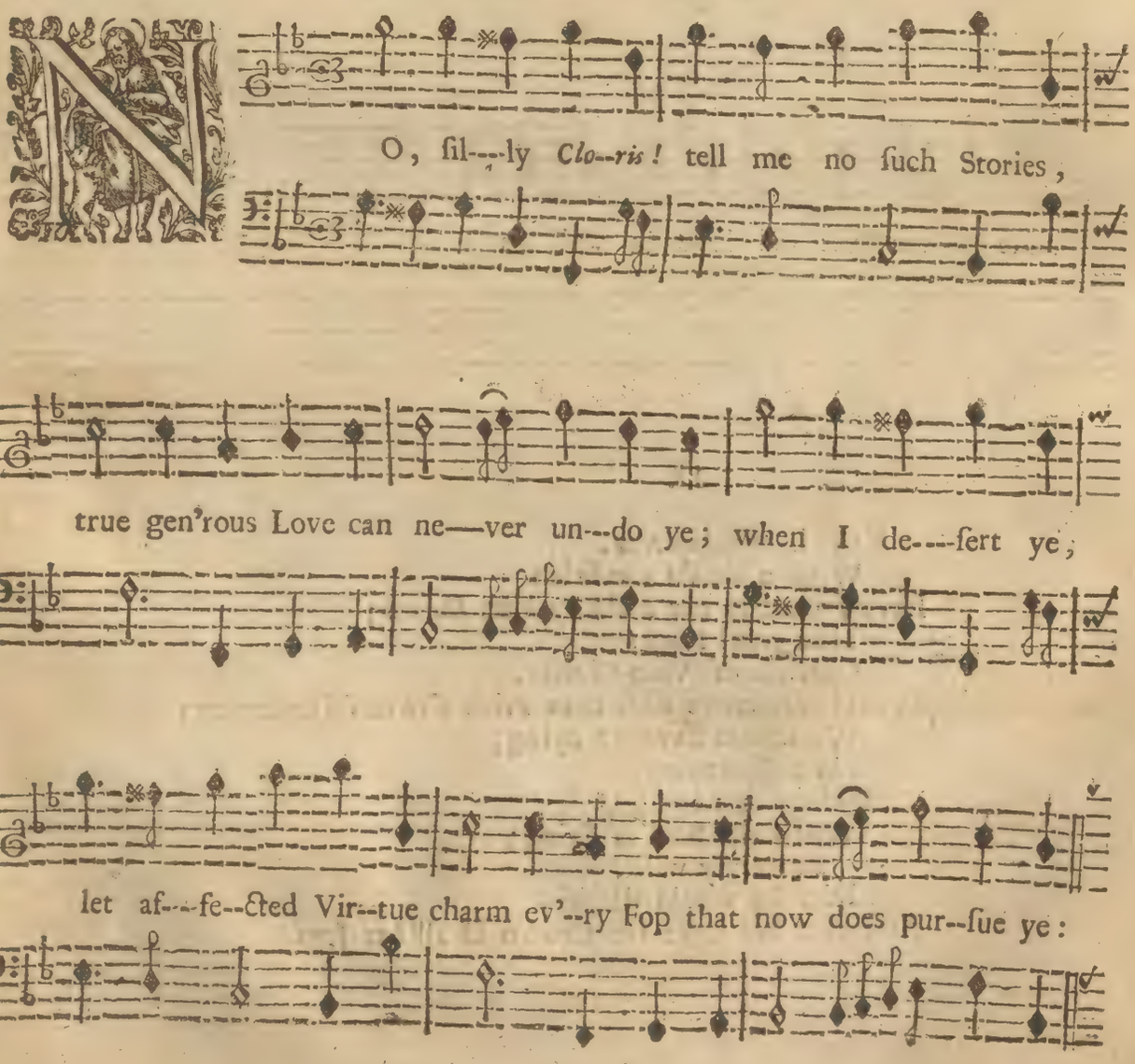
A new SONG; *ſet to Muſic by Mr.* Thomas Farmer.

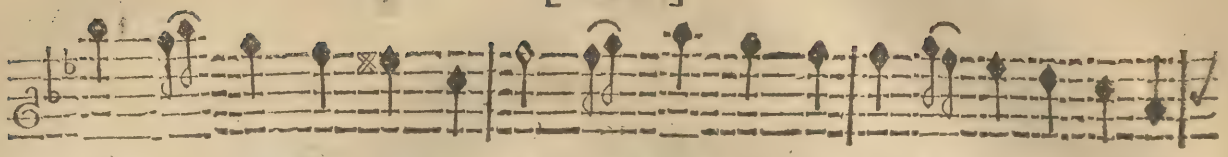


II.

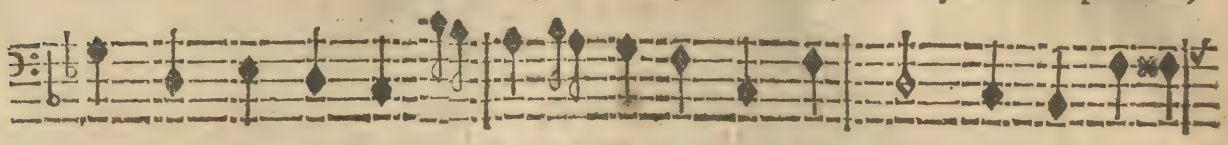
Down, down,
By a Brook I'le lay me down;
Where the Stream does sadly run,
Whose Waves my Tears shall still encrease;
Oh ye mercilefs Powers!
That talk of showers
Of Joys in Heaven poor Mortals possefs!
Ah! if you would have me
Ever believe Joys after Death;
Give me her to strengthen my Faith.

The DISTRUST; *a new Song set to Music by Mr.* John Lenton.

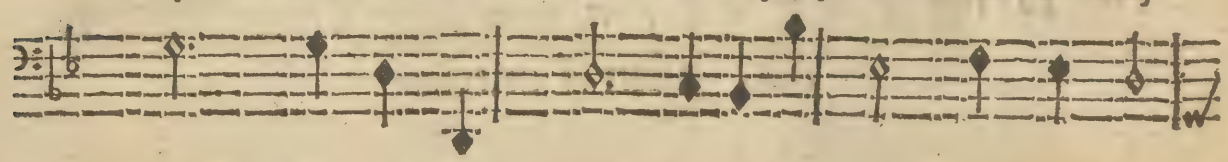


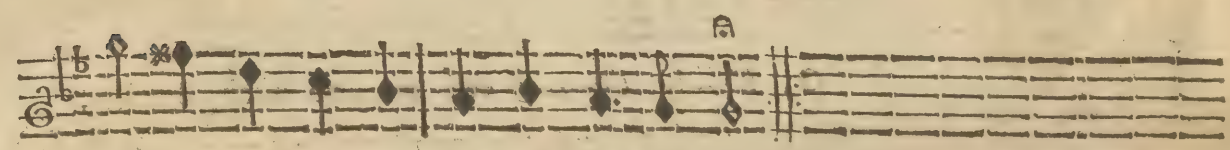


Search all hu--man Nature, try ev'---ry Creature, ſtu--dy all Complexions,

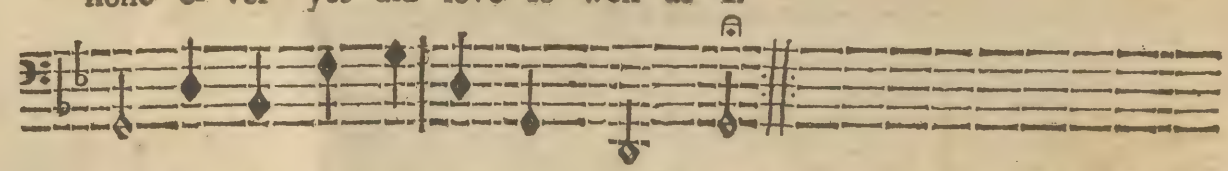


ev'--ry Face and Feature; and when e're I dye, you'l too late de—ſcry





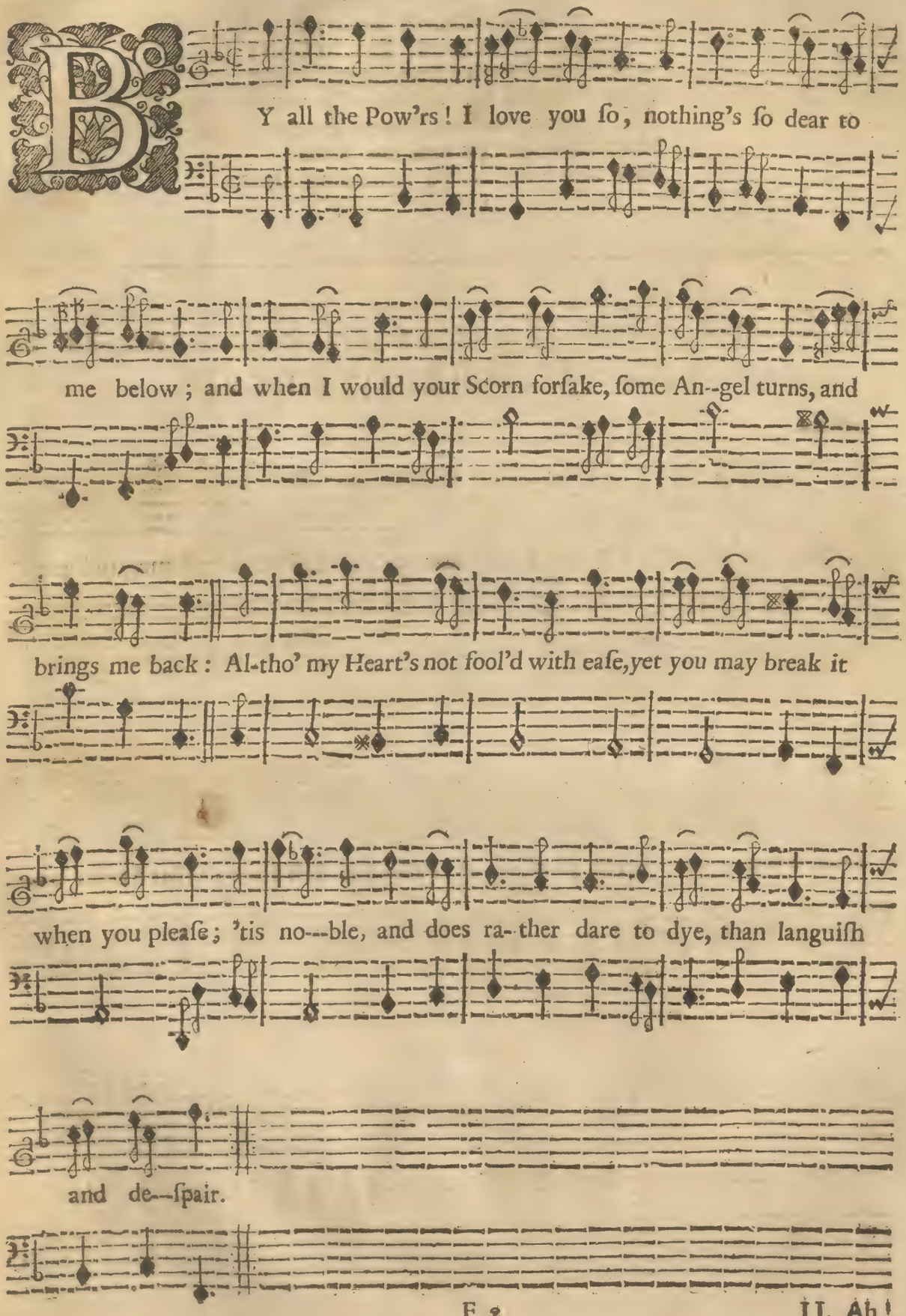
none e--ver yet did love ſo well as I.



II.

Curſe on *Ambition*,
What a bleſs'd condition
Lovers were in not aw'd by that *Dæmon*;
Then cruel *Cloris!*
Careleſs of Vain-Glories,
Would reap more Bliſs than Pride e're could dream on:
We ſhould have no dying,
No Self-denying,
Sighings or Repulſes,
When the Soul is flying;
But truly wiſe,
Dirt ſhe would deſpiſe,
And own her Love the Crown of all her Joys.

The PASSION; *set to Music by Mr.* Samuel Akeroyd.

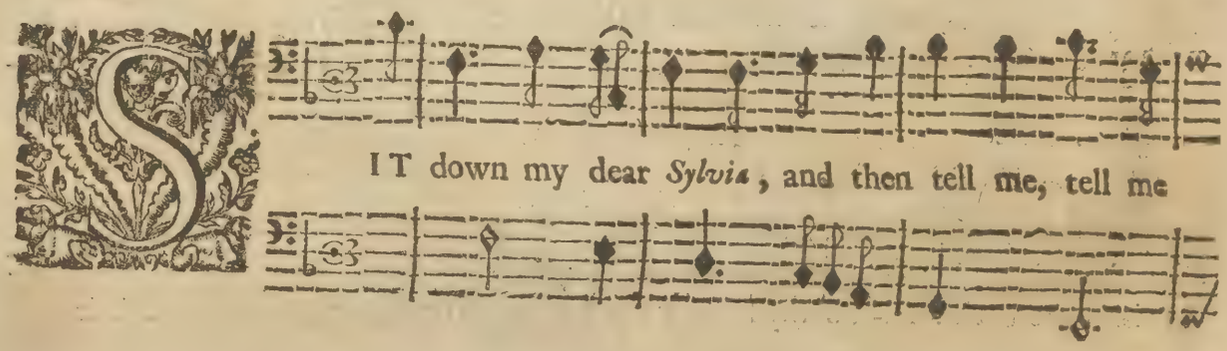


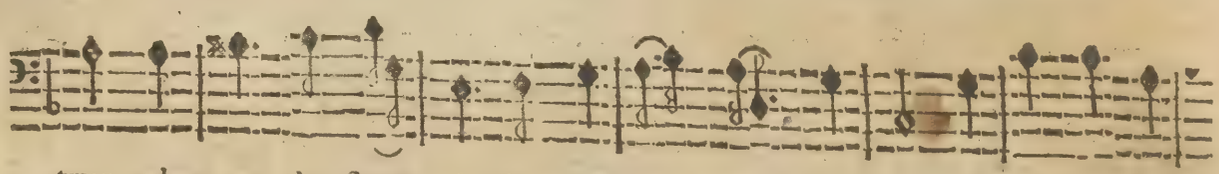
II.

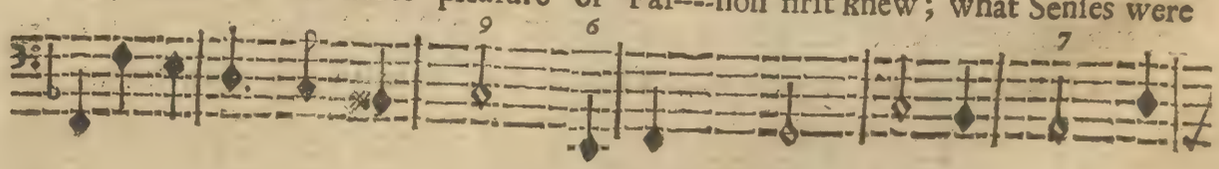
Ah! tell me not that Men deceive,
But if you'd be believ'd, believe;
My Heart, like Tapers, ſhut in Urns,
Whilſt Love gives Matter ever burns:
Since kindneſs has reſiſtleſs Charms,
And Beauty, wanting Youth, decays;
Make haſt, and fly into my Arms,
And crown my bleſs'd remaining Days.

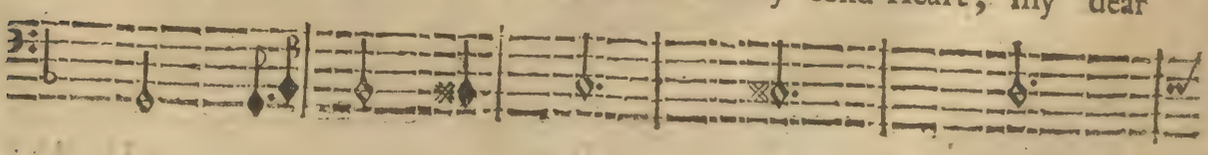
A Dialogue betwixt ALEXIS *and* SYLVIA: *Set to Muſic by Mr.* Henry Purcell.

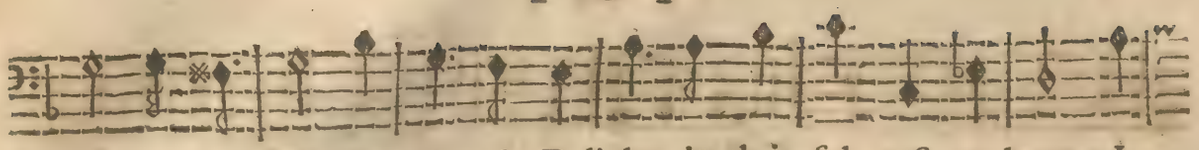
Alexis.





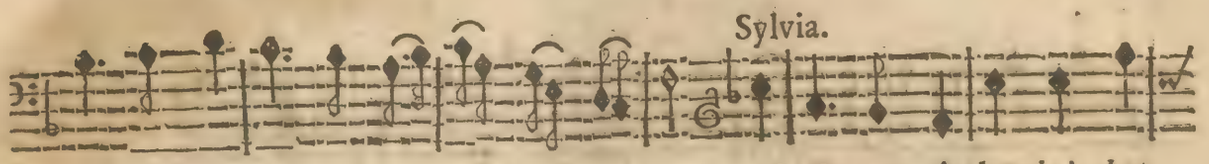




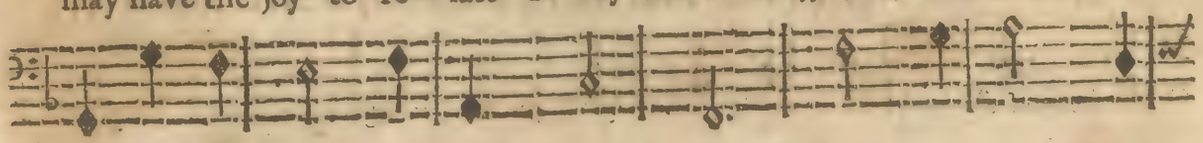


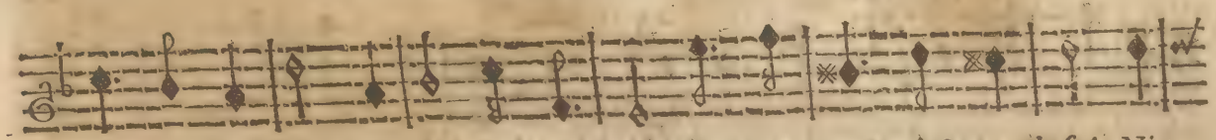
Nymph! prethee tell! That when thy Delights in their ful---nes are known, I

Sylvia.

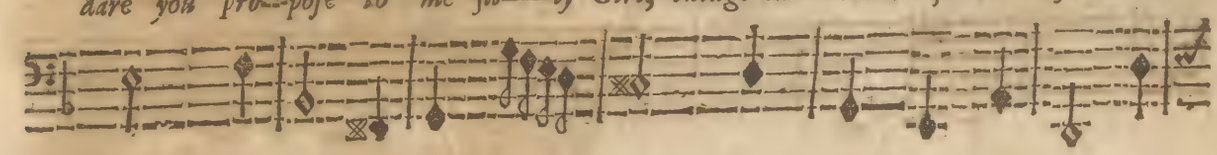


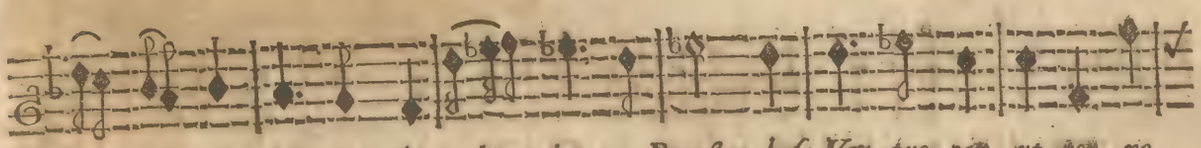
may have the joy to re---late all my own. *Oh fye, my* A--lex--is! *how*





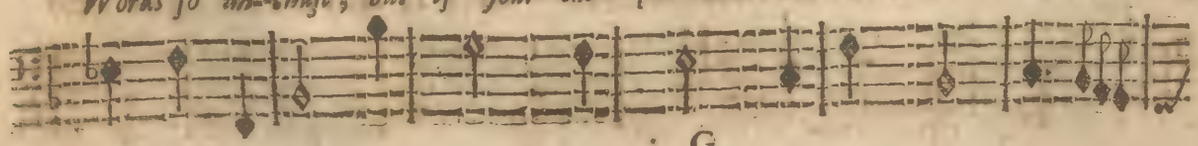
dare you pro--pose to me sil---ly Girl, things im---mo---dest as those! Nice



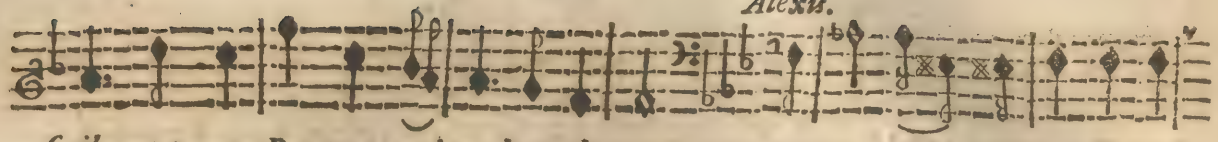


Can--dor and Mo---de---sty glow in my Breast, whose Ver--tue can ut--ter no

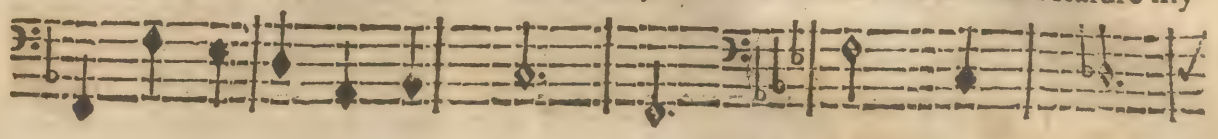
Words so un--chast; but if your im---pa--tience ad--mits no de---lay, de-

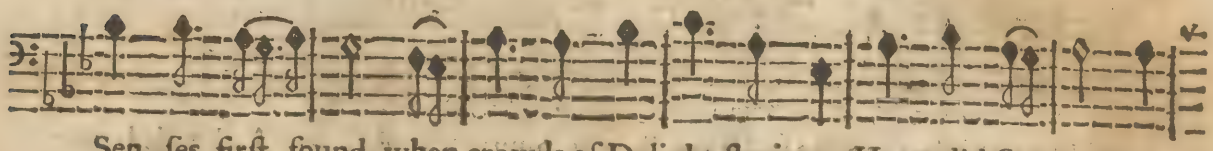


Alexis.

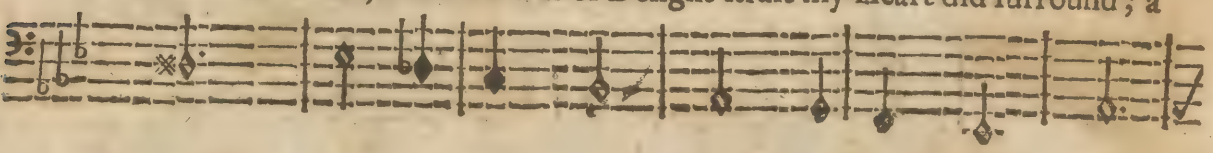


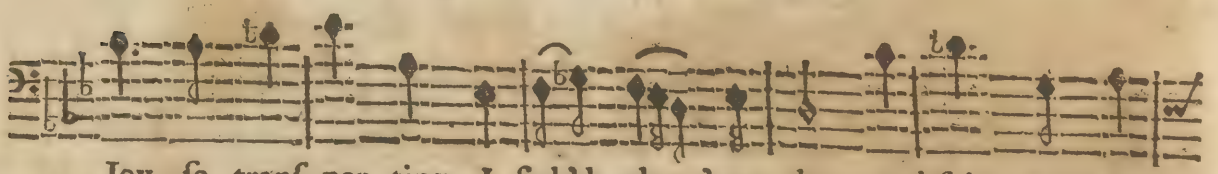
ſcribe your own Raptures, and teach me the way. A Pain mix'd with Pleaſure my



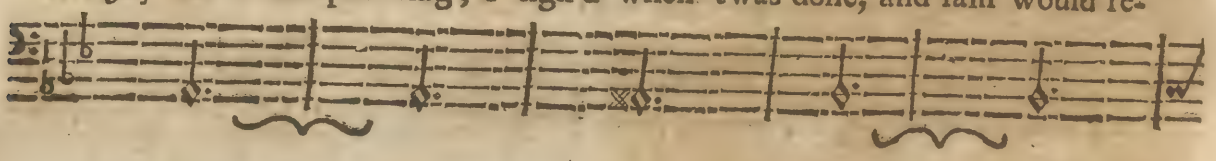


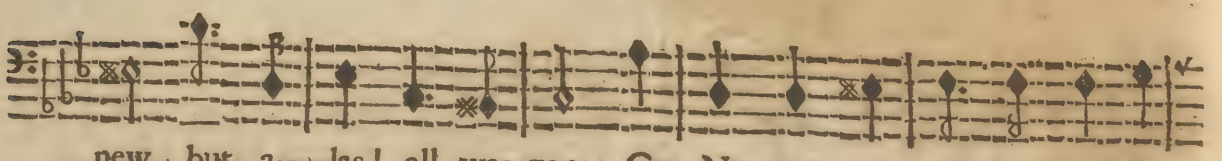
Sen--ſes firſt found, when crowds of Delight ſtrait my Heart did ſurround; a



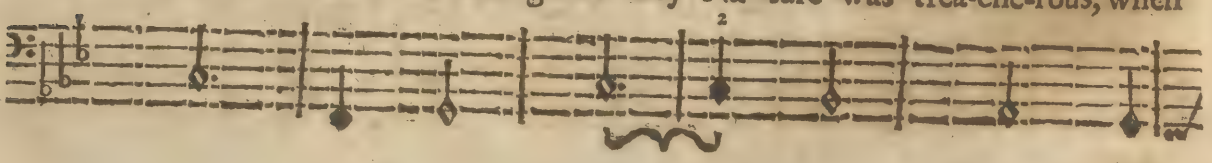


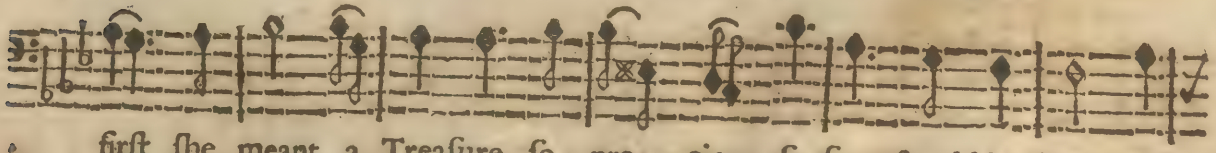
Joy ſo tranſ--por--ting, I ſigh'd when 'twas done, and fain would re-



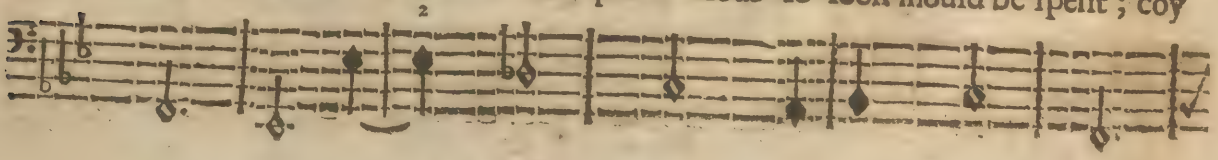


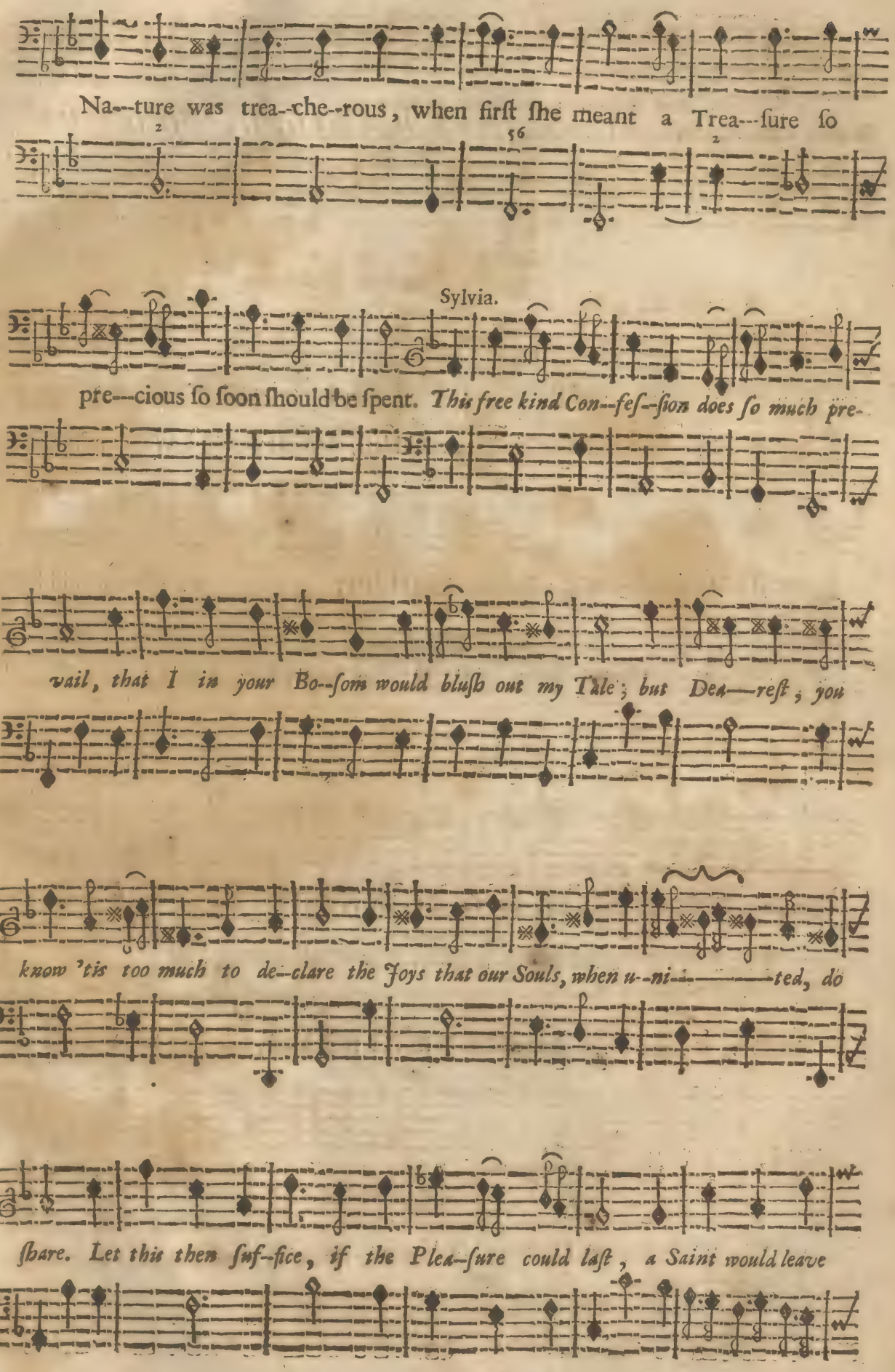
new, but a——las! all was gone: Coy Na--ture was trea-che-rous, when

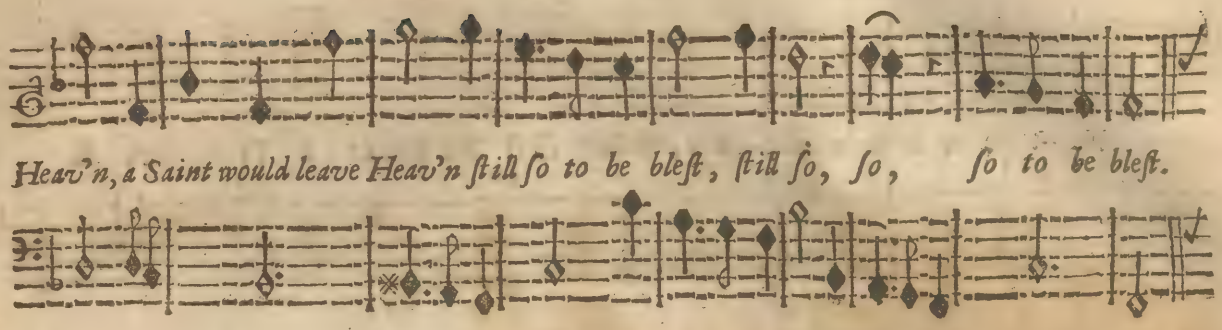




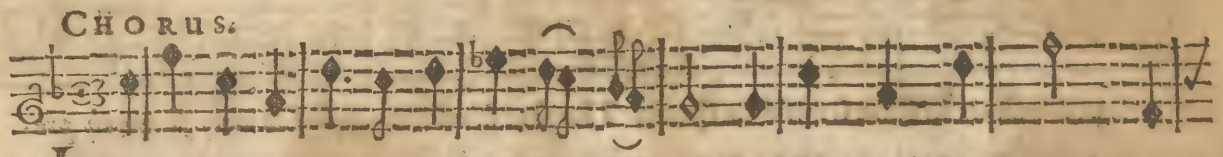
firſt ſhe meant a Treaſure ſo pre——cious ſo ſoon ſhould be ſpent; coy




Na--ture was trea--che--rous, when first she meant a Trea--sure so
Sylvia.
pre--cious so soon should be spent. *This free kind Con--fes--sion does so much pre-*
vail, that I in your Bo--som would blush out my Tale; but Dea--rest, you
know 'tis too much to de--clare the Joys that our Souls, when u--ni--ted, do
share. Let this then suf--fice, if the Plea--sure could last, a Saint would leave

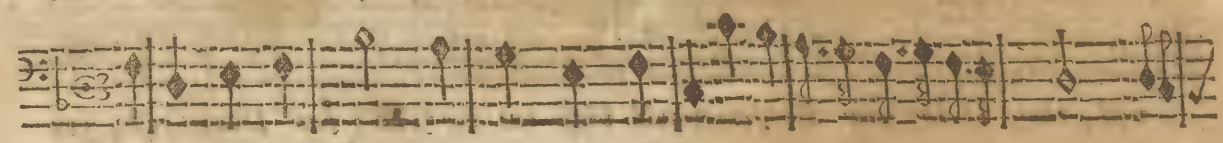


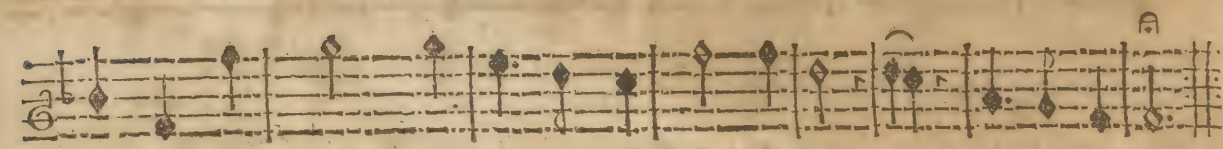
CHORUS.



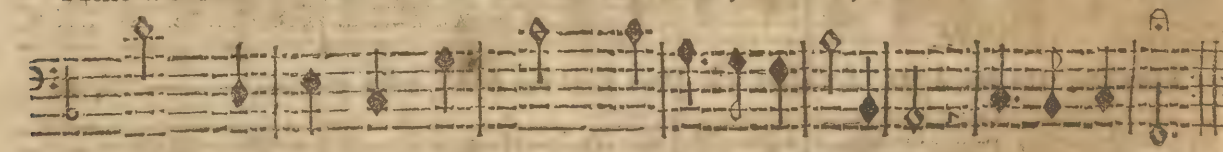
LET this then ſuffice, if the Pleaſure could laſt, a Saint would leave Heav'n, a

LET this then ſuffice, if the Pleaſure could laſt, a Saint would leave



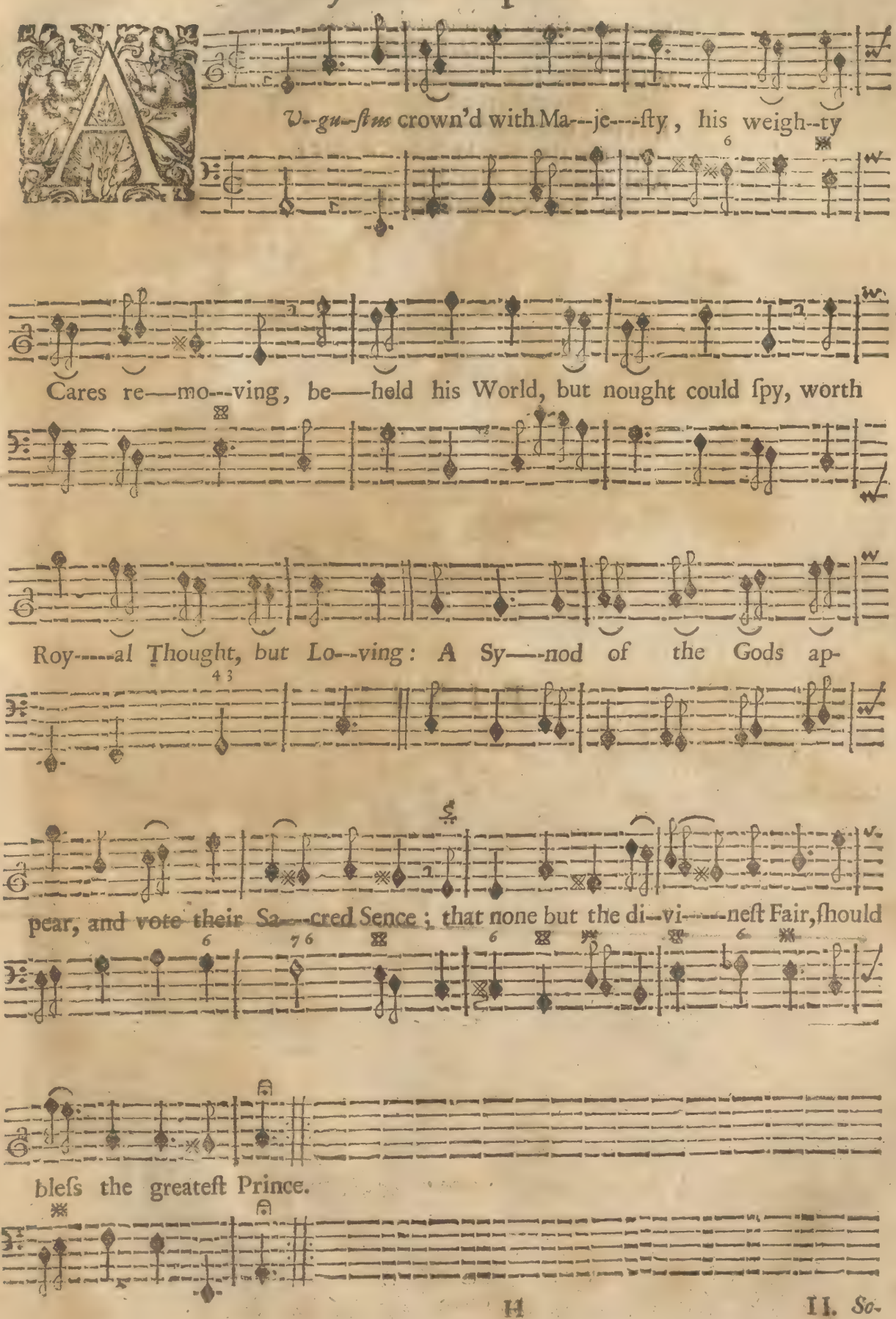


Saint would leave Heav'n ſtill ſo to be bleſt, ſtill ſo, ſo, ſo to be bleſt.



Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n ſtill ſo to be bleſt, ſtill ſo, ſo to be bleſt.

On AUGUSTUS *and* SOPHRONIA; *set to Music by Senior* Baptist.



II.

Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief Bleſſing;
With Dove-like Innocence, her Face
Was ſweet beyond expreſſing:
A Time commanding Beauty muſt,
While the World laſts, be fine;
And when the World is ſhook to duſt,
The Sun will ceaſe to ſhine.

FINIS.

REMEDIUM MELANCHOLIÆ,

OR THE

Remedy of Melancholy.

BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

NEW SONGS:

WITH A

Thorow-Baſs for the *Harpſichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Baſs-Viol.*

Compoſed by *John Wolfgang Franck.*

THE FIRST BOOK.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*, and are to be ſold by the Author, living at Mr. *Bond's* a Barber in *Lothbury.* 1690.

rcma 446
D63/7

A TABLE of the SONGS Contained in this Book.

	Page.
A.	
A *Mintas* led me to the Grove,	12
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Astella bright, I saw her sit,	4
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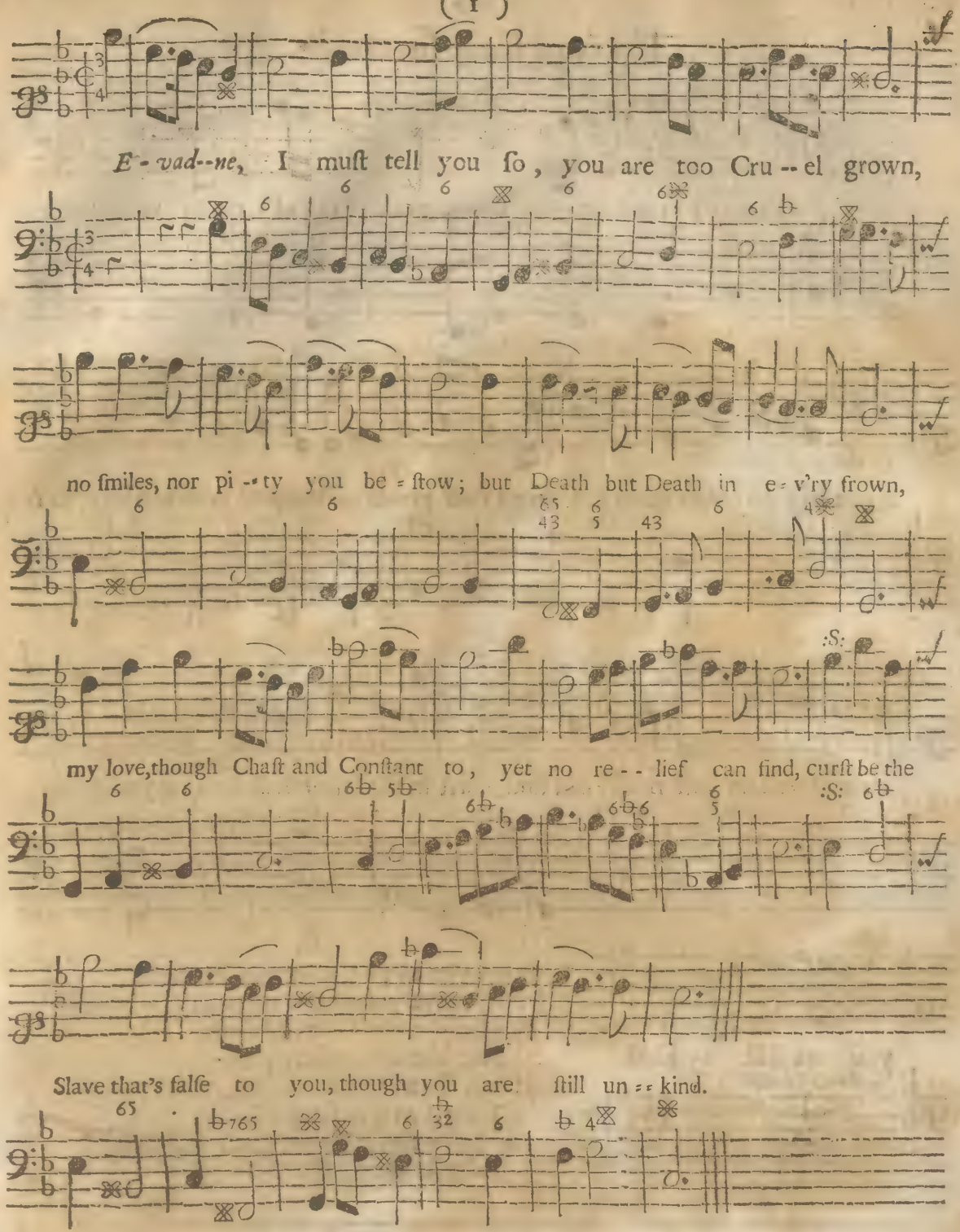
ERRATA.

In Page 9. reade the third *Stanza* thus;

Love is a Fellow, clad all in yellow,
The Canker-worm of the mind;
A privy mischief, and such a sly Thief,
No man knows where him to find.

A C. for 12 Voices.

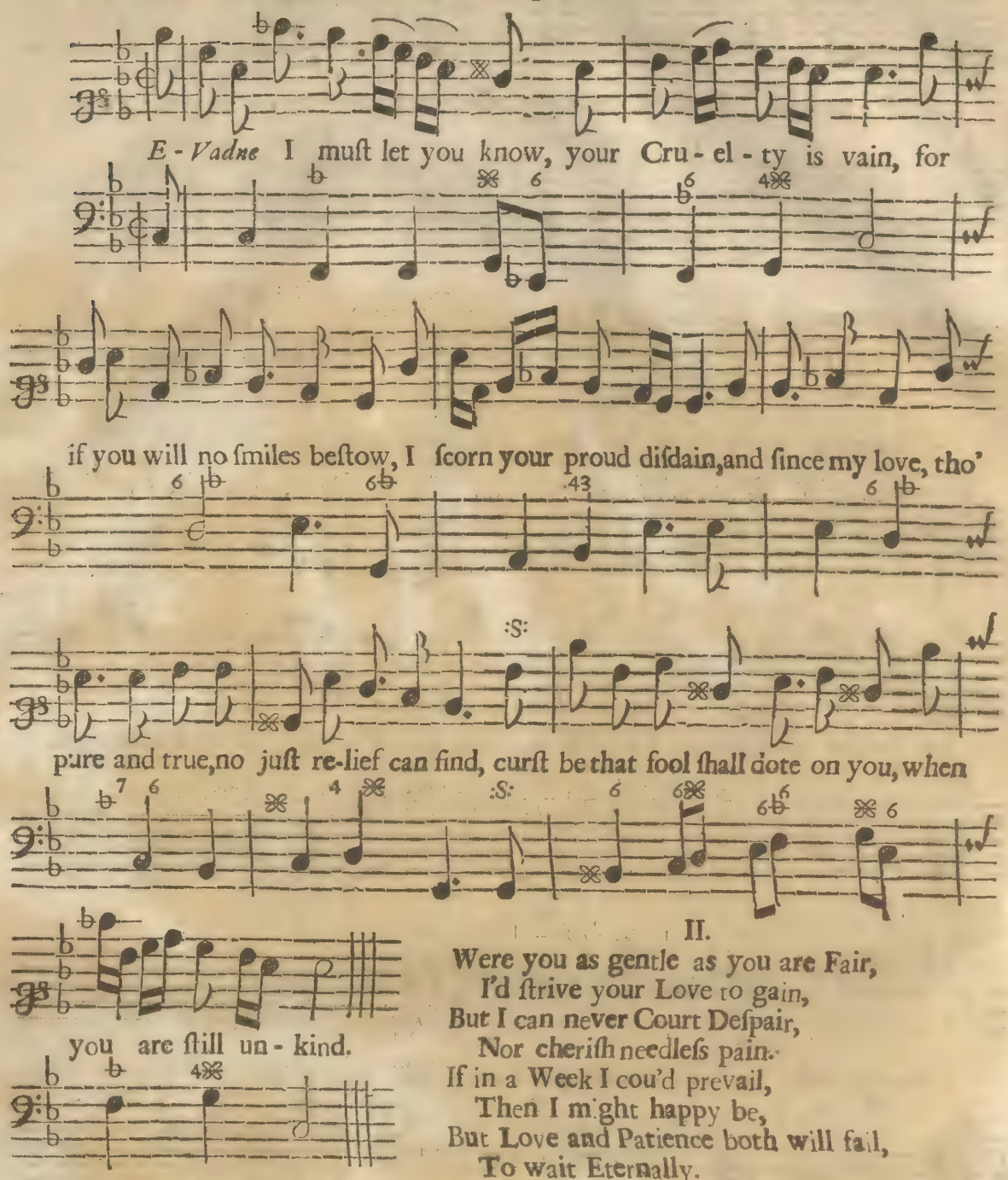
Come, let us Sing, let us Spring, let us drink a good Health to our King.



2.

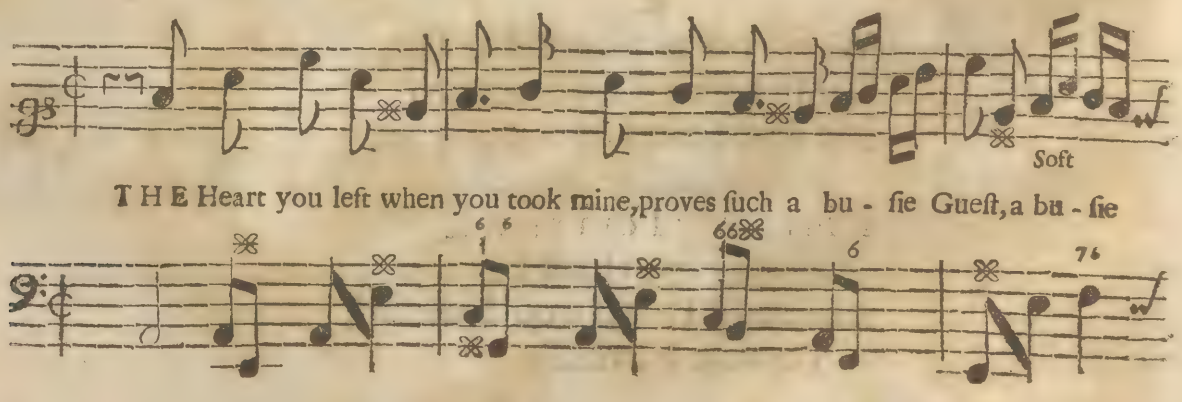
Were you as merciful as fair,
My wiſhes wou'd obtain;
But love I muſt tho' I deſpair,
And periſh in the pain,
If in an Age I can prevail,
I happy then ſhall be,
And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail,
To wait Eternally.

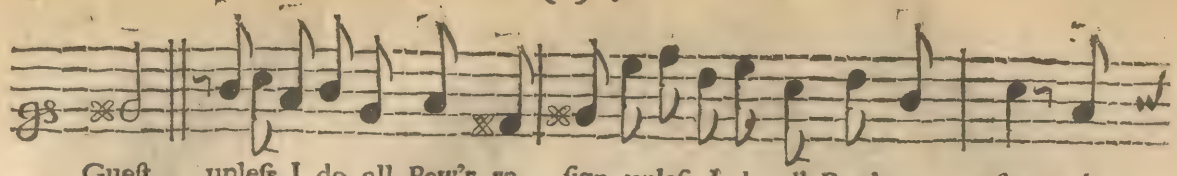
The ſame Song Inverted.



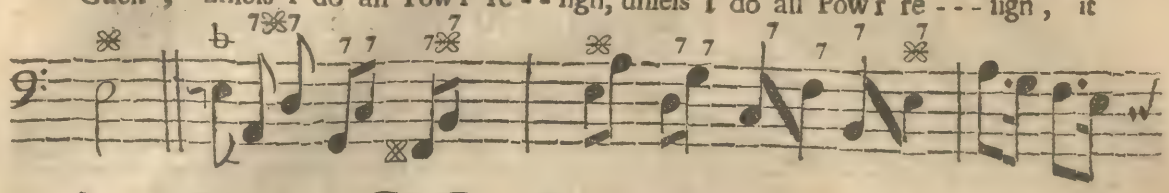
II.

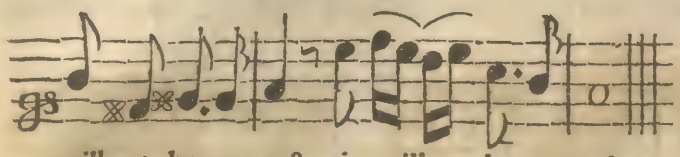
Were you as gentle as you are Fair,
I'd ſtrive your Love to gain,
But I can never Court Deſpair,
Nor cheriſh needleſs pain.
If in a Week I cou'd prevail,
Then I might happy be,
But Love and Patience both will fail,
To wait Eternally.



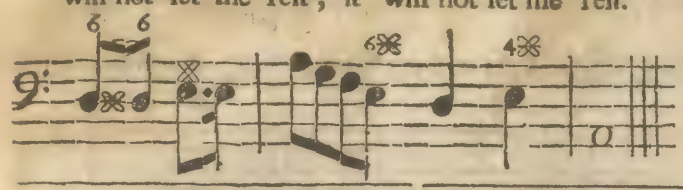


Gueſt , unleſs I do all Pow'r re - - ſign, unleſs I do all Pow'r re - - - ſign , it



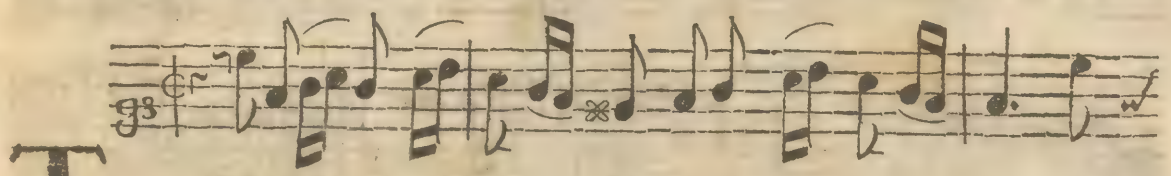


will not let me reſt , it will not let me reſt.

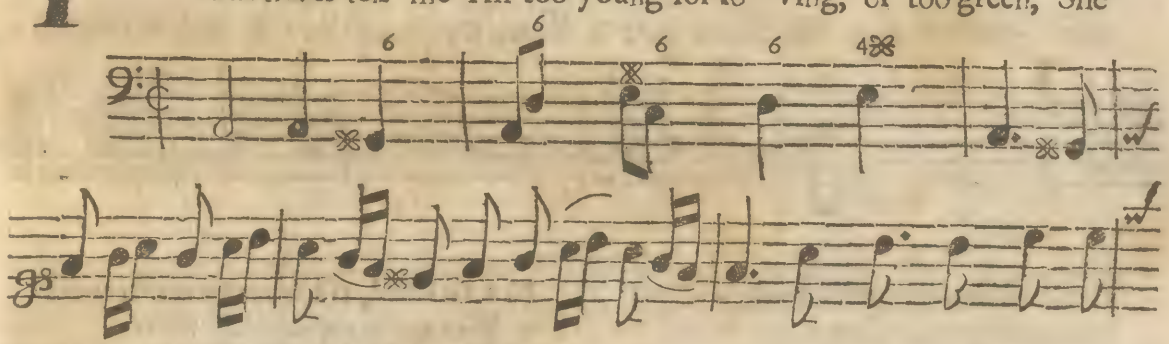


II.

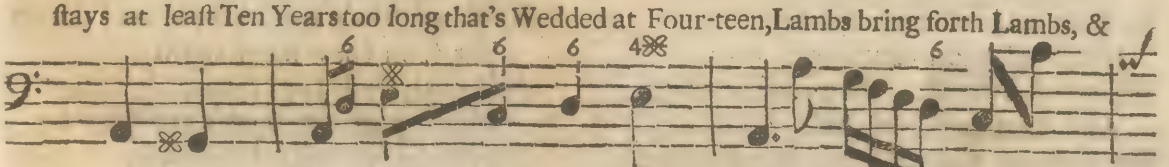
In my whole Family diſturbs,
Turns all my Thoughts away,
My ſtouteſt Reſolution curbs,
Makes Judgment to obey:
If Reaſon interpoſe her pow'r,
Alaſs ! ſo weak ſhe is,
She's check'd with one ſmall ſoft Amour,
And conquer'd with a Kiſs.

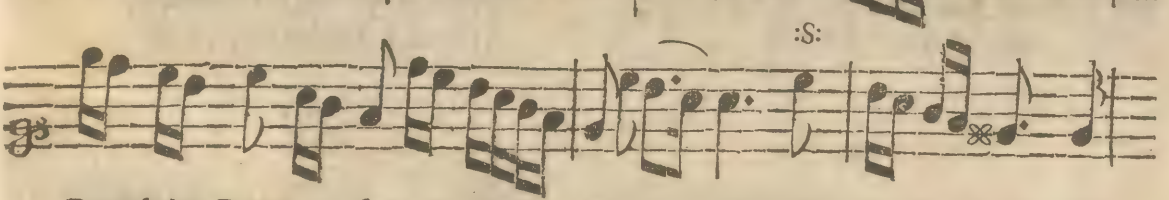


T Ush never tell me I'm too young for lo - ving, or too green, She

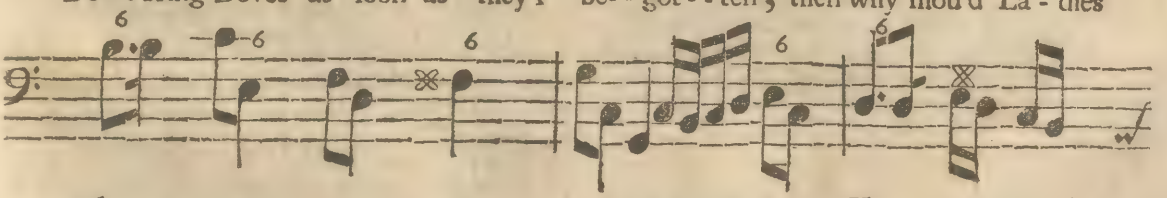


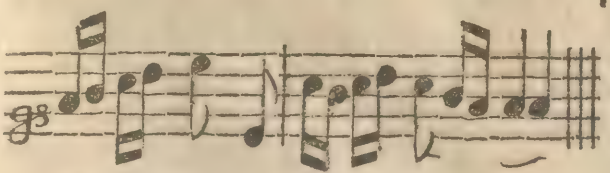
ſtays at leaſt Ten Years too long that's Wedded at Four-teen, Lambs bring forth Lambs, &



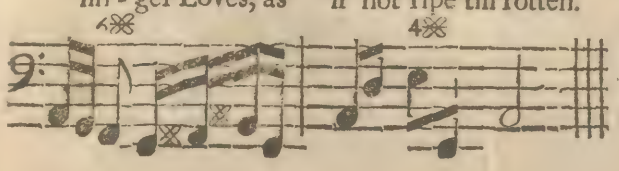


Doves bring Doves as ſoon as they'r be- - got - - ten , then why ſhou'd La - dies



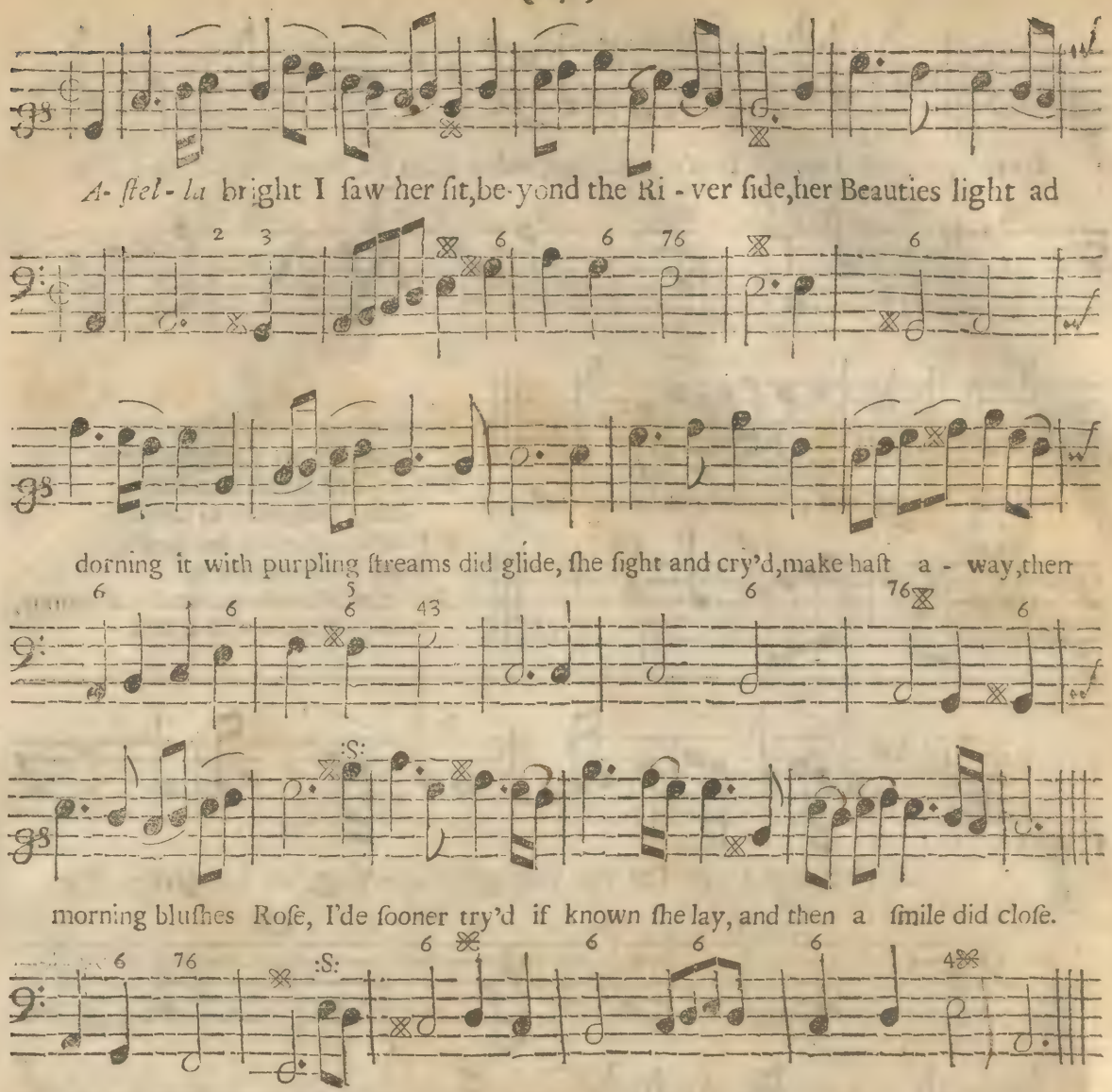


lin - ger Loves, as if not ripe till rotten.



II.

Gray Hairs are fitter for the Grave,
Then for the Bridal Bed ;
What pleaſure can a Lover have
In a wither'd Maidenhead ?
Nature's exalted in our time,
And what our Grandams then
At four and twenty ſcarce cou'd climb
We can arrive at Ten.

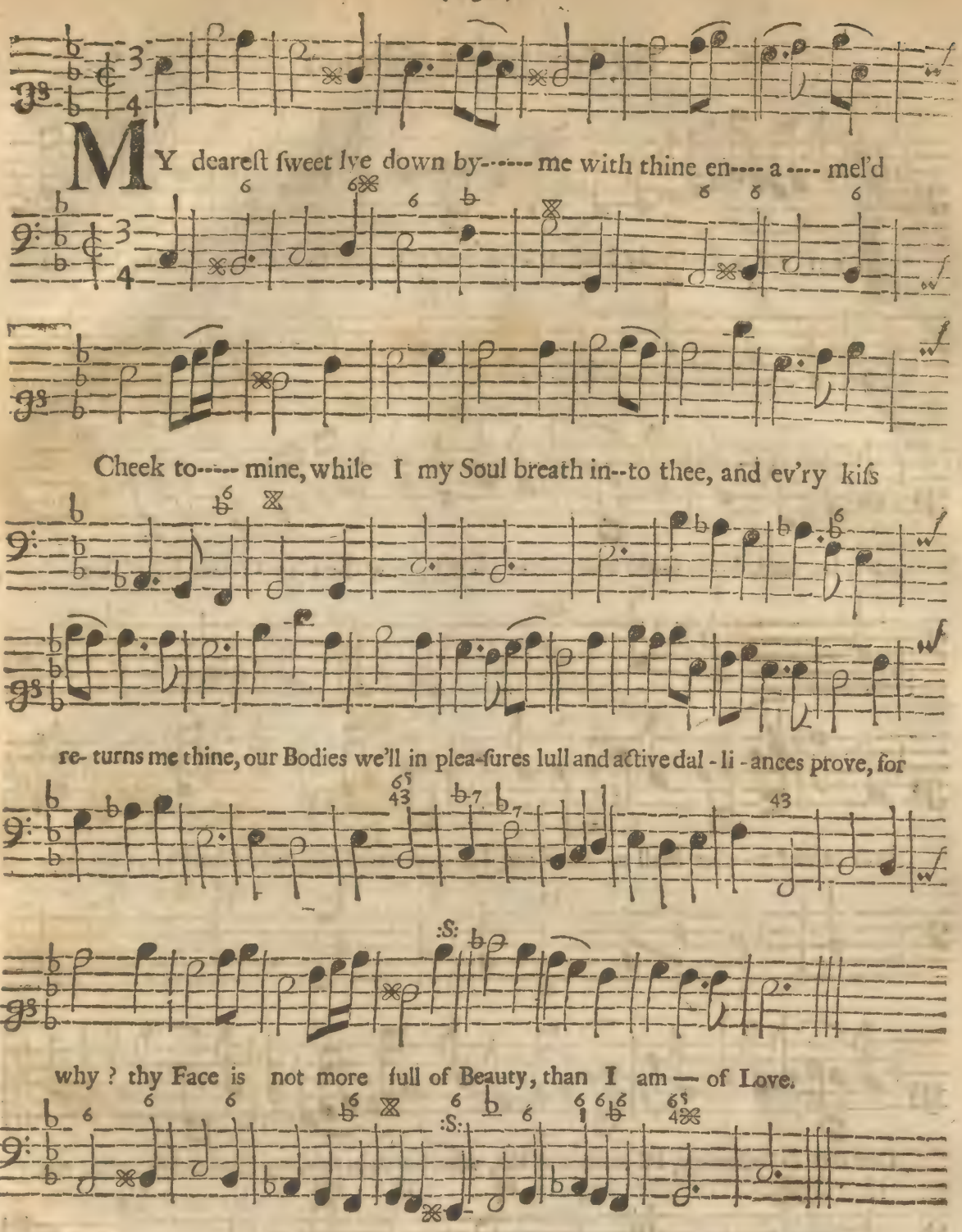


2.

A Shepherd ſtraight his Crook laid by,
And kindly did reſort;
No long debate he need to try,
But ſoon began the Sport,
Till tyr'd with bliſs, they gave it o're,
And then to Kiſſing fall;
She ſigh'd at this, and crav'd for more,
Still, ſtill for more did call.

3.

Not ſatisfied, till loves ſweet ſtream
Was quite exhauſted, then
Forc'd to divide from loves ſweet dream
But ſoon they meet again;
And with freſh Joys renew the bliſs,
Whilſt pleaſing ſhades are ſpread;
So love decoys with happineſs,
To win a *M*aidenhead.



II.

My willing Arms and Thighs shall clip,
And Ivy-like thy Limbs entwine,
When from thy Balsam Mouth I'll sip
A sure restoring Medicine.
And in the respits of our sport,
Thou shalt be Pearl, they Diamond Eye,
'Cause Nature made her sweet so short,
And shame me to a fresh supply.

III.

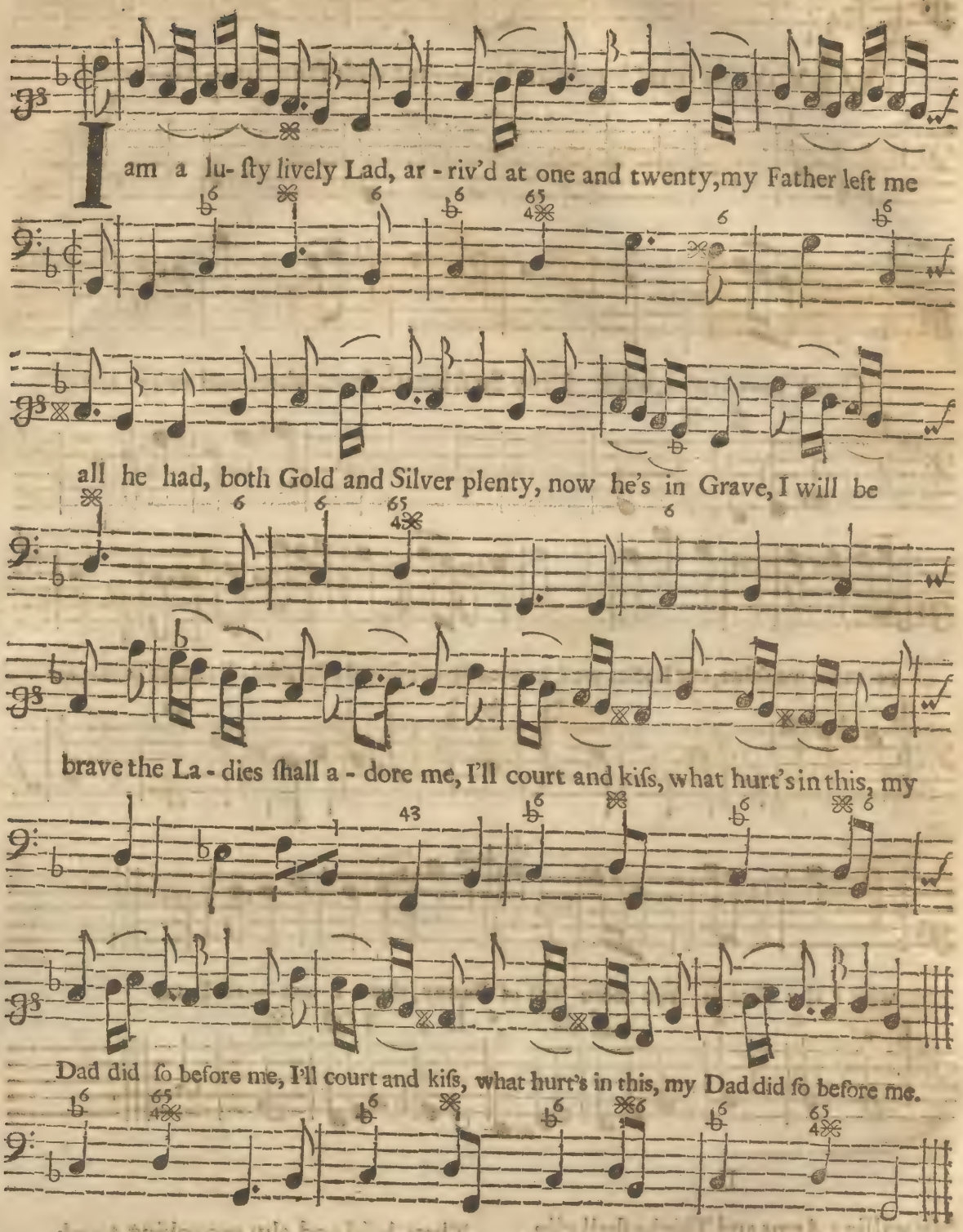
My busie Hand and Lips shall rove
O're all the sweets thy Beauties were,
And in thy Honey-suckle Grove
I'll distil what I gather'd there.

They bold and thy provoking touch,
Shall Loves Alembick so apply,
And shew, thy Chymick skill is such,
That I must melt in Love and dye.

IV.

And being thus bereft of breath,
Lovers still at my Tomb appear,
Wishing themselves no worse a Death,
Nor better Life than I had here:
Ladies shall sighing drop a tear,
As with pure love and pity mov'd,
That such a constant Servant here
Should dye because he over-lov'd.

The Prodigal's Resolution.

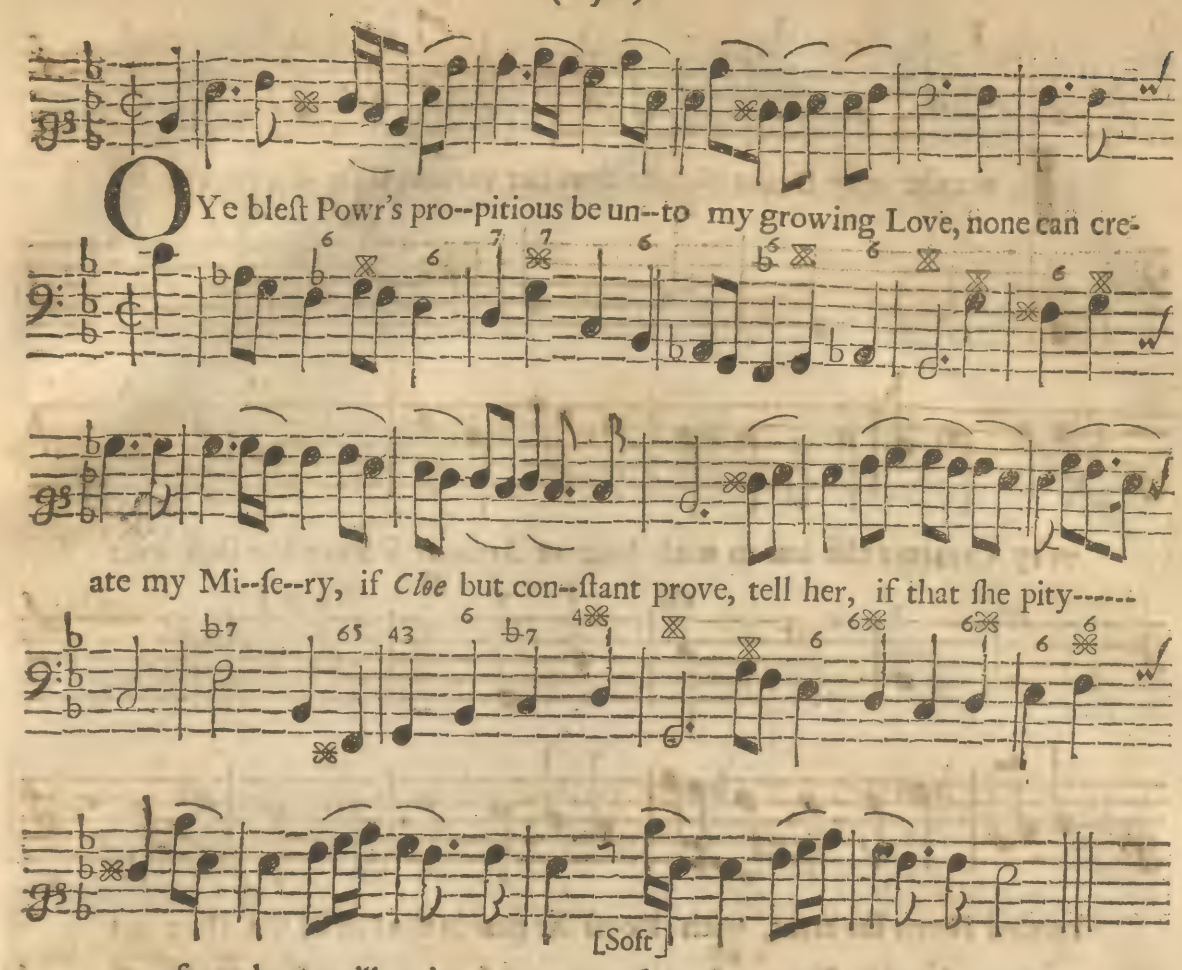


II.

My Father to get my Estate,
Though selfish, yet was slavish;
I'll spend it another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish.
From Madmen, Fools and Knaves he did
Litigiously receive it;
If so he did, Justice forbid
But I to such should leave it.

III.

Then I'll to Court, where *Venus* sport
Doth revel it in plenty;
And deal with all, both great and small,
From twelve to five and twenty.
In Playhouses I'll spend my Days,
For there are store of Misses;
Ladies make room, behold I come,
To purchase many Kisses.



II.

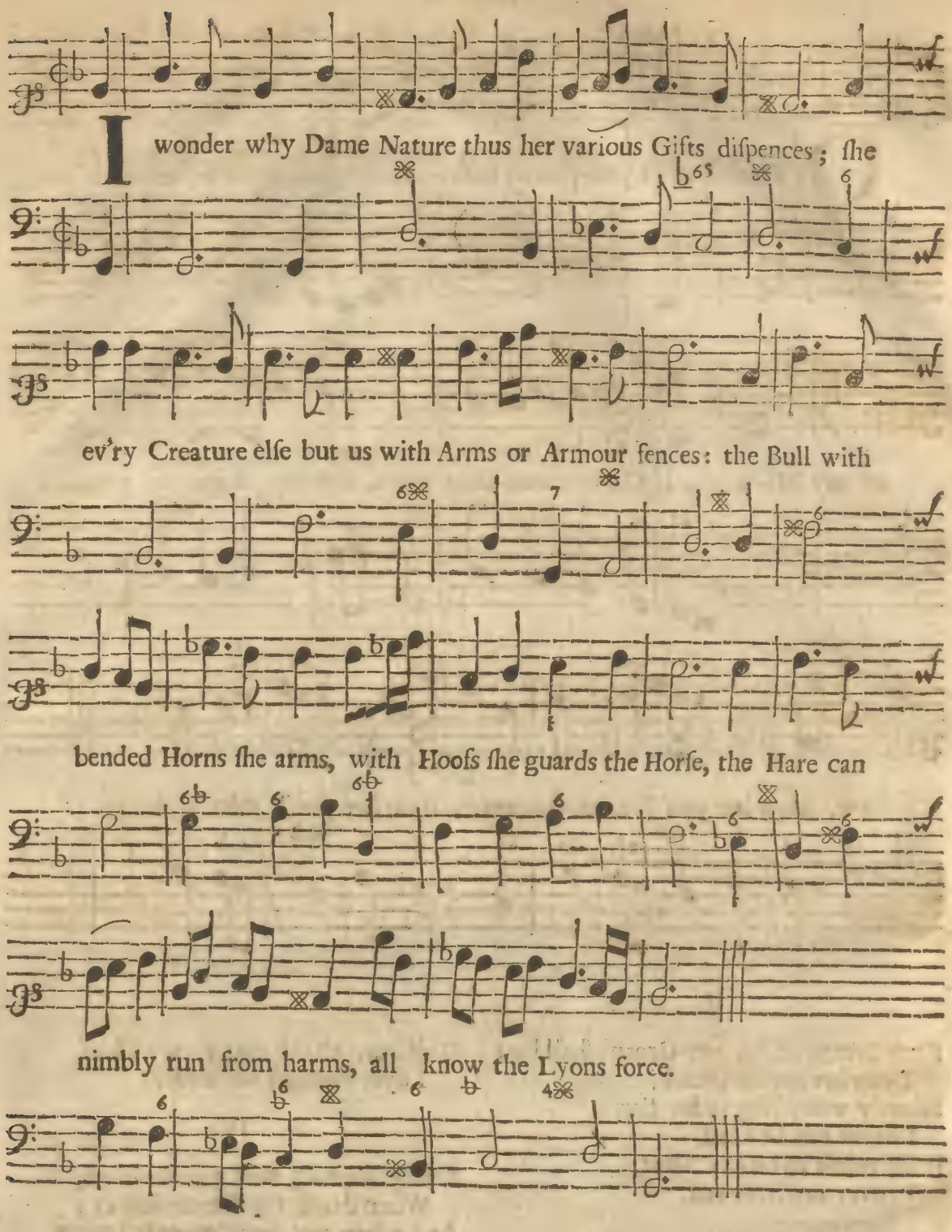
Each breeze of Air my Groans ſhall bear
Unto her gentle Breaſt;
Silently whiſp'ring in her Ear,
I never can be bleſt,
If ſhe refuſe to be my Dear,
I never can have reſt.

III.

Ye Groves, that hear each day my grief,
Bear witneſs of my pain;
Tell her, I dye, if no relief
I from her pow'r can gain.
Tell her, ah tell that pretty Thief,
I dye through her diſdain.

IV.

Likely ſhe may with piteous Eyes,
When dead, my Hearſe ſurvey;
And when my Soul 'mongſt Deities
Doth melt in ſweets away;
Then may ſhe courſe thoſe Victories,
That did my Heart betray.

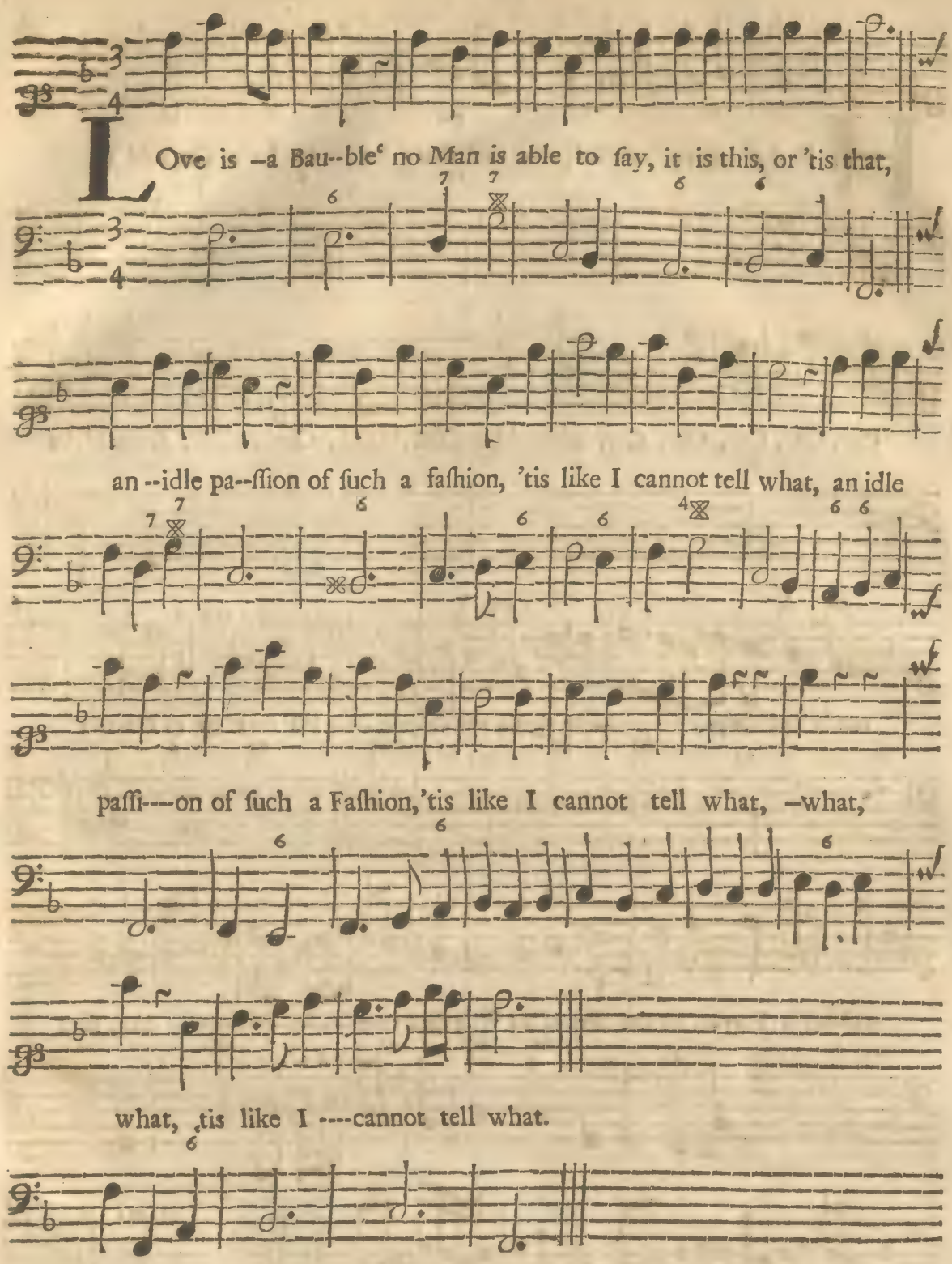


II.

The Bird can danger fly on's Wing,
The Fish with Fins adorns;
The Cuckold too that harmless thing,
His patience guards and's Horns:
And Men she valiant makes and wise,
To shun or baffle harms;
But to poor Women she denies
Armour to give, or Arms.

III.

Instead of all, she this does doe,
Our Beauty she bestows,
Which serves for Arms and Armour too,
'Gainst all our pow'rfull Foes.
And 'tis no matter, so she doth,
Still beauteous Faces yield,
We'll conquer Sword and Fire, for both
To Beauty leave the Field.



II.

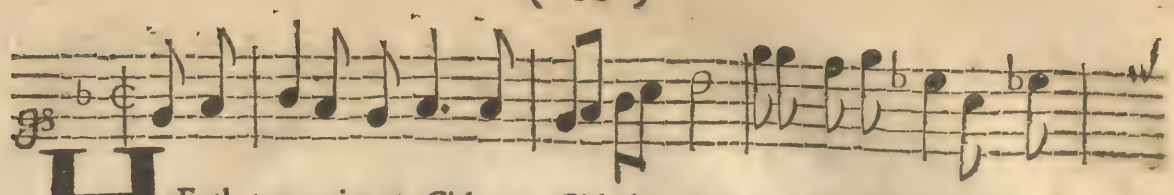
Fair in the Cradle, foul in the Saddle;
Always too cold or too hot;
An errant Lyar, fed by deſire,
It is, and it is not.

III.

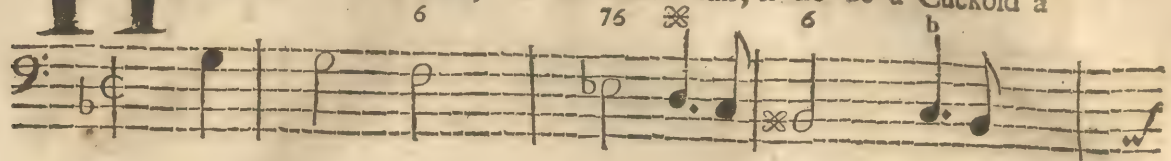
A privy miſchief, and ſuch a ſly Thief,
No man knows where him to find.
Love is a Fellow, clad all in yellow,
The Canker-worm of the Mind;

IV.

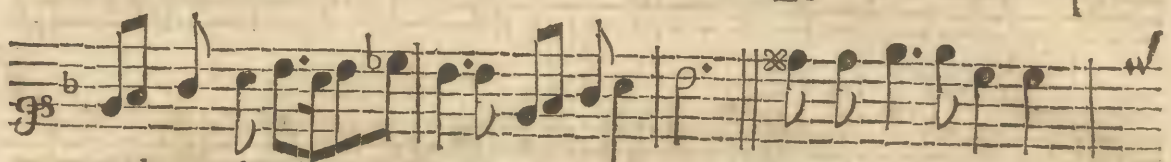
Love is a wonder, 'tis here, 'tis yonder,
'Tis common to all men we know,
A very cheater, ev'ry one's beater,
Then hang him and let him go.



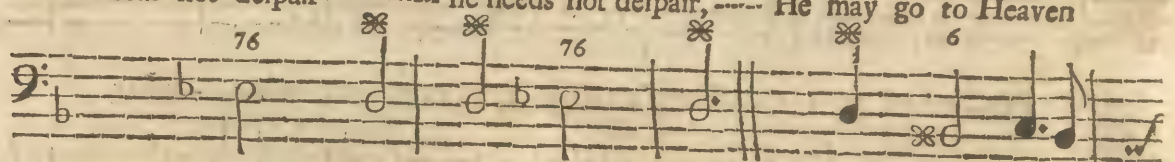
HE that marries—a Girl, —a Girl that's fair, if he be a Cuckold a

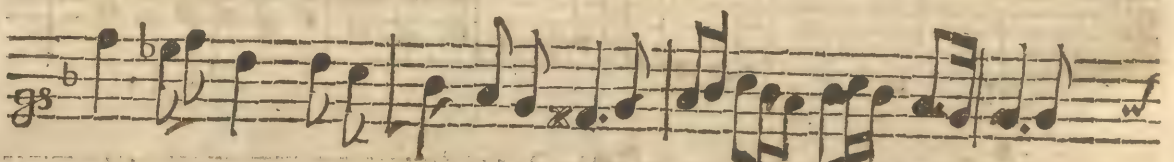


Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuckold, a Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuckold, he

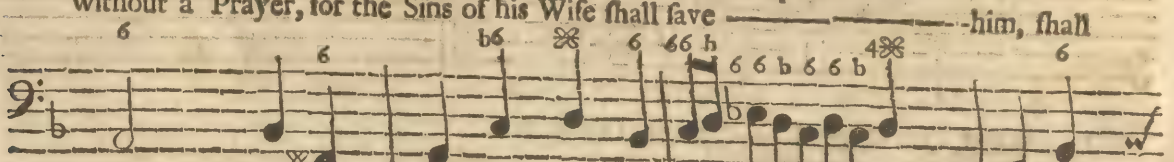


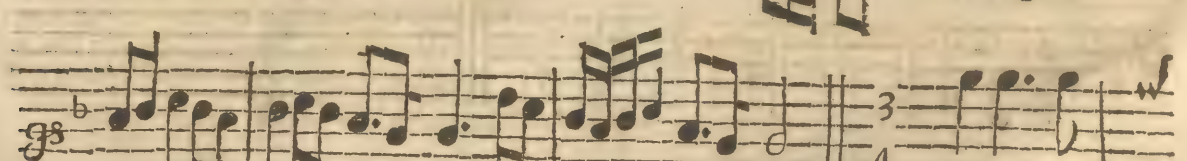
needs not deſpair ——— he needs not deſpair, ——— He may go to Heaven



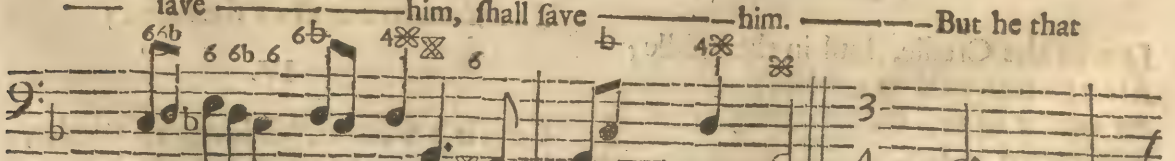


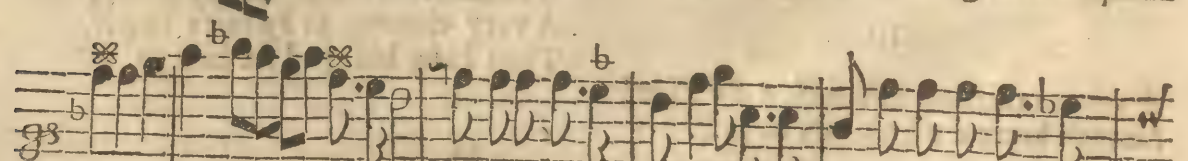
without a Prayer, for the Sins of his Wife ſhall ſave ——— him, ſhall



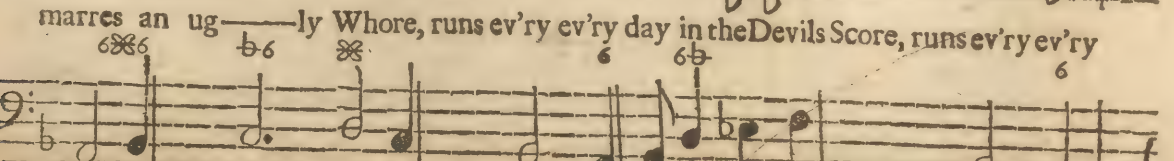


— ſave ——— him, ſhall ſave ——— him. ——— But he that

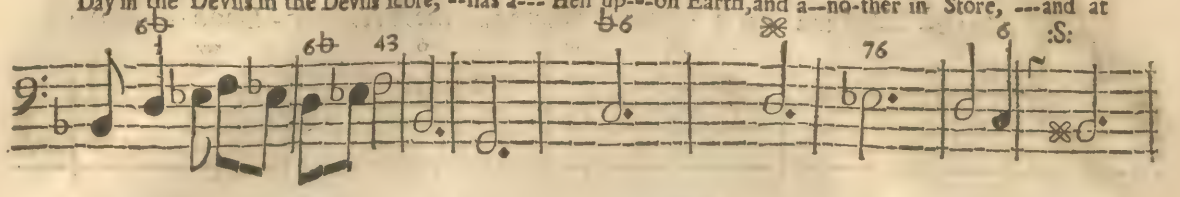




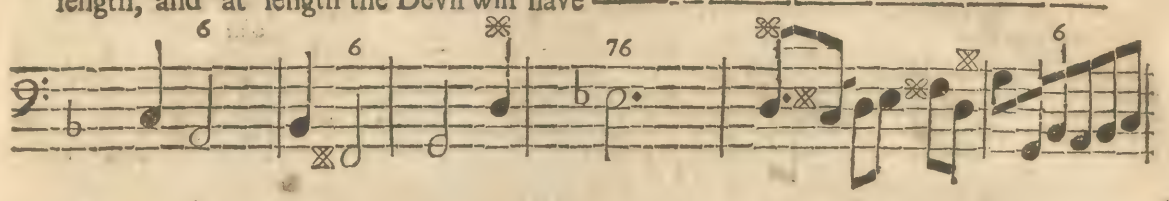
marres an ug——ly Whore, runs ev'ry ev'ry day in the Devils Score, runs ev'ry ev'ry



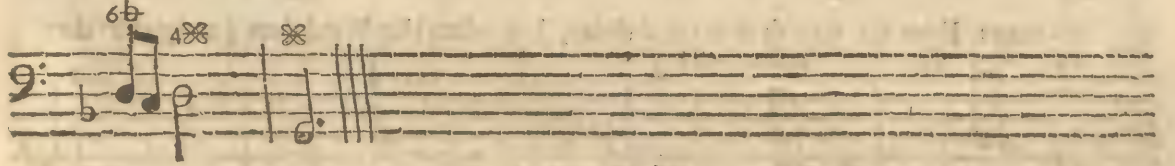
Day in the Devils in the Devils ſcore, --has a--- Hell up---on Earth, and a--no-ther in Store, ---and at



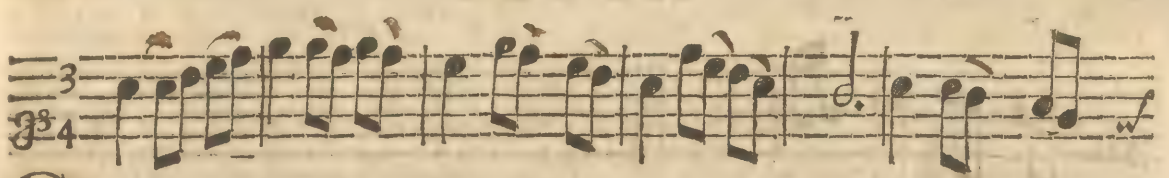
length, and at length the Devil will have ——————————————



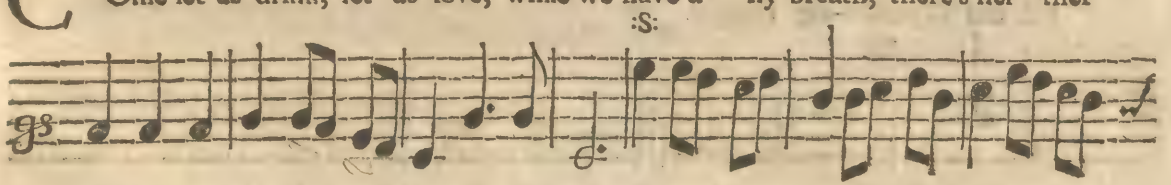
——————— him.



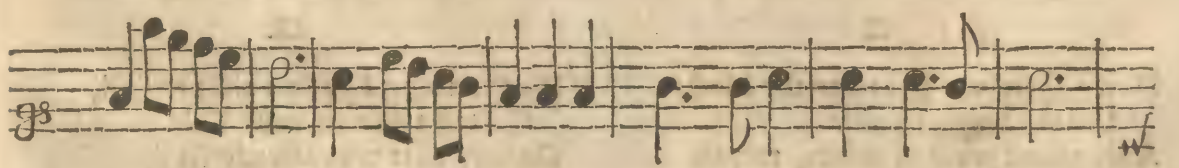
CATCH.



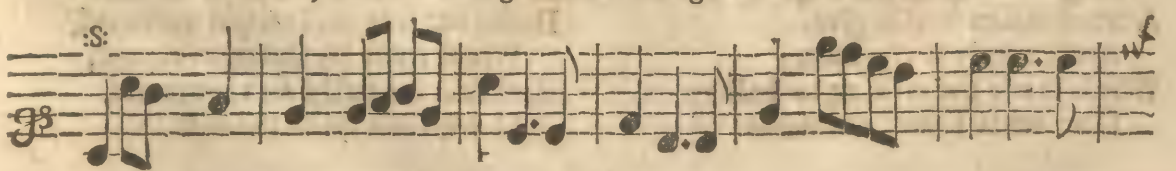
COme let us drink, let us love, while we have a — ny breath, there's nei—ther



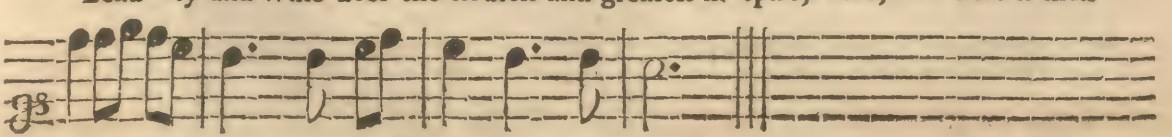
drinking, nor pleaſure, nor love af--ter death: Ev'—ry one take a full Glaſs of good



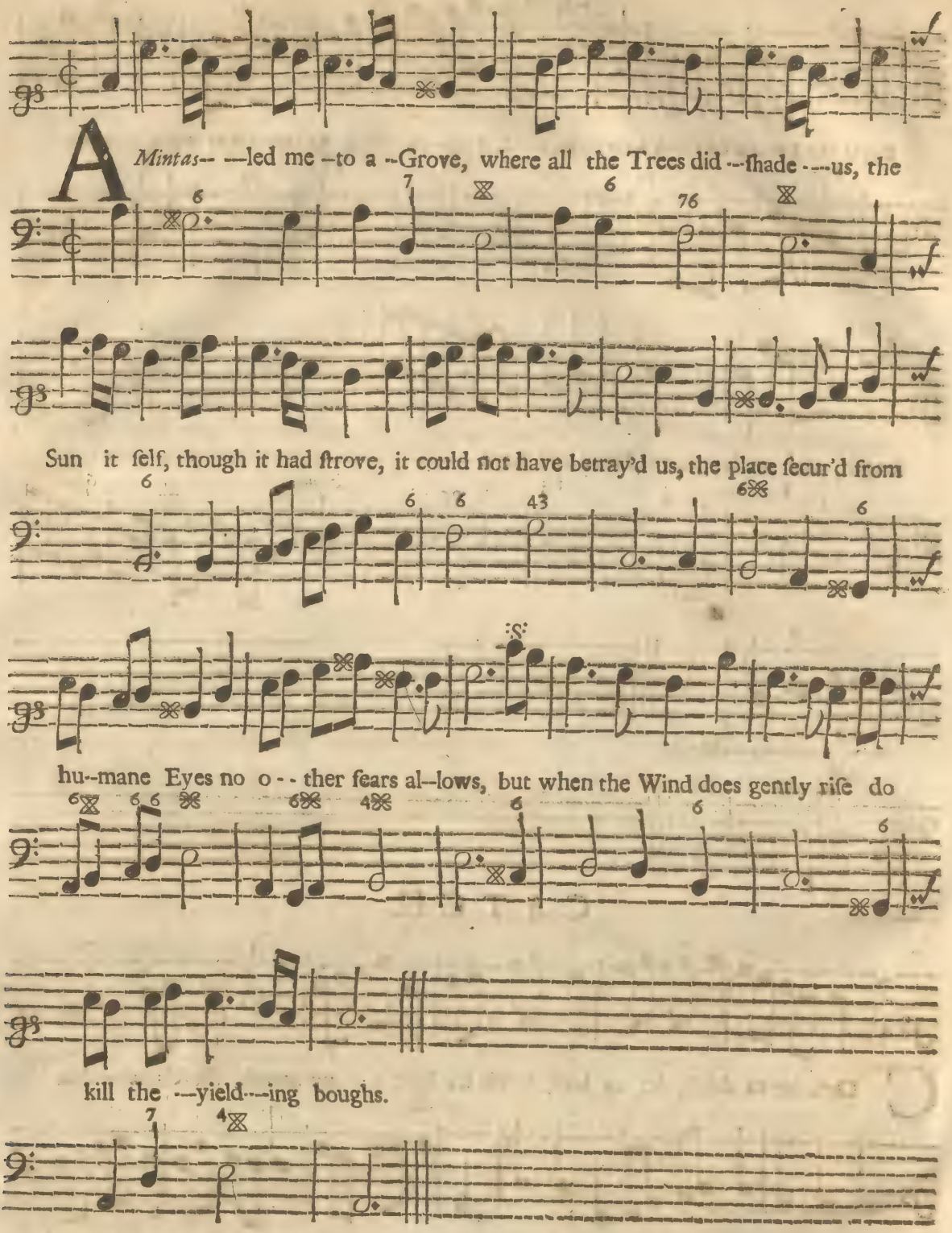
Wine in his hand, and all to—gether diſ-- charge at the word of Command.



Beau—ty and Wine does the ſtouteſt and greateſt in--ſpire, here,—— here is their



Majeſties health, now brave Boys come give Fire.

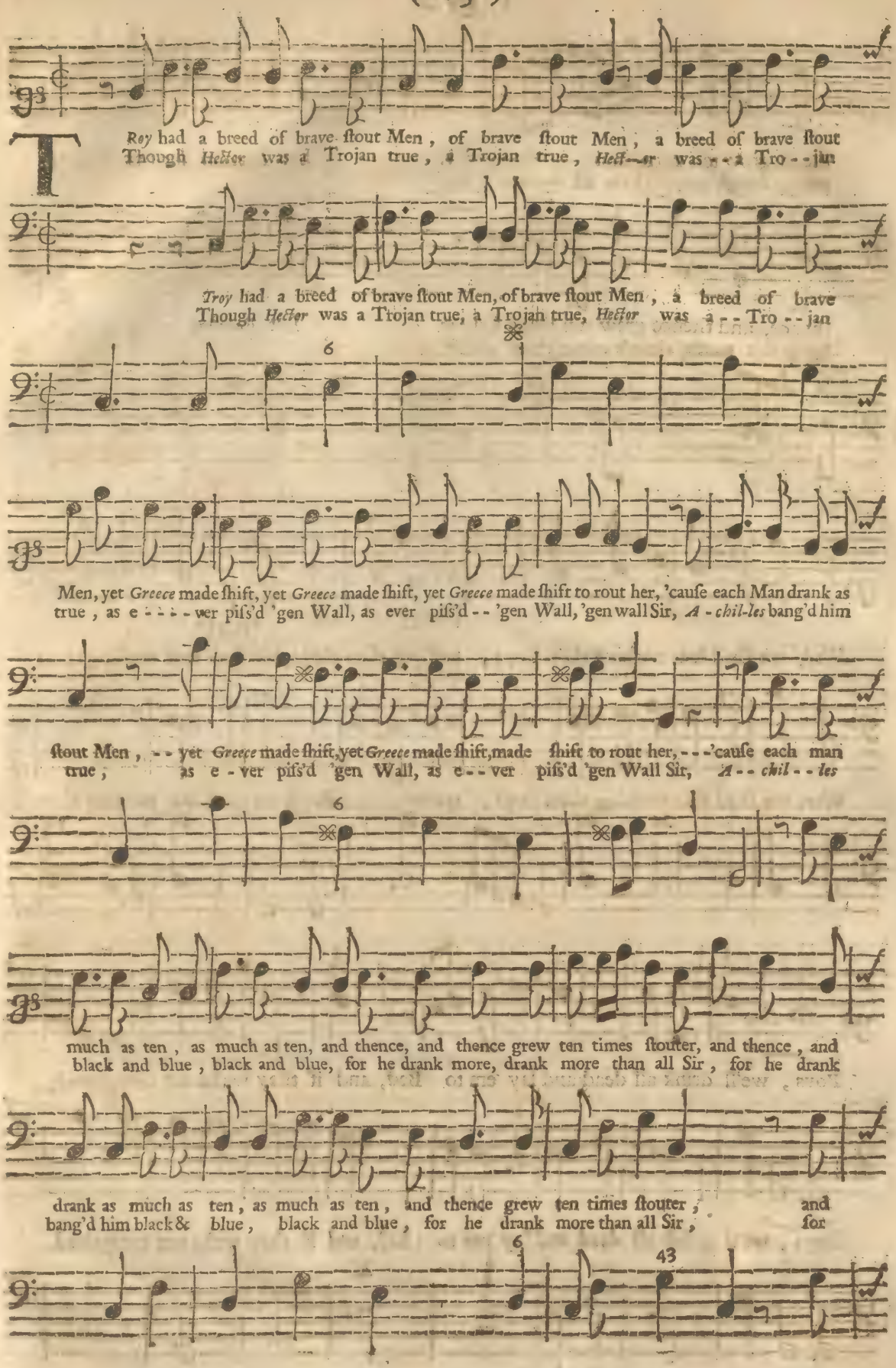


II.

Down there we ſate upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton tricks, to paſs
the great heat of the Day.
A many Kiſſes he did give,
And I receiv'd the ſame;
Which made me willing to believe
That what I dare not name.

III.

His charming Eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their am'rous Tale
On her, that was already fir'd,
'Twas eaſie to prevail:
He did but kiſs and claſp'd me round,
Whilſt thoſe his thoughts expreſt,
And laid me ſoftly on the ground,
O who can gueſs the reſt.


Troy had a breed of brave ſtout Men, of brave ſtout Men, a breed of brave ſtout
Though Hector was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, Hect--or was - - a Tro - - jan
Troy had a breed of brave ſtout Men, of brave ſtout Men, a breed of brave
Though Hector was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, Hector was a - - Tro - - jan
Men, yet Greece made ſhift, yet Greece made ſhift, yet Greece made ſhift to rout her, 'cauſe each Man drank as
true, as e - - - - - ver piſs'd 'gen Wall, as ever piſs'd - - 'gen Wall, 'gen wall Sir, A - chil-les bang'd him
ſtout Men, - - yet Greece made ſhift, yet Greece made ſhift, made ſhift to rout her, - - - 'cauſe each man
true, as e - ver piſs'd 'gen Wall, as e - - ver piſs'd 'gen Wall Sir, A - - chil - - les
much as ten, as much as ten, and thence, and thence grew ten times ſtouter, and thence, and
black and blue, black and blue, for he drank more, drank more than all Sir, for he drank
drank as much as ten, as much as ten, and thence grew ten times ſtouter, and
bang'd him black & blue, black and blue, for he drank more than all Sir, for

thence grew ten times ſtou ——— ter. Let *Bacchus* be our God of
more, drank more than all ——— Sir.

thence, and thence grew ten times ſtouter. Let *Bacchus* be our God of
he drank more, drank more than all Sir.

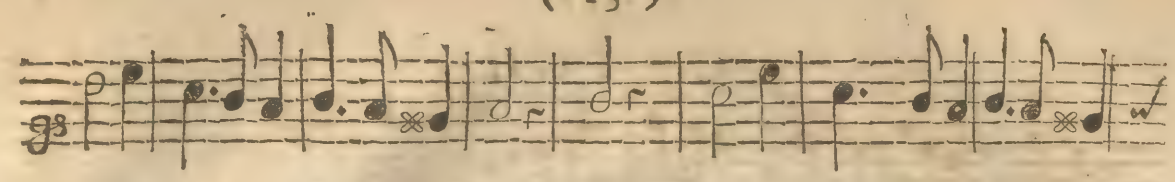
[Soft] [Briſk]

War, we ſhall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we ſhall fear nothing then

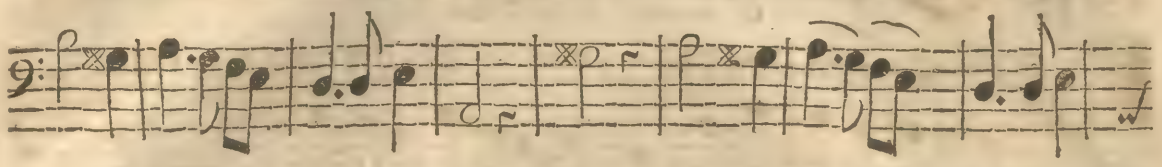
War, we ſhall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we ſhall fear nothing then

Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,

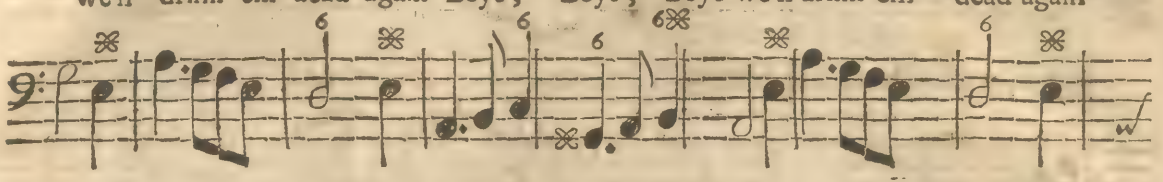
Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,

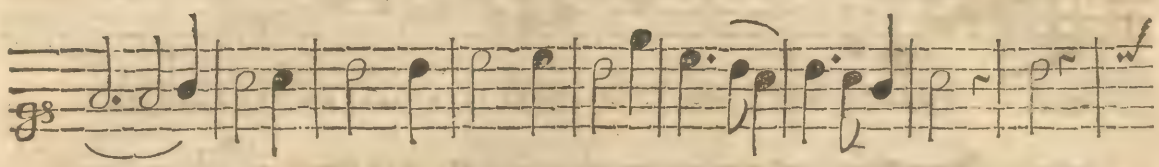


we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again

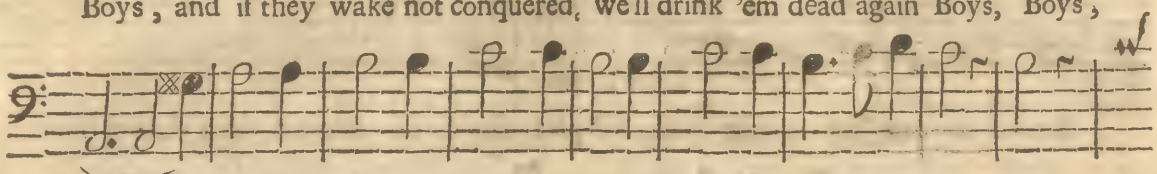


we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again

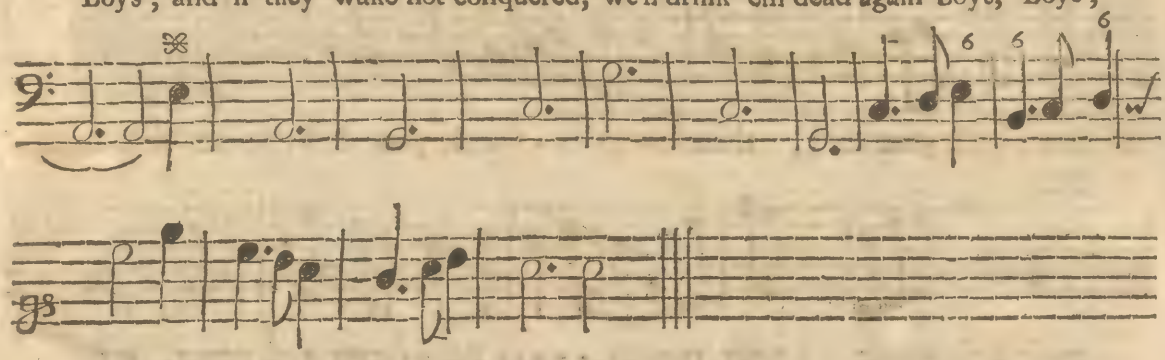




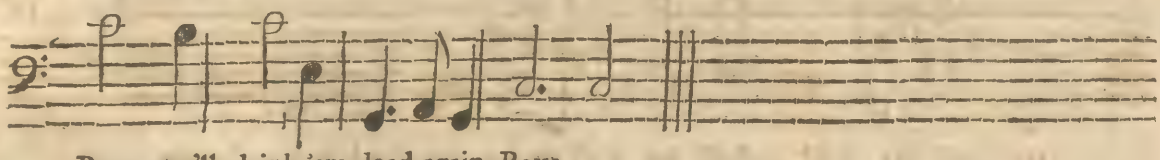
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



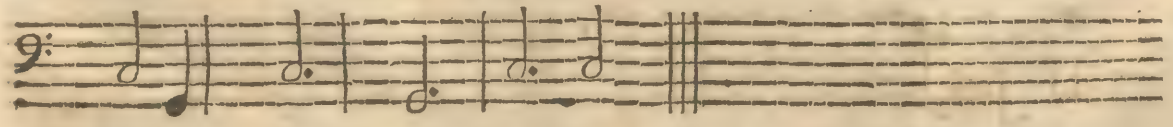
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



III.

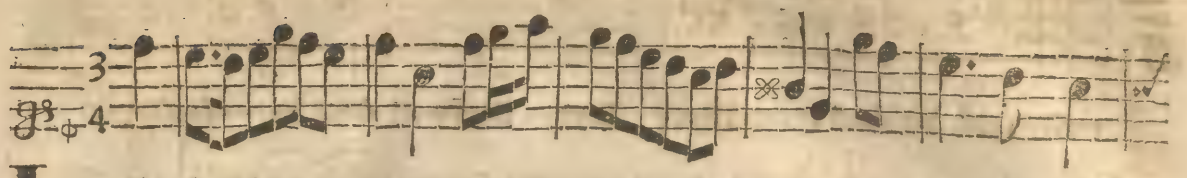
Nor were the *Græcians* onely fam'd
For drinking and for fighting;
But he that drank and wan't aſham'd,
Was ne'er aſham'd on's Writing.

IV.

He that will be a Souldier then,
Or Wit, muſt drink good Liquor;
It makes baſe Cowards fight like Men,
And roving thoughts fly quicker.

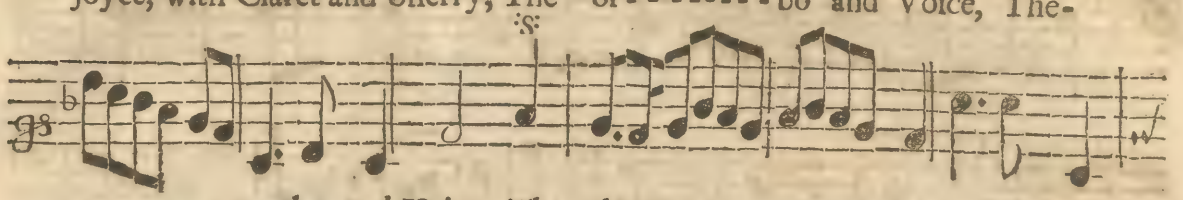
Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then Boys,
We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,
And if the Sun ſet with his light,
We'll drink him up again Boys.

CATCH.

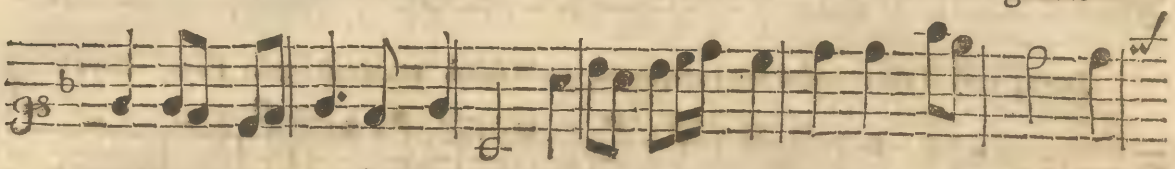


LEt's laugh ——- - - and be - - - - mer - - - - - - - -ry, dance, ſing and re -

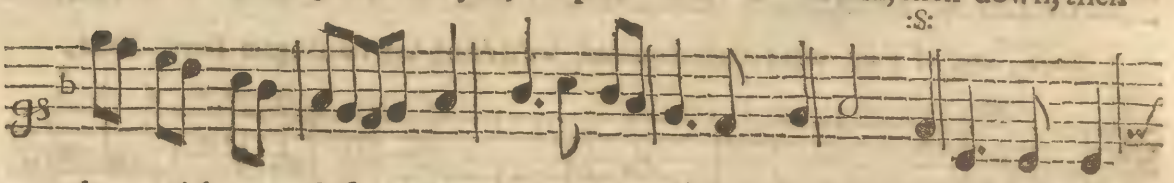
joyce, with Claret and Sherry, The - or - - - - - - - - bo and Voice, The-



or - - - - - - - - - bo and Voice, The chan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - geable

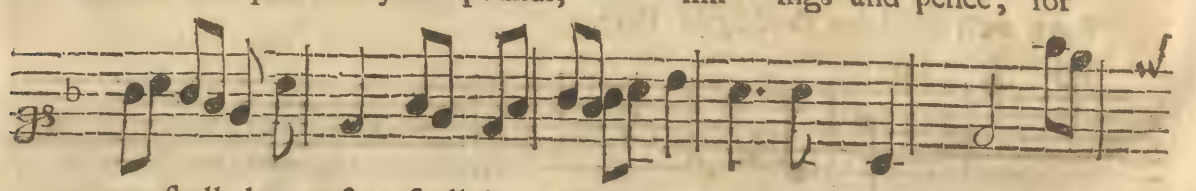


World to our Joys are in - juſt, all plea - ſures - in - certain, then down, then

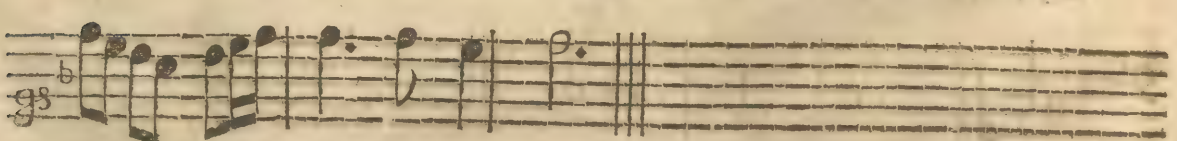


down with your duſt, then down - - - - - with your duſt: In fro - lick in

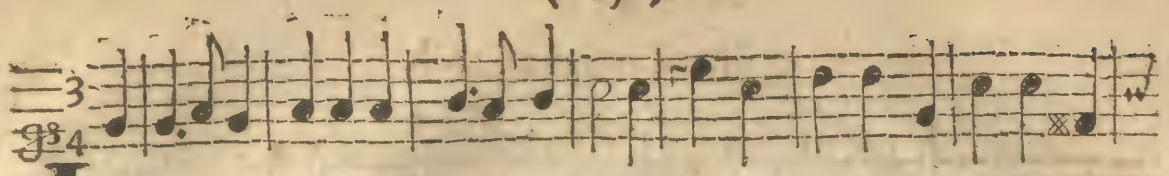
frolick diſ - poſe - - - your pounds, - - - - - ſhil - - ings and pence, for



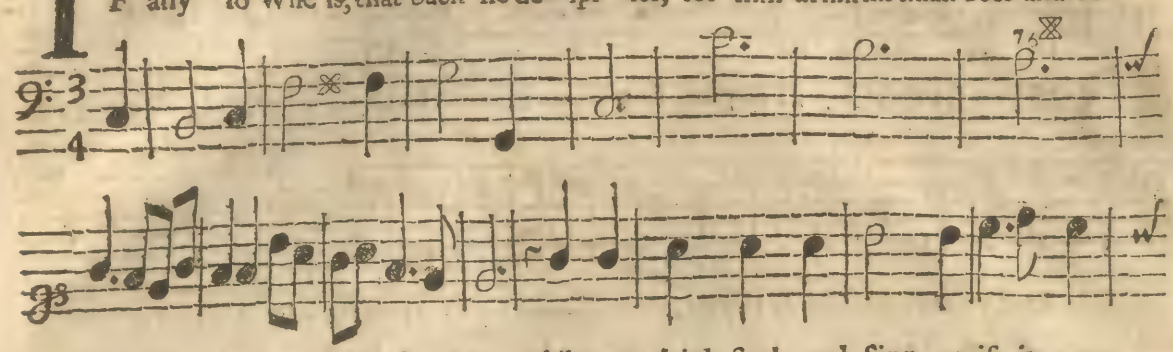
we ſhall be paſt, ſhall be paſt it an hundred years hence, an



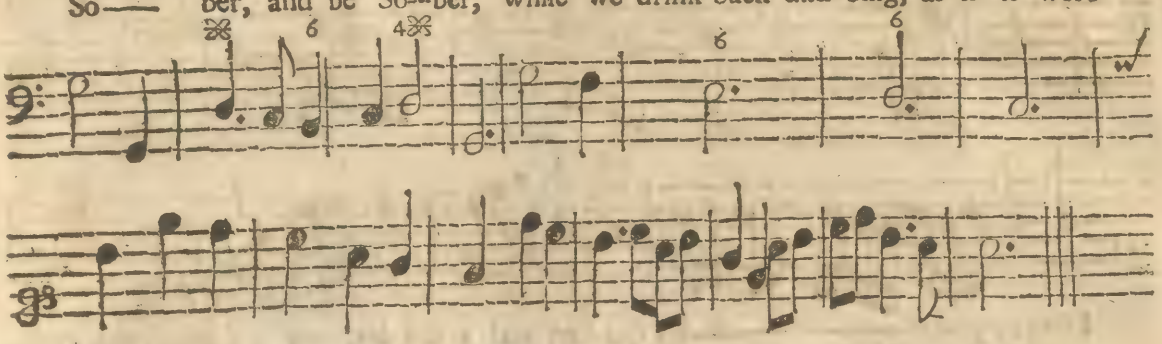
hundred, an - - - hundred years hence.



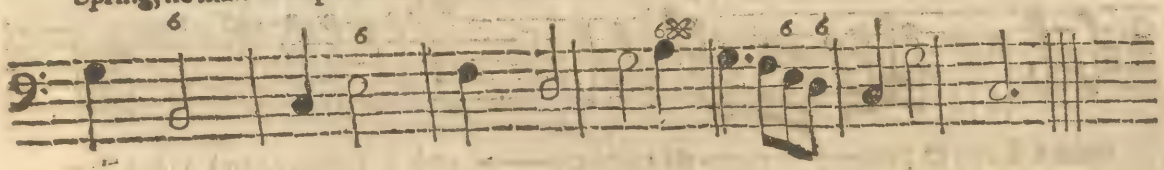
IF any so Wise is, that Sack he de--spi--ses, let him drink his small beer and be



So—— ber, and be So--ber, while we drink Sack and Sing, as if it were



Spring, he shall droop like the Trees in Octo———----ber, in O--cto — ber.



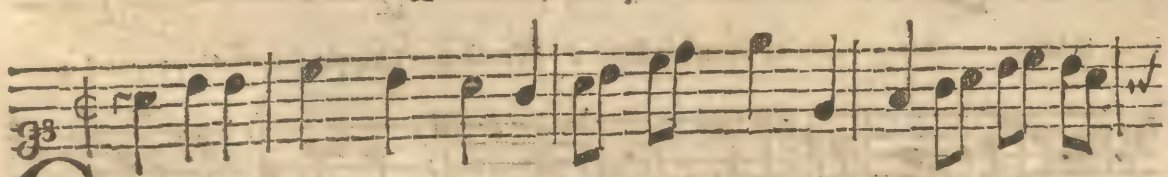
II.

Be sure over night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of Bed
To settle your Head,
Take an hair of his Tail in the morning.

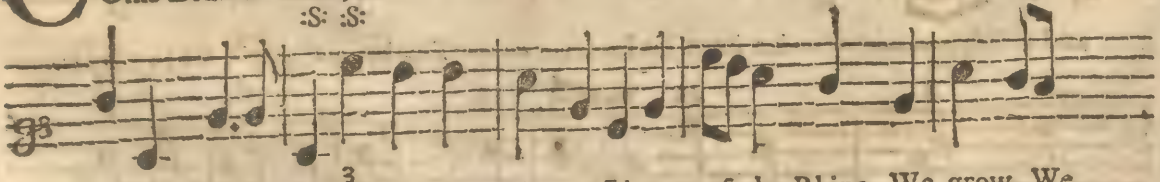
III.

Then be not so Silly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,
Let his *Ne assuescas*
Be but in his Capcase,
And Sing, *Bibito Vinum Jejunus.*

A Catch for 4. Voices.



COme Drawer come, come come, and draw good Wine, for Wine doth all our



Wits our Wits, re-fine, By drinking Liquors Liquors of the Rhine, We grow, We

grow to—gether more divine.

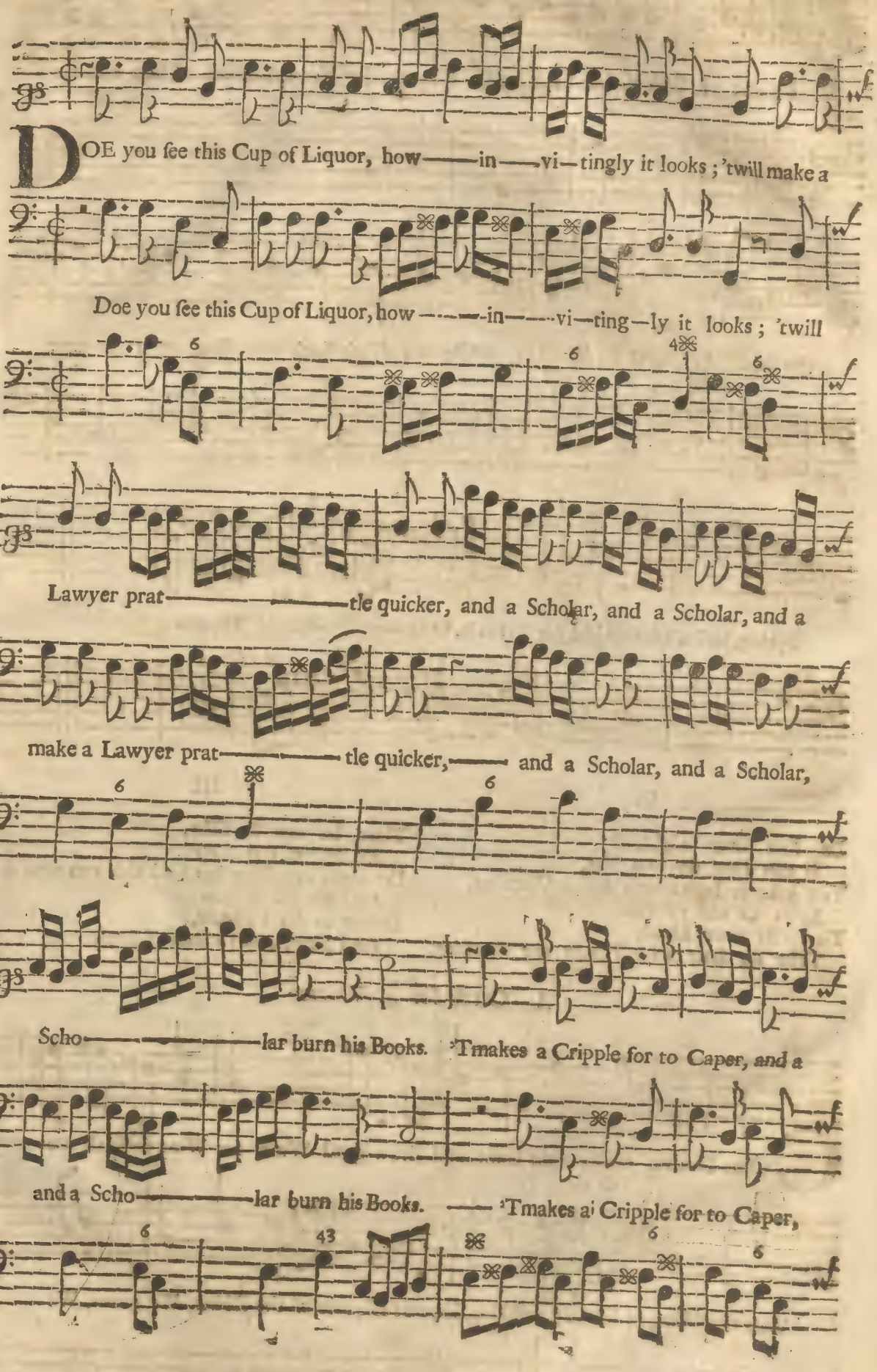
II.

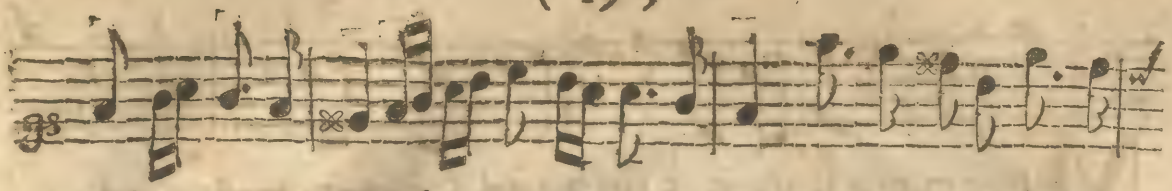
'Tis nothing nothing, better than the shine,
Of such a clear and Sparkling Sparkling Wine.

IV.

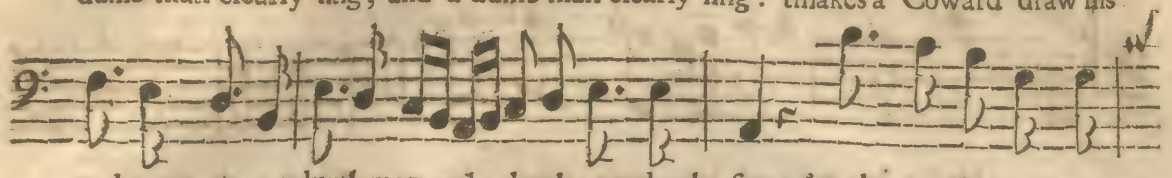
Then drink my Boy, my Boy the Glass is thine,
I'll pledge thee when the Glass, the Glass is mine.

The Cavaliers Catch.

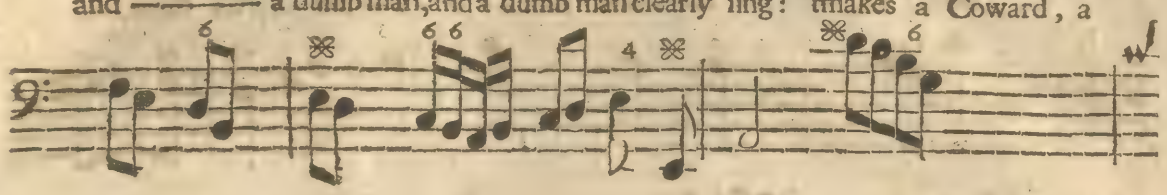




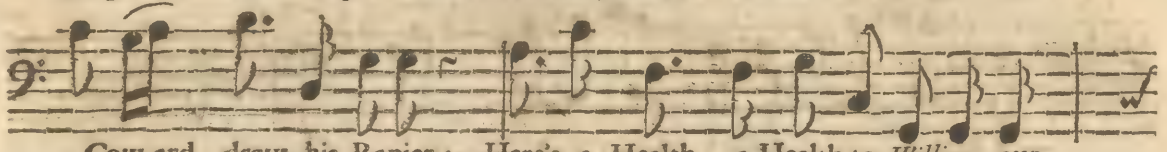
dumb man clearly ſing, and a dumb man clearly ſing: 'tmakes a Coward draw his



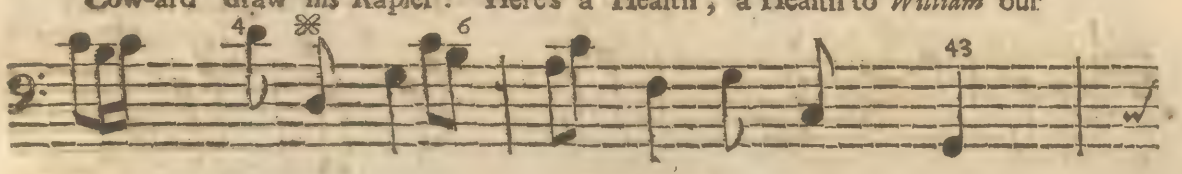
and ——— a dumb man, and a dumb man clearly ſing: 'tmakes a Coward, a

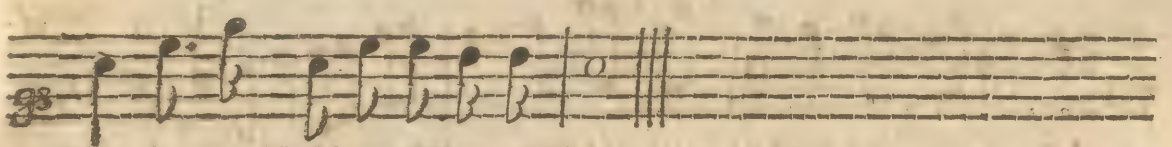


Rapier, draw his Rapier: Here's a Health, here's a Health to *William* our

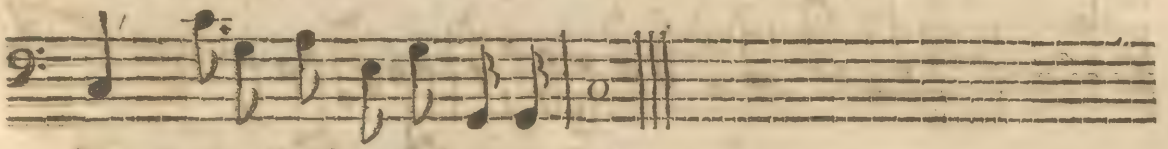


Cow-ard draw his Rapier: Here's a Health, a Health to *William* our

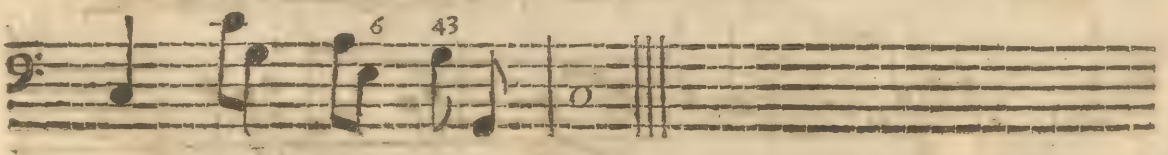


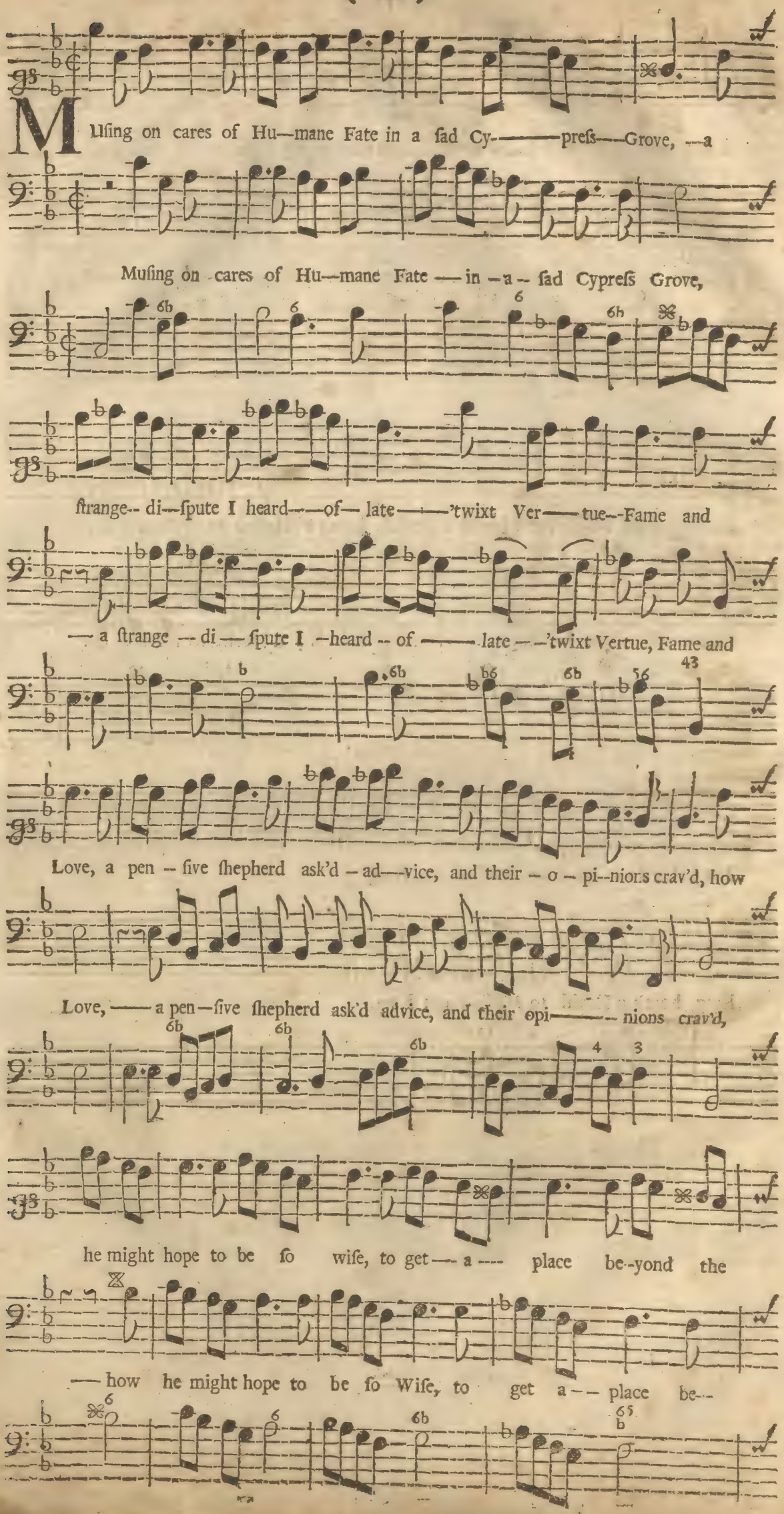


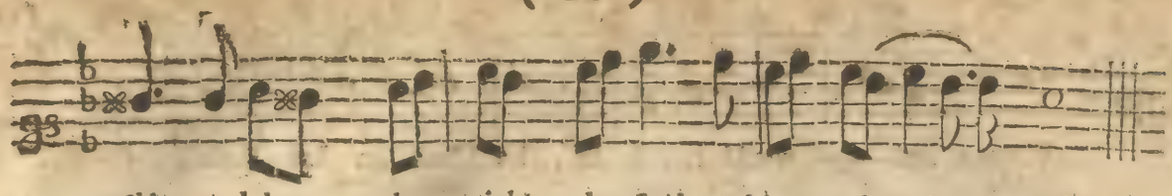
King, here's a Health to *William* our King.



King, here's a Health to *William* our King.

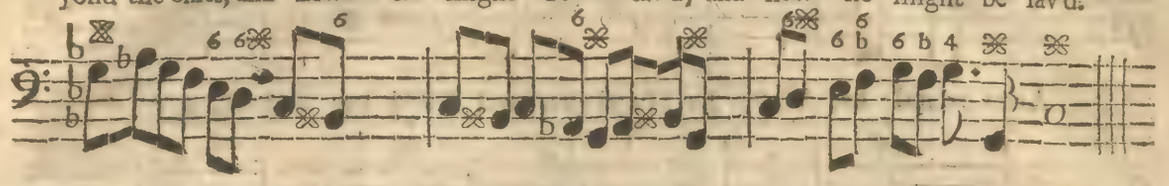



Muſing on cares of Hu—mane Fate in a ſad Cy———preſs—Grove, —a
Muſing on cares of Hu—mane Fate — in — a — ſad Cypreſs Grove,
ſtrange-- di—ſpute I heard——of— late———'twixt Ver——tue--Fame and
— a ſtrange — di — ſpute I —heard -- of ——— late — —'twixt Vertue, Fame and
Love, a pen -- ſive ſhepherd ask'd -- ad—vice, and their — o — pi--nions crav'd, how
Love, —— a pen—ſive ſhepherd ask'd advice, and their opi——— nions crav'd,
he might hope to be ſo wiſe, to get — a ---- place be--yond the
— how he might hope to be ſo Wiſe, to get a — — place be--



Skies, and how——he— might —be ſav'd, and how — he might be ſav'd.

yond the Skies, and how--- he might be——ſav'd, and how he might be ſav'd.

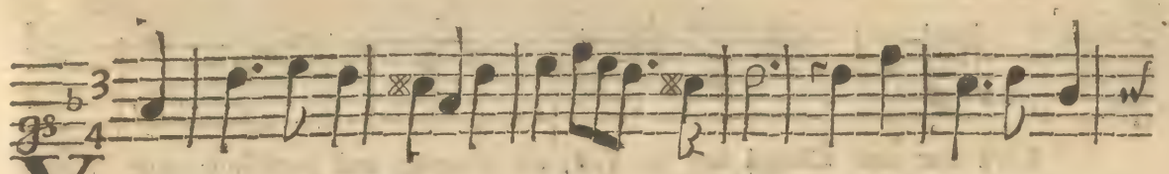


II.

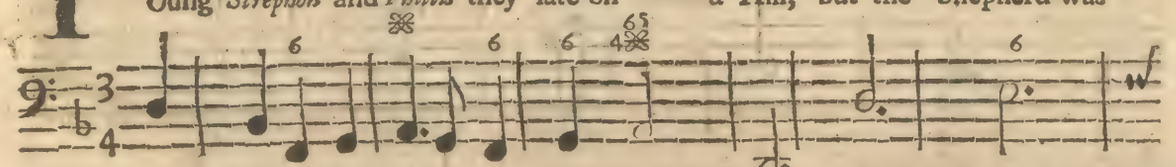
Nice Vertue preach'd Religions Laws,
Paths to eternal Reſt,
To fight his King, and Countries cauſe,
Fame counſel'd him, was beſt:
But Love oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
And thus their Votes outbrav'd,
Get, get a Miſtreſs fair and young,
Love fiercely, conſtantly and long,
And then thou ſhalt be Sav'd.

III.

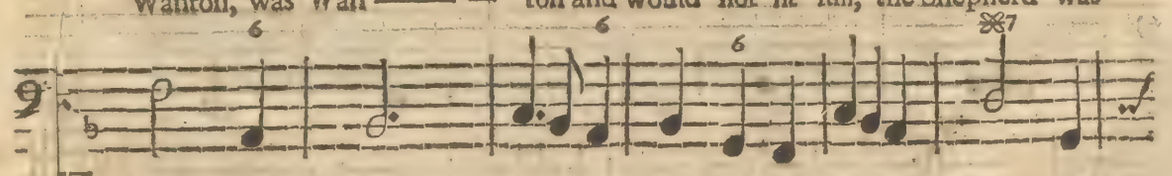
Swift as a thought the am'rous Swain,
To *Sylvia's* Cottage flies,
In ſoft expreſſions told her plain,
The way to Heavenly joys:
She who with piety was ſtor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd,
Charm'd by the God, whom they ador'd,
She ſmil'd and took him at his word,
And thus they both were ſav'd.

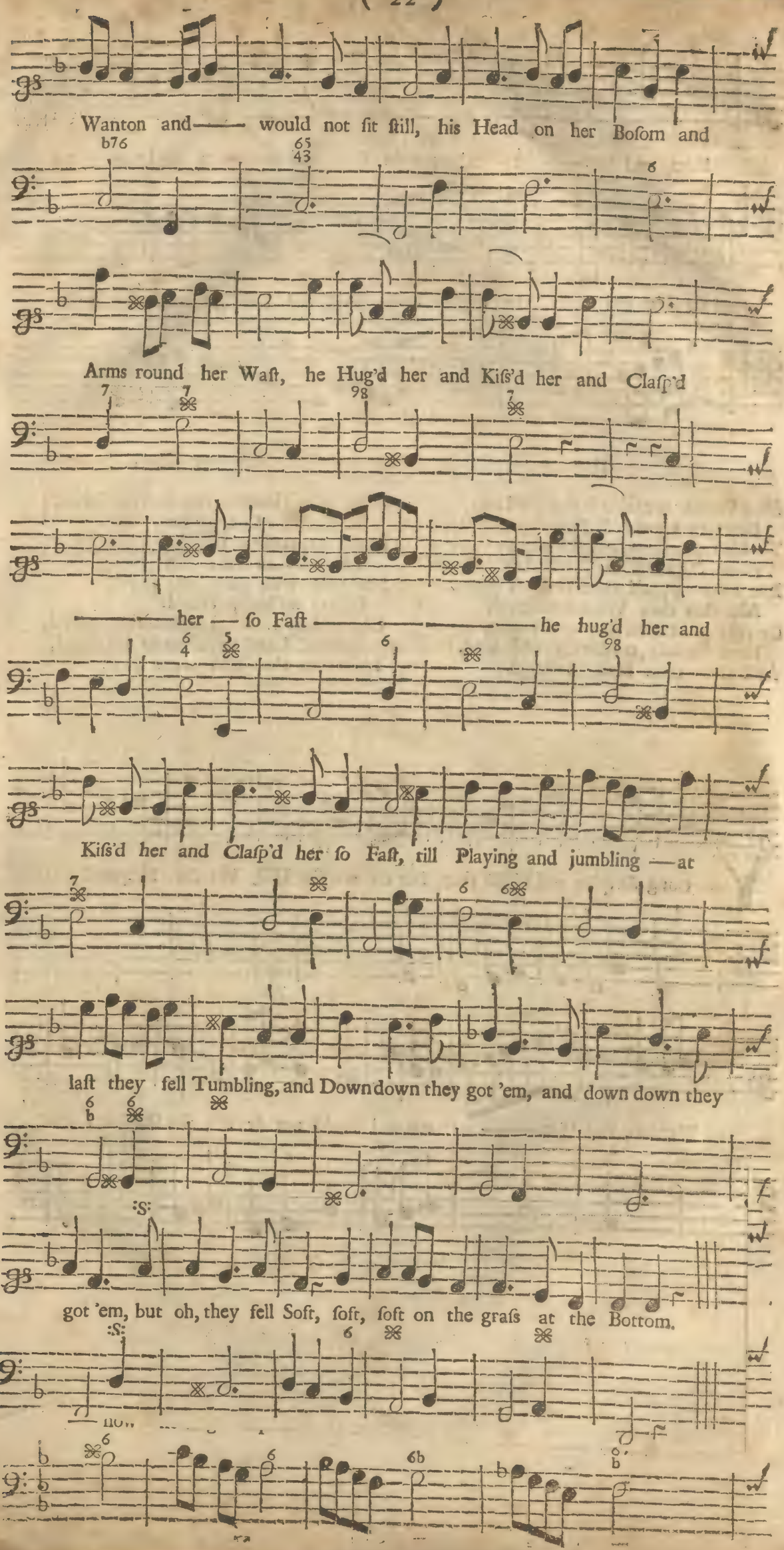


YOung *Strephon* and *Phillis* they ſate on —— a Hill, but the Shepherd was

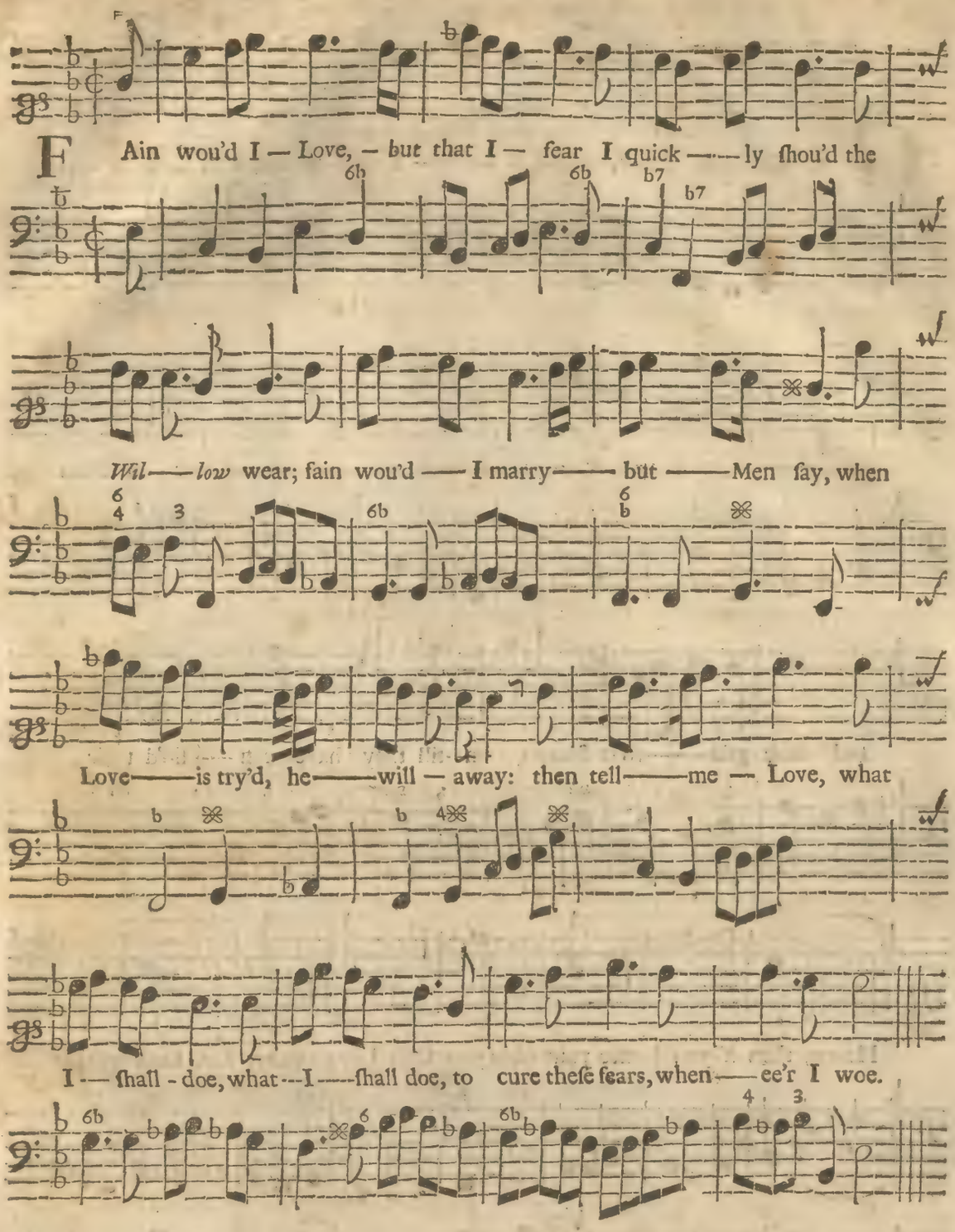


Wanton, was Wan ——— ton and would not ſit ſtill, the Shepherd was



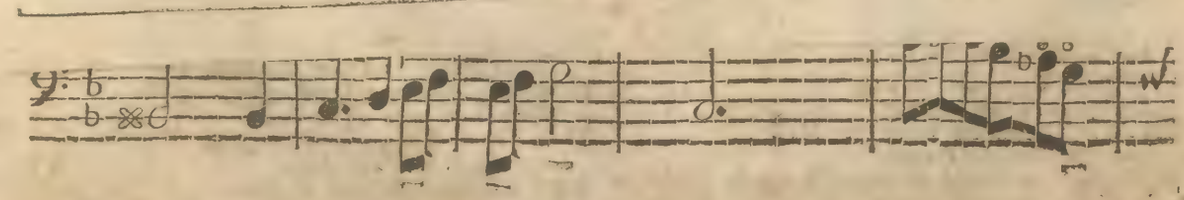

Wanton and—— would not ſit ſtill, his Head on her Boſom and
Arms round her Waſt, he Hug'd her and Kiſs'd her and Claſp'd
——her — ſo Faſt ———————— he hug'd her and
Kiſs'd her and Claſp'd her ſo Faſt, till Playing and jumbling —at
laſt they fell Tumbling, and Downdown they got 'em, and down down they
got 'em, but oh, they fell Soft, ſoft, ſoft on the graſs at the Bottom.

The Doubtfull Lover Resolv'd.

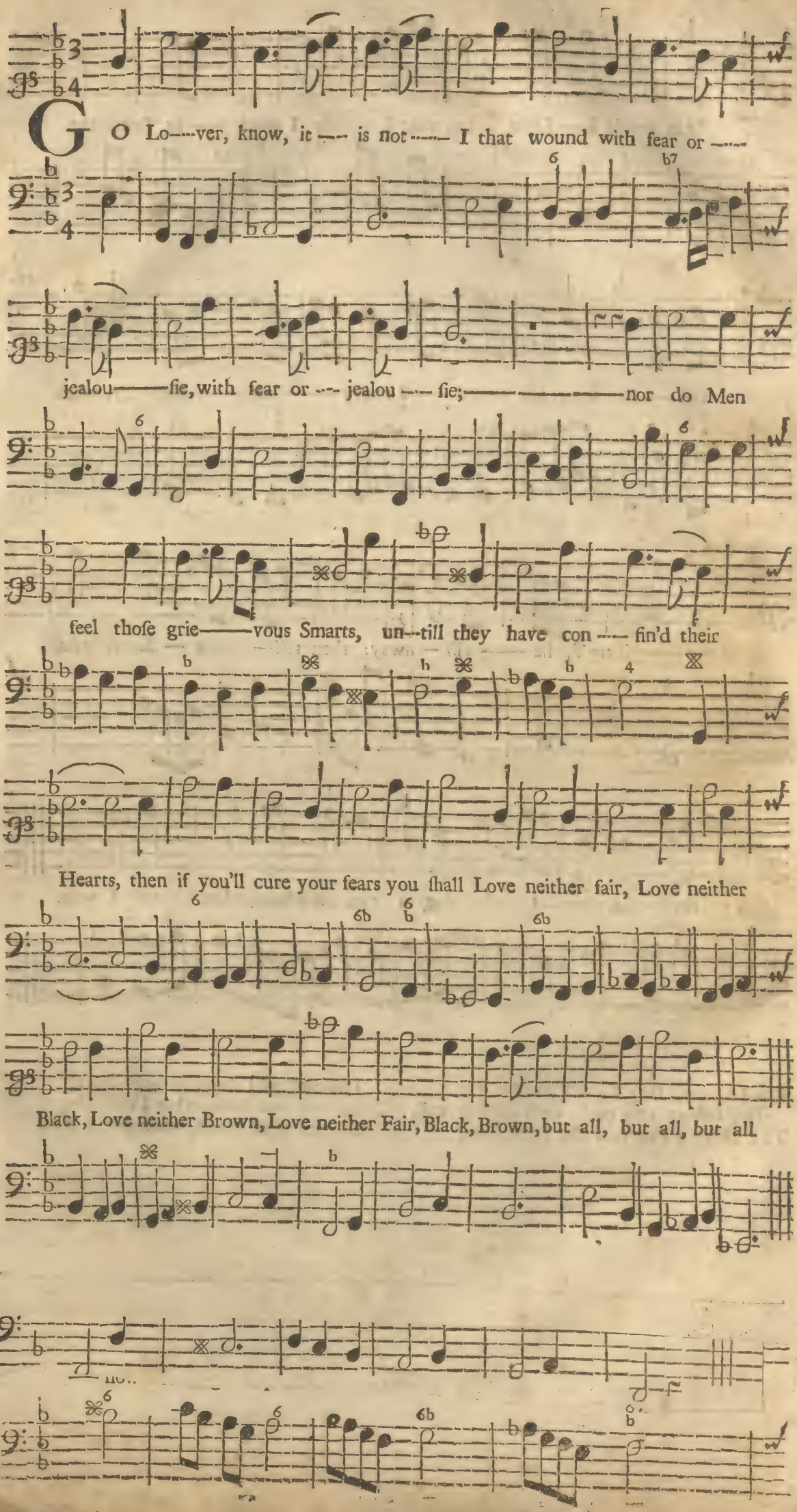


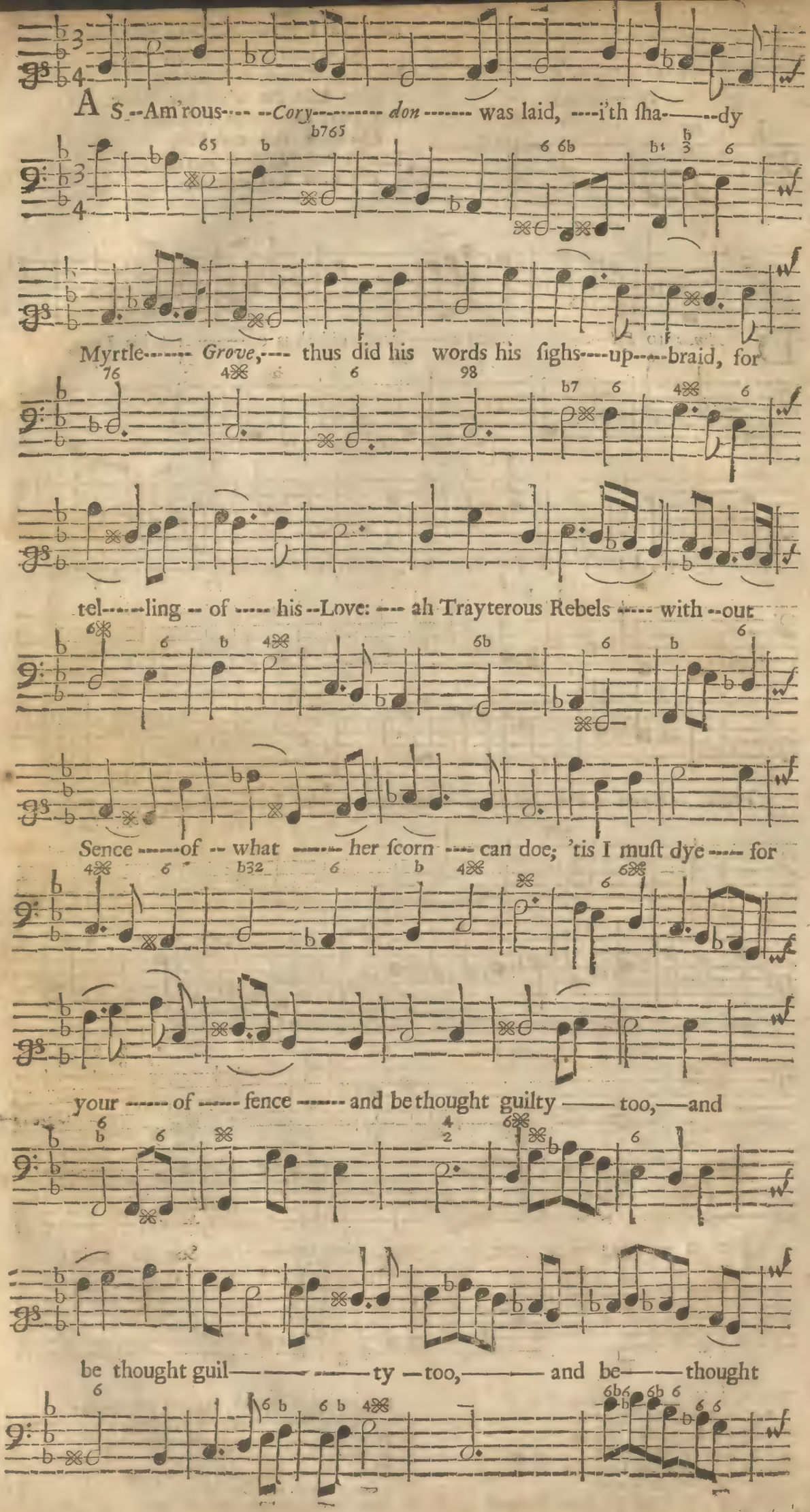
II.

The fair one, she's a mark to all,
The Brown one each doth Lovely call,
The Black a Pearl in fair Mens Eyes,
The rest will stoop to any Prize,
Then tell me Love, what I shall do,
To cure these Fears, when-ee'r I Woe.



REPLY.


GO Lo---ver, know, it --- is not ---- I that wound with fear or ---
jealou——ſie, with fear or --- jealou --- ſie;——————nor do Men
feel thoſe grie——vous Smarts, un--till they have con --- fin'd their
Hearts, then if you'll cure your fears you ſhall Love neither fair, Love neither
Black, Love neither Brown, Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all, but all, but all.


AS --Am'rous---- --*Cory*---------- *don* ------- was laid, ----i'th ſha-------dy
Myrtle------- *Grove*,---- thus did his words his ſighs----up-----braid, for
tel------ling -- of ----- his --Love: ---- ah Trayterous Rebels ----- with --out
Sence ------of -- what ------ her ſcorn ---- can doe; 'tis I muſt dye ----- for
your ------ of ------ fence ------ and be thought guilty ——— too,——and
be thought guil——— ——— ty —too,——— and be——thought

guil--- ty ----- too.

II.

Nor can I blame ill Fate for this
My wretched hopeless State;
Nor yet *Philena*'s Cruelties,
Who kills me with her Hate:
But your audacious Villanies
Occasion this my Fall;
Else I had dy'd a Sacrifice,
But now a Criminal.

D *Amon* to *Syl--vi--a* — when a—— lone, did thus ex——press his -Love,

Fair *Nymph*, I must a Pas—sion own, which else would fa————tal

Prove, can you a Faithfull Shep—herd see,---who Lan-guish---es——in Pain,

and yet so cruel——hear------ted be---------to--let him Sue--in--vain, to let—him

Sue in — vain, — in vain, in — vain, —to let——him Sue—in vain?

II.

Then with his Eyes all full of Fire,
And winning Phrases, he
Intreated her, to ease desire,
And grant some remedy;
Allur'd with Amr'ous Looks the Maid
Fearing he might Prevail,
Begg'd that he wou'd no more Perswade
A *Virgin* that was Frail.

III.

Fear not, dear Nymph, Replyes the *Swain*,
There's none can know our Bliss;
None can relate our Loves again,
While this place silent is.
Then *Damon* with a lov'd Surprize,
Leapt close into her Arms,
With Ravishing delights he Dyes,
And melts with Thousand Charms.

FINIS.

THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their *Majesties Theatres*; and at the Consorts in *Viller-street* in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-street Covent-Garden.*

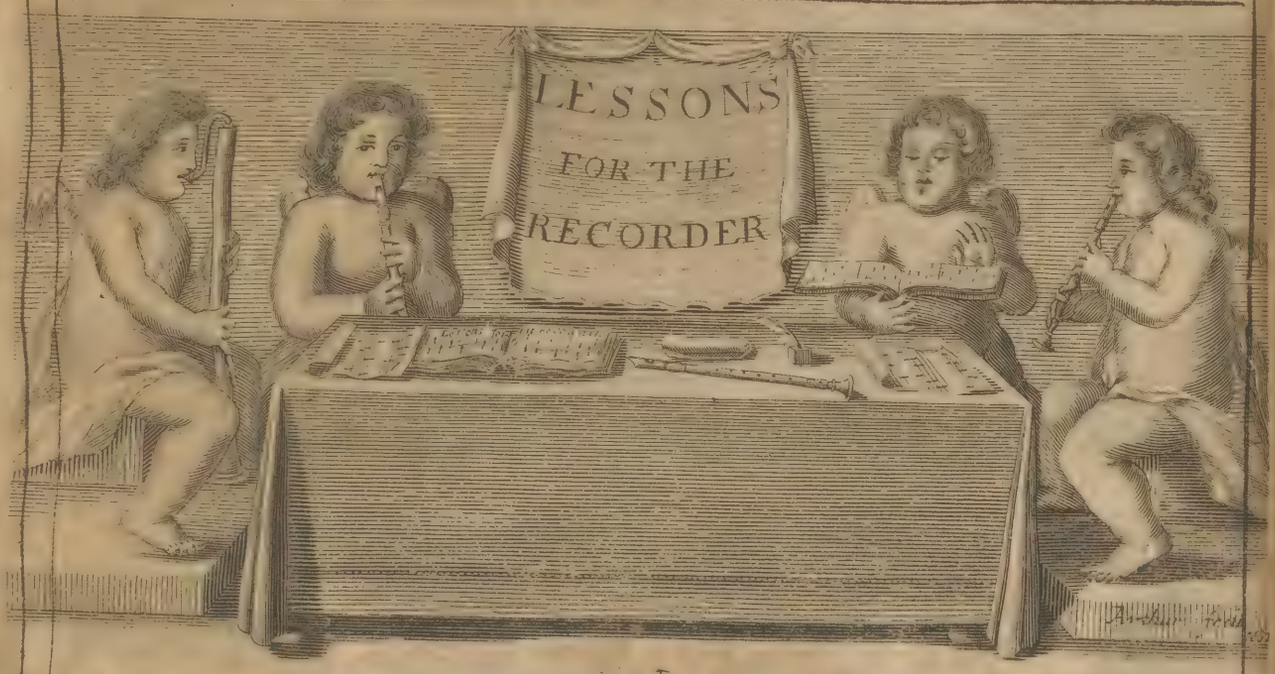
WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpsicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol.*

To which is Annexed

A *Collection* of *Aires*, Composed for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

THE FIRST BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *John Hudgebutt.* And are to be Sold by *John Carr*, at the *Middle-Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and by *John Money*, *Stationer* at the Miter in Miter Court in *Fleet-street*, where all Shop-keepers may have them. 1693.

TO

Thomas Drax, Esquire.

SIR,

BY the advice and assistance of some Eminent Masters of Musick, whom I have great reason to believe my very good Friends, and by some Care and Industry of my own, I have Collected this small Volume, which I find wants nothing but your Name to Recommend it to the Musical part of the World; the Sence of this Encourages me (but with all Humility imaginable) to beg your Protection of it, since none (especially who have had Gentleman-like Education) will be so unmannerly as to oppose what a Person of your Sense and Merit has Vouchsaf'd to Patronise. I am not unsensible how Ridiculous an attempt of Panegyrick would appear in me, who am altogether as unfit for it, as to perform in a Consort of Musick, but this I must beg leave to affirm, that if Persons of your Rank and Sphere, not only condescend to be Patrons of the Sons of Apollo, but to be Performers also, we have all the ground imaginable to be assured, that our Island will be as famous for Excellent Compositions and admirable Performances in Musick, as Rome the long acknowledg'd Mistress of the World. Now Sir I must beg if you should find any Errors that you would not Impute them to the want of Skill in the Masters, but either to mine or the Printers oversight, who do not pretend to Infallibility. But this I need not have mention'd, since I know you are so Generous as to Connive at such faults, and I hope you will Pardon this presumption of

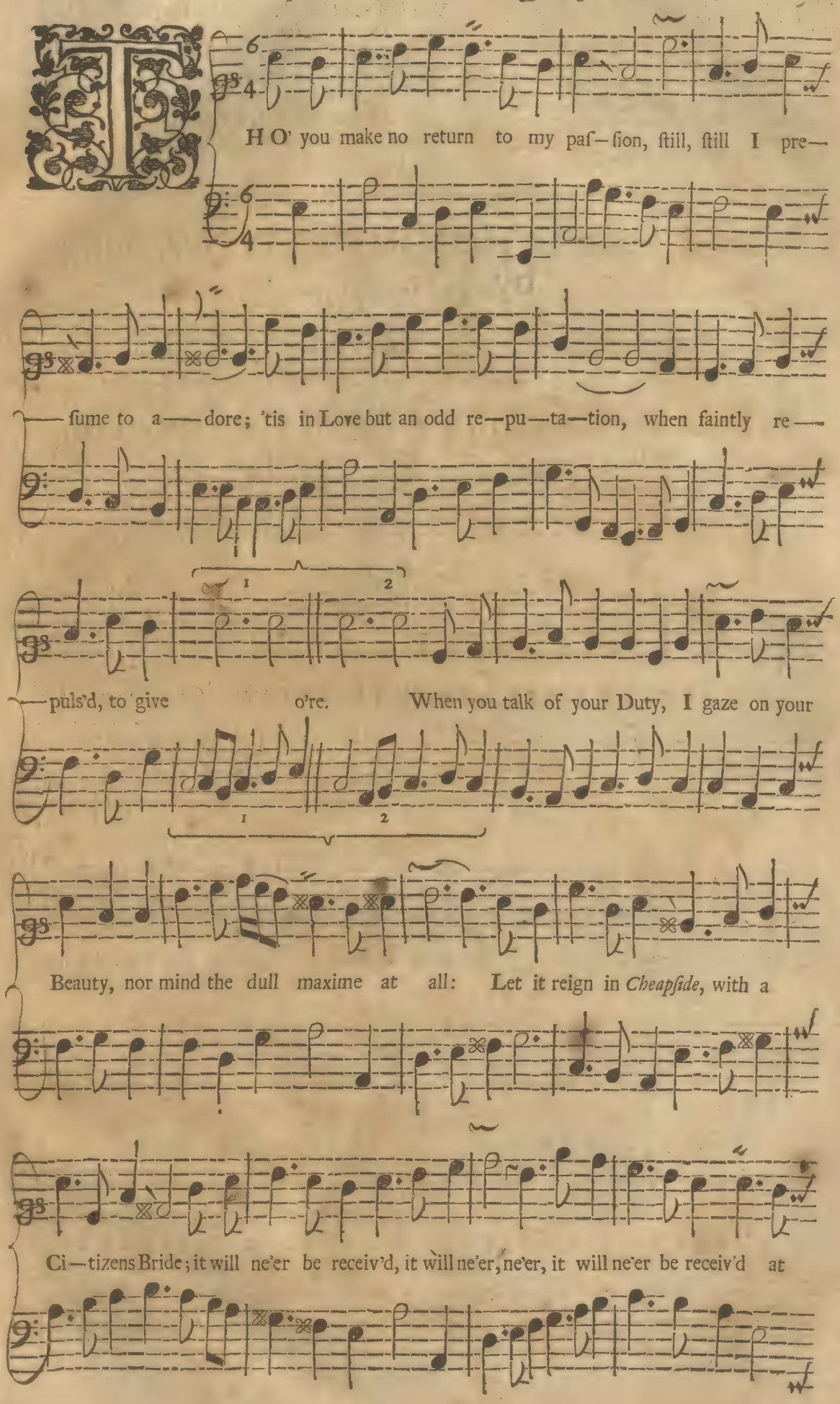
Your already infinitely oblig'd,

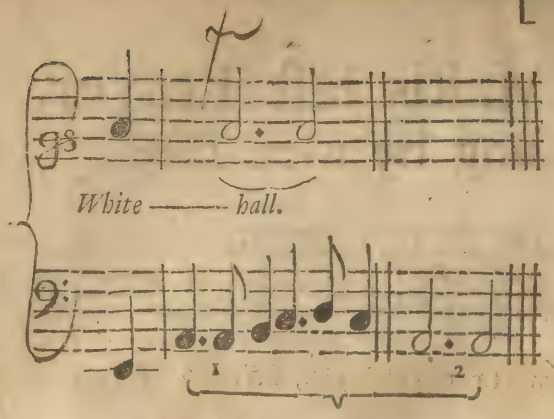
And most humble Servant,

John Hudgebutt.

The firſt Song in the Maids laſt Prayer,

by Mr. *Henry Purcell.* Sung by Mrs. *Dyer.*

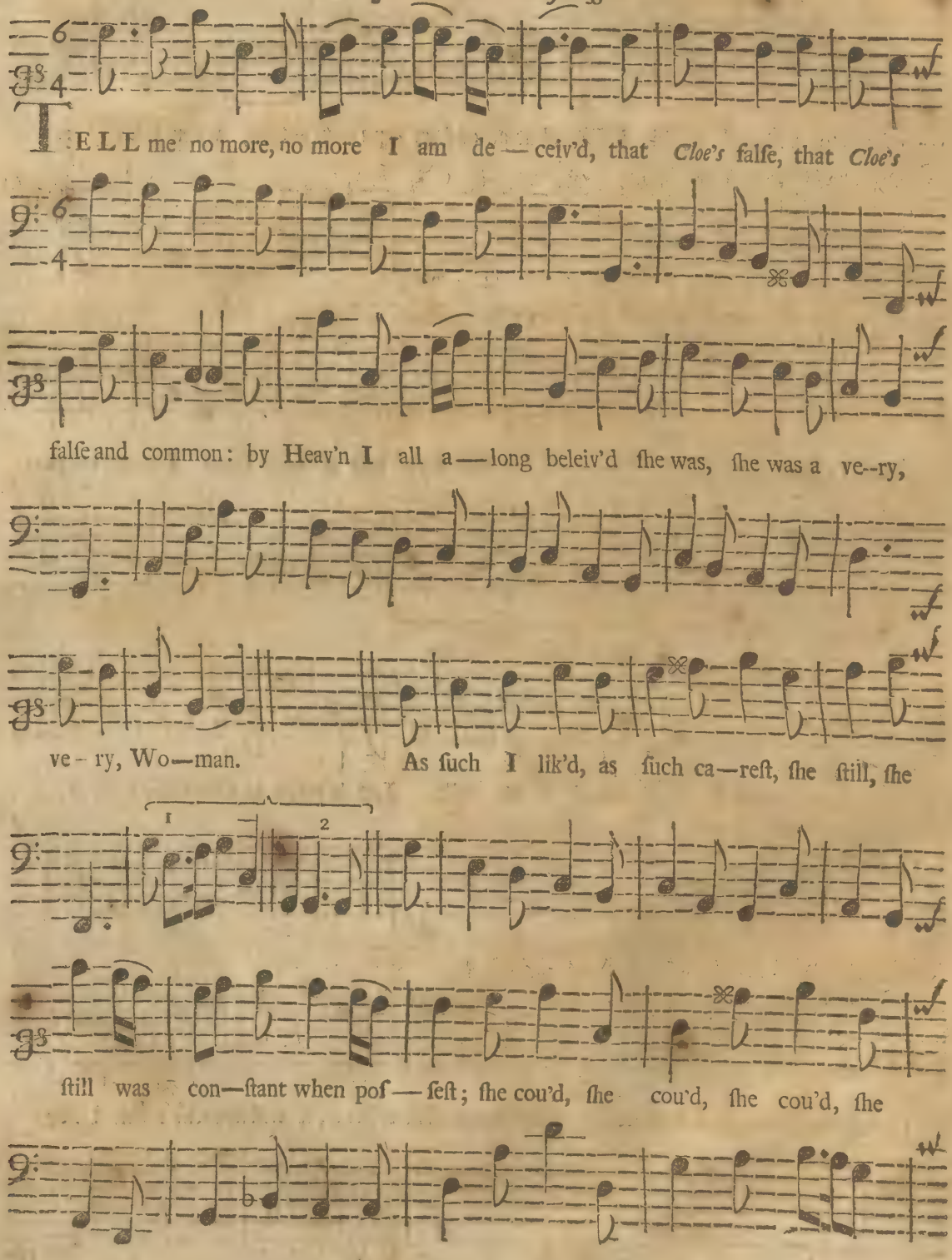


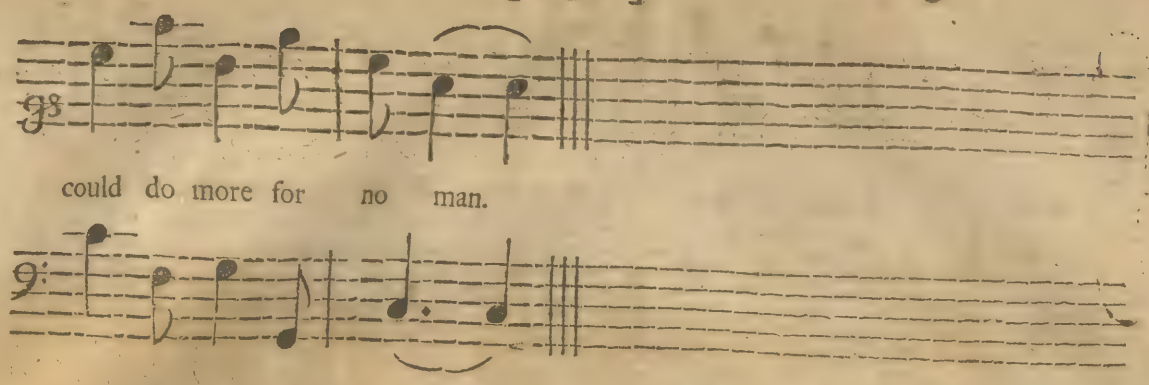


II.

What Apocryphal Tales are you told,
By one who would make you beleive,
That, becauſe of *to have and to hold*,
You ſtill muſt be pinn'd to his ſleeve.
'Twere apparent high Treaſon,
'Gainſt Love and 'gainſt Reaſon,
Should one ſuch a Treaſure engroſs:
He who knows not the Joys,
That attend ſuch a Choice,
Shou'd reſign to another who does.

The 2d. Song in the Maids laſt Prayer, Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*.

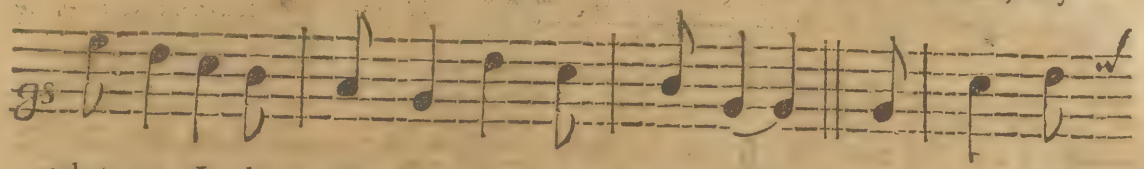


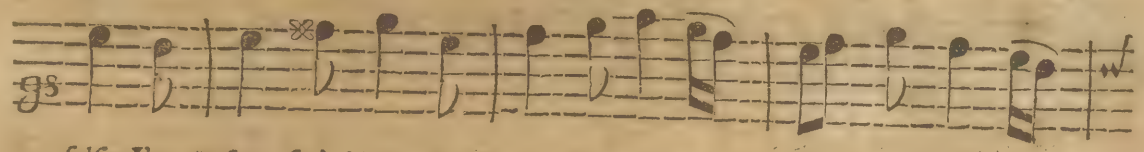

could do more for no man.

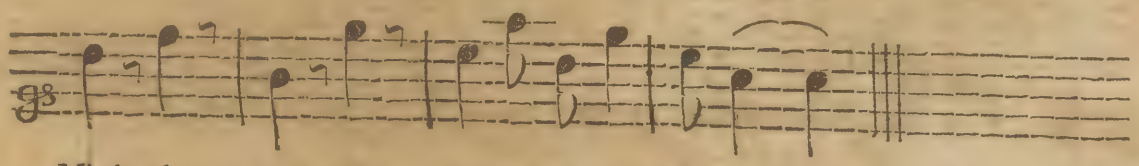
2d. Stanza.

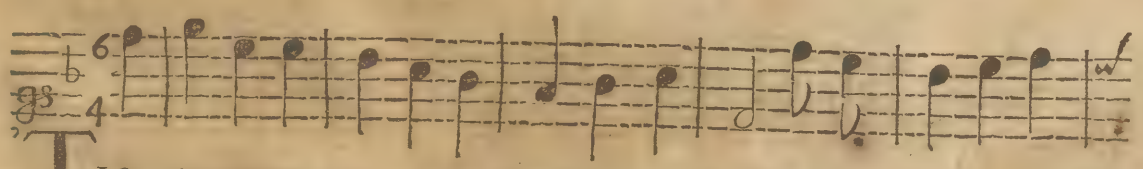
But oh! but oh her thoughts on o—thers ran, and that you think, and

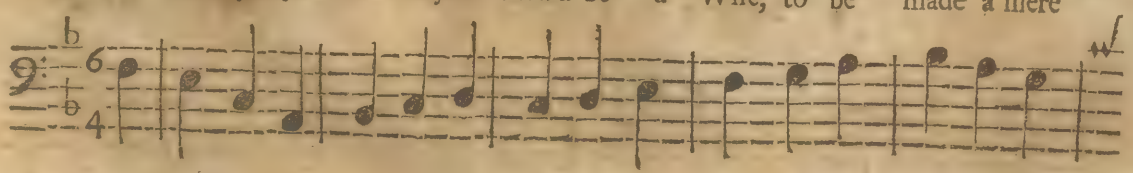
that you think a hard thing; per—haps ſhe fan cy'd you the Man, why

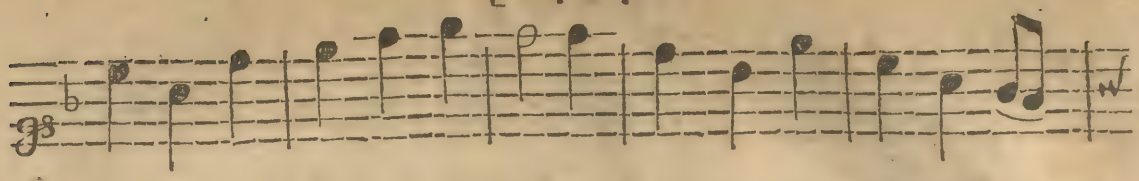

what care I, why what care I one Far—thing. You ſay ſhe's


falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind, I'le take, I'le take her Bo——dy, you her

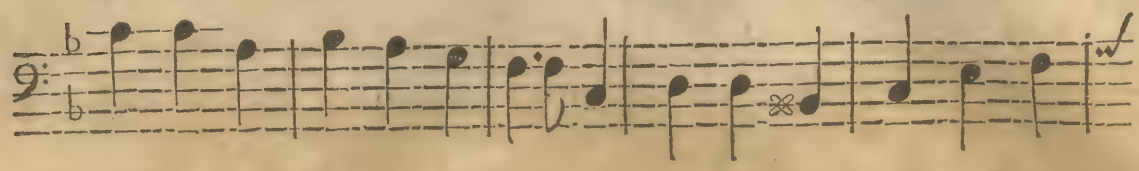

Mind; who, who, who has the better Bar—gain?


'TIS pit—ty *Myr—til—la* you ſhou'd be a Wife, to be made a mere





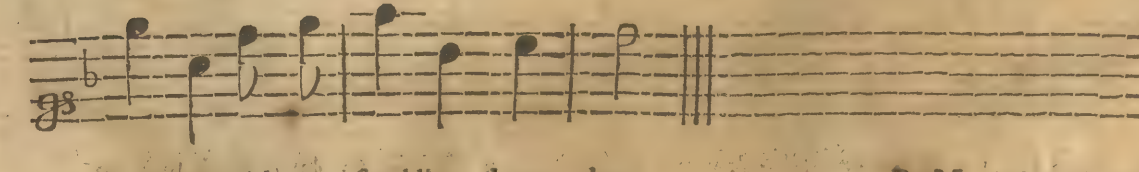
ſlave and a drudge all thy life; to throw all thy freedome and



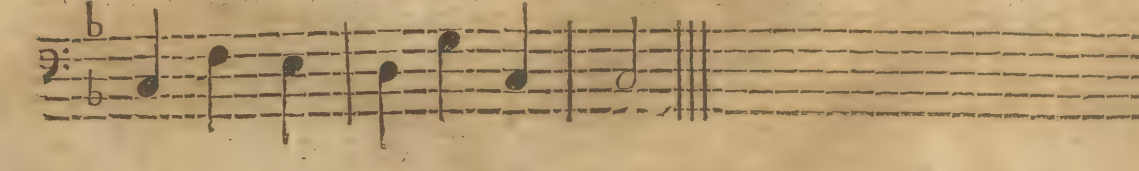
pleaſures a — way, change the joys of Command for the curſe of O——

——bey: Be un — ea—ſy a——broad 'cauſe home you muſt come, to be

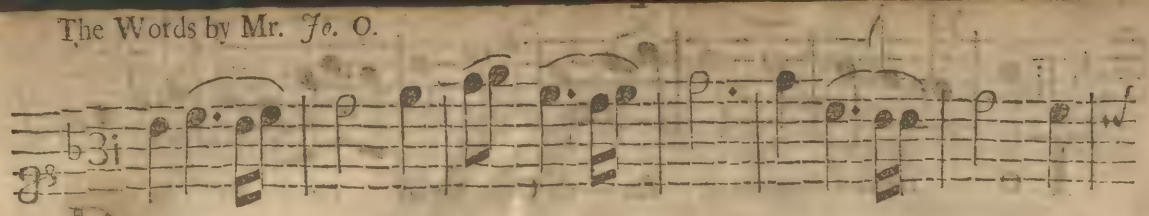
plagu'd all the night with a fumbling hum—drum, with a fum, fum, fum,



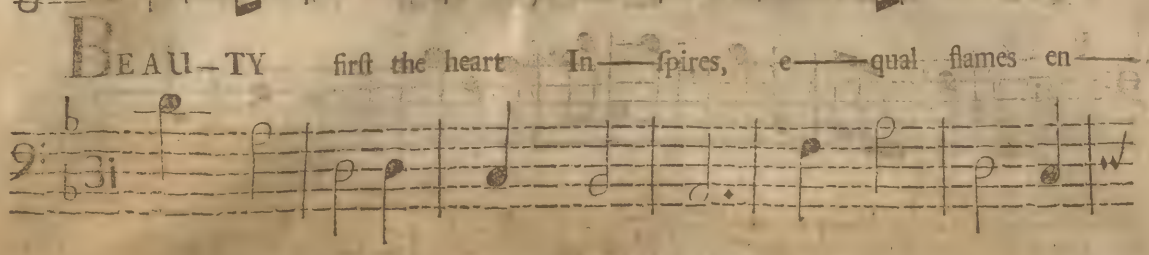
fumbling, with a fumbling hum — drum. By Mr. *Akeroyd.*



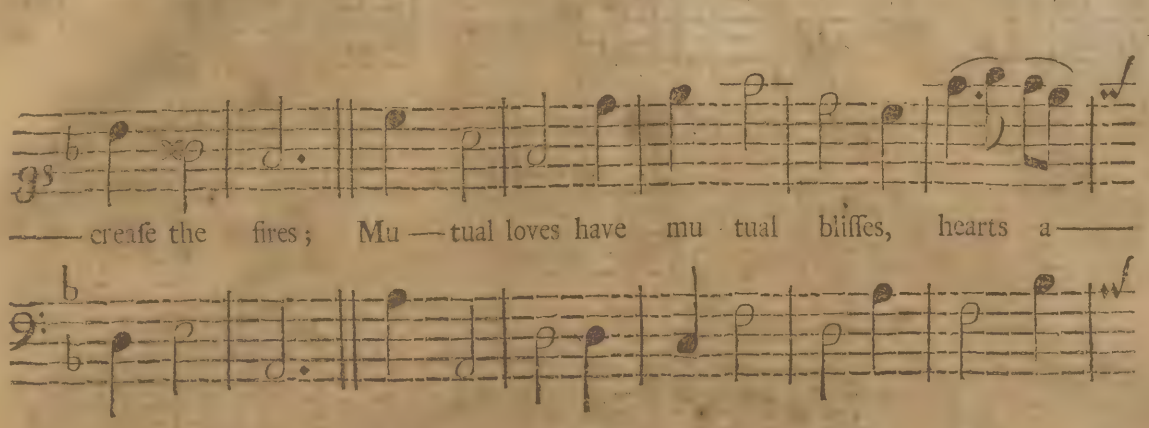
The Words by Mr. *Jo. O.*



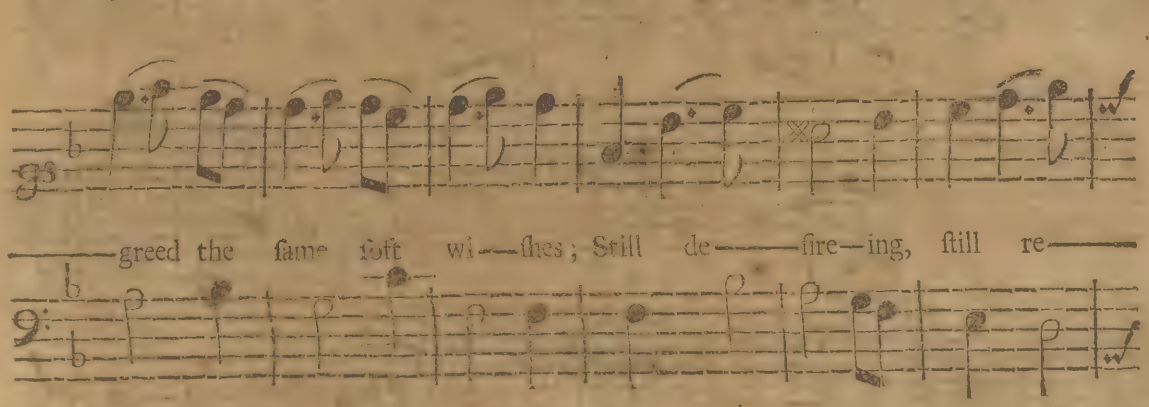
BEAU—TY first the heart In—spires, e——qual flames en——



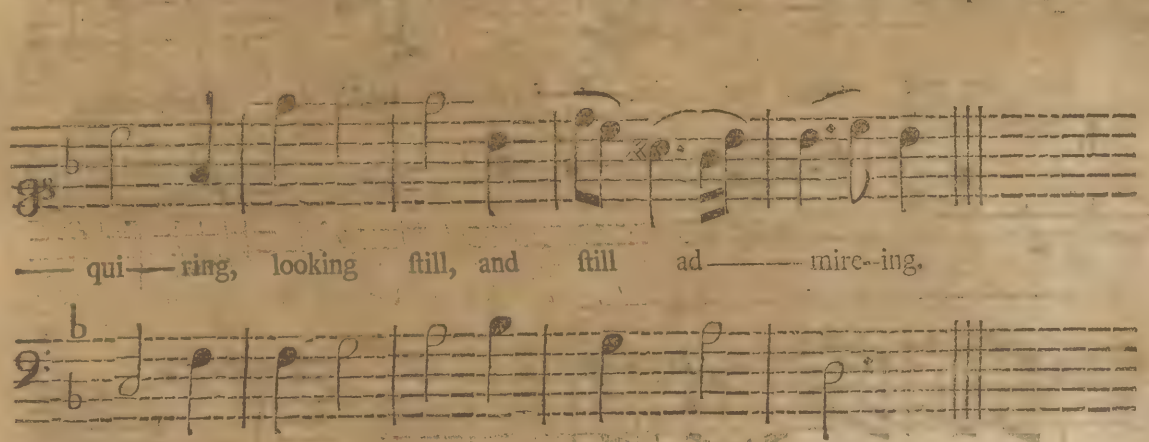
——crease the fires; Mu—tual loves have mu tual bliſſes, hearts a——



——greed the ſame ſoft wi—ſhes; Still de——ſire—ing, ſtill re——



—— qui—ring, looking ſtill, and ſtill ad——mire—ing.



Set by Mr. *Akeroyd*

II.

Some dear pleaſing Raptures roul,
Alike about each raviſh'd Soul;
True Lovers wiſhes are not cloy'd,
The object ne're ſo oft enjoy'd.
Still, &c.

III.

Free from Troubles, free from harms,
Full of Honour, full of charms;
Bleſs theſe pairs ye Gods above,
Crown their hearts with laſting Love.
Still, &c.

To convent Streams or sha—dy Groves, may *Ce—lia* be con—

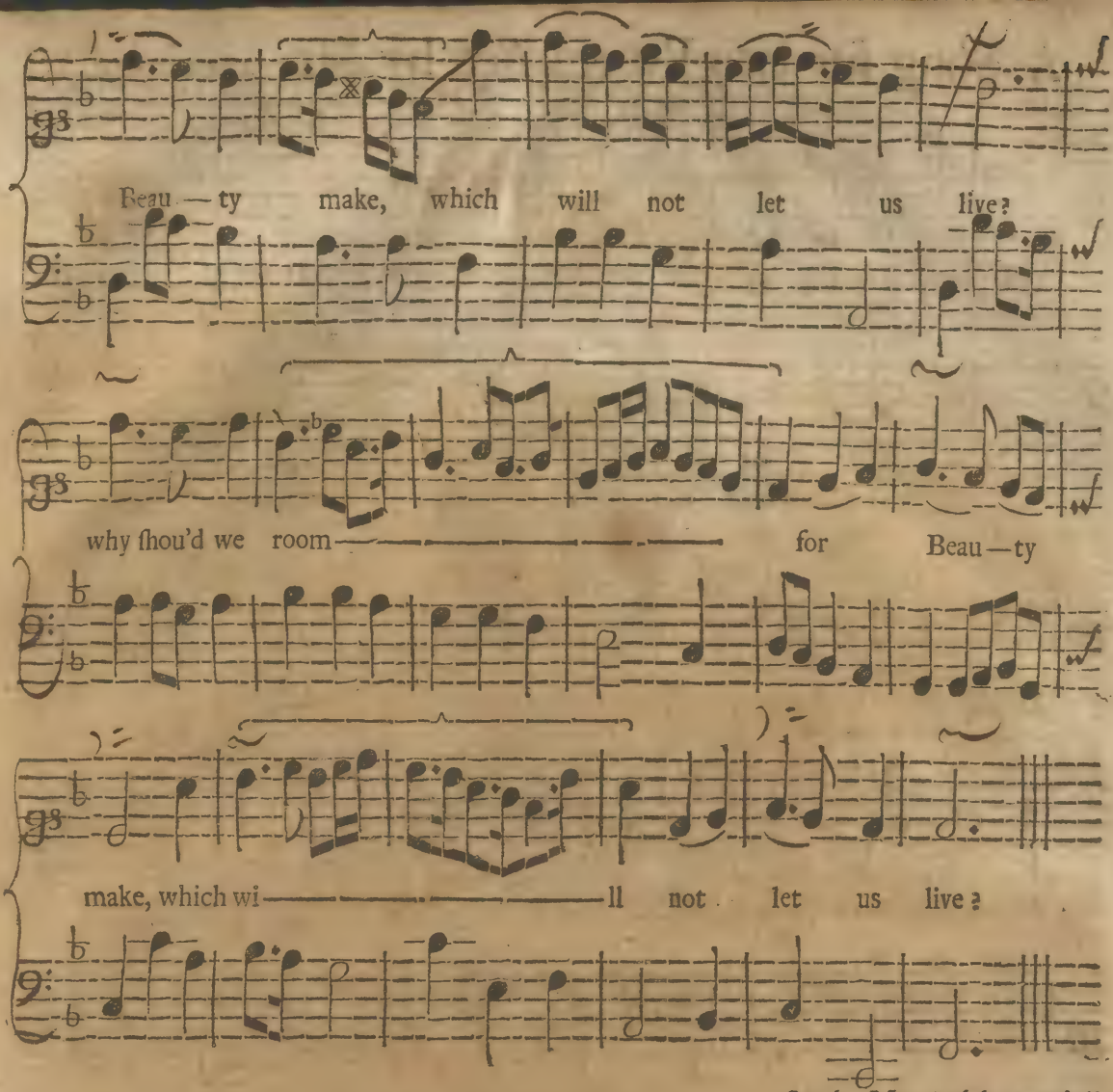
—fin'd, and from *Au—gus—ta*, from *Au—gus——ta* far re—

—move, since hand—some and un——kind:

Let her not range nor plea——sures take, in Town which

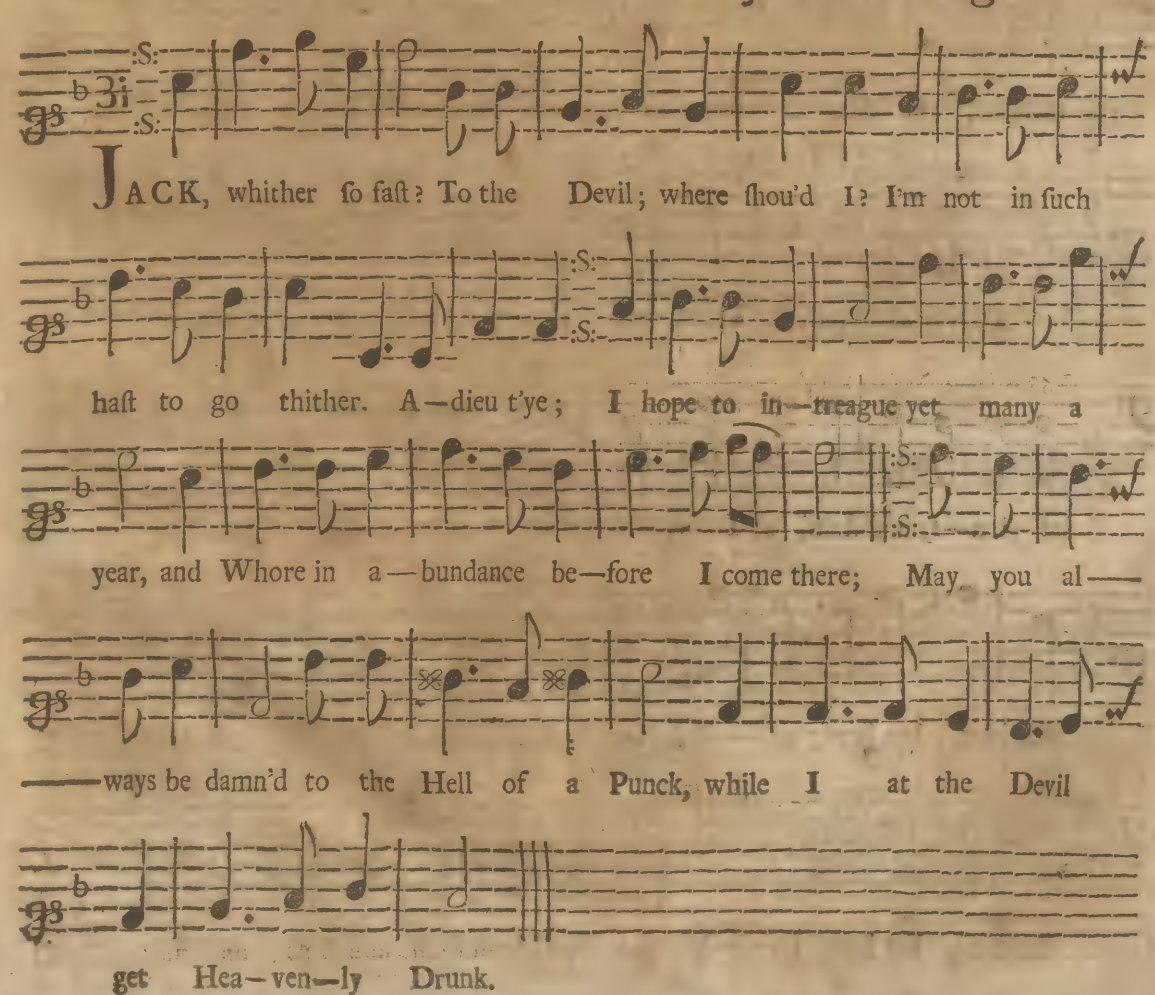
no——ne will give; why shou'd we

room for Beau—ty make, why, why shou'd we room for


Beau — ty make, which will not let us live?
why ſhou'd we room——— for Beau—ty
make, which wi———ll not let us live?

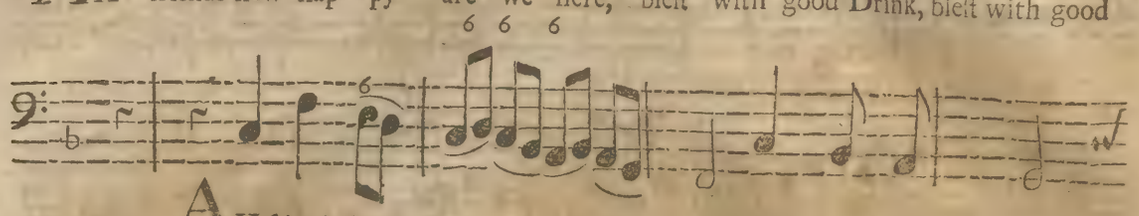
Set by Mr. *Ralph Courtivil.*

A Catch for 3. Voices, by Mr. *King.*


JACK, whither ſo faſt? To the Devil; where ſhou'd I? I'm not in ſuch
haſt to go thither. A—dieu t'ye; I hope to in—treague yet many a
year, and Whore in a—bundance be—fore I come there; May you al—
——ways be damn'd to the Hell of a Punck, while I at the Devil
get Hea—ven—ly Drunk.

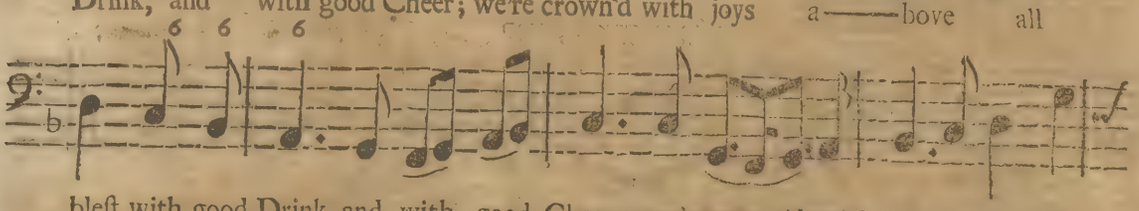
A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. *Akeroyde.*

AH friends how hap - py are we here, bleſt with good Drink, bleſt with good

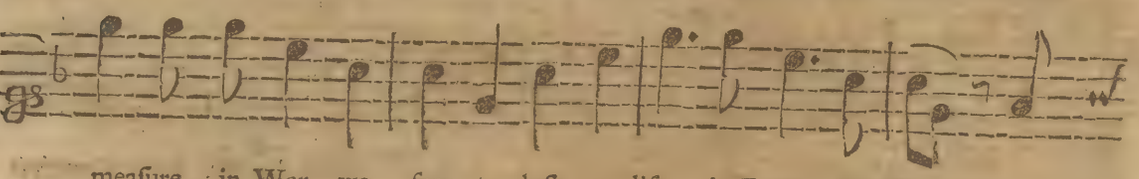


AH friends how hap—py are we here, bleſt with good Drink,

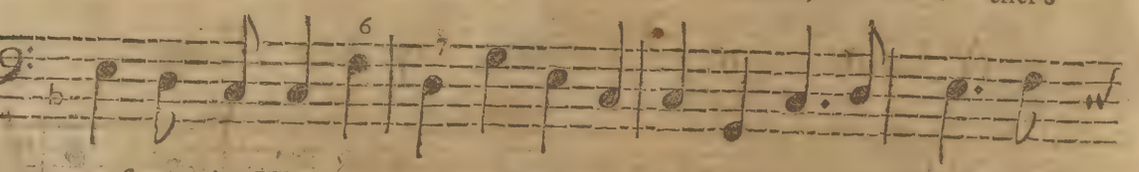
Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a——bove all



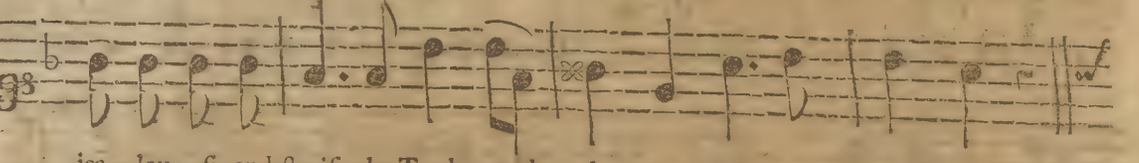
bleſt with good Drink, and with good Cheer ; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all



meaſure, in War we fear to loſe our life, in Love, in Love ther's

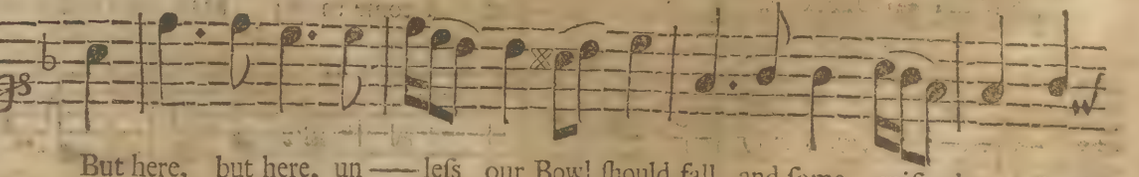


meaſure, in War we fear to looſe our life, in Love, in Love, ther's

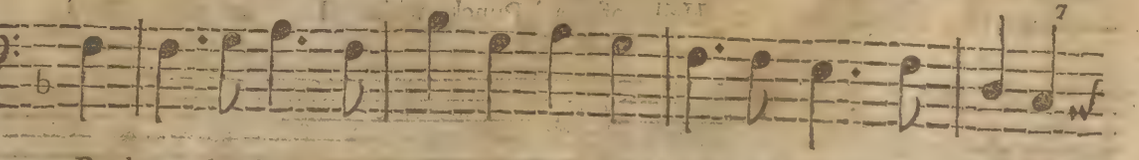


jea—lou—ſy and ſtreif, by Trade, and play we loſe our Treaſure.

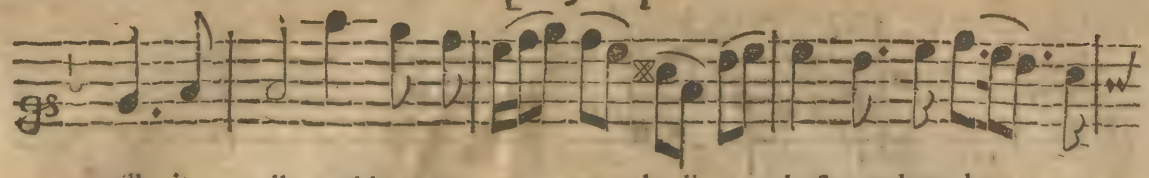
jea—lou—ſy and ſtrief, by Trade, and play we looſe our Treaſure.



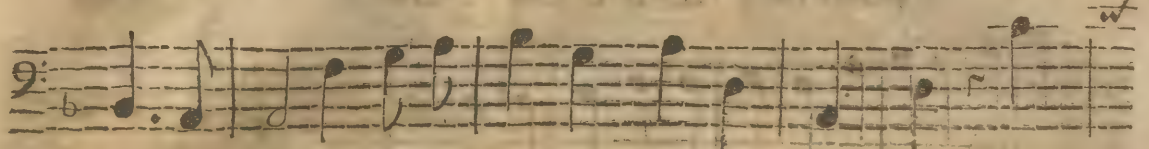
But here, but here, un——leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, and ſome miſ-chance ſhould



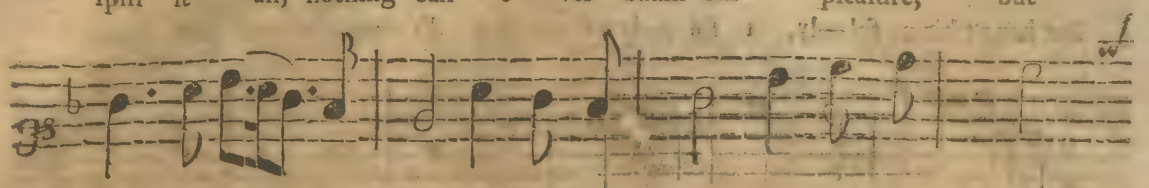
But here, but here, un——leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, and ſome miſ--chance ſhould



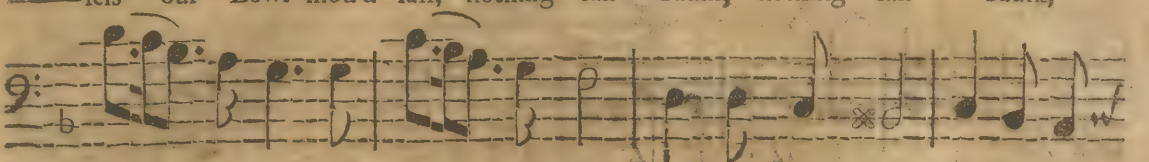
ſpill it all, nothing can e——ver baulk our pleaſure, but here un—



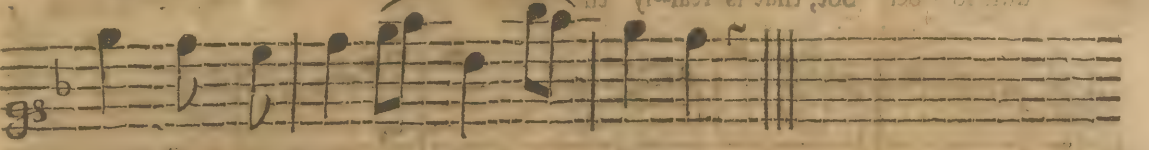
ſpill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleaſure, but



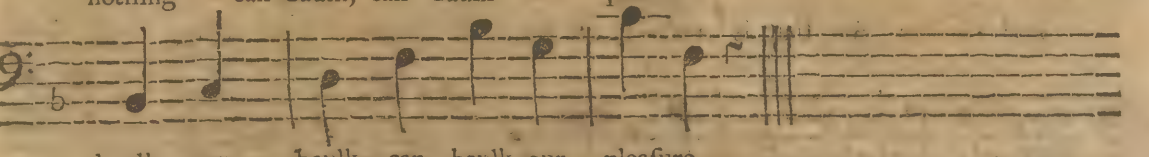
——leſs our Bowl ſhou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can baulk,



here un—leſs our Bowl ſhou'd fall nothing can baulk, nothing can

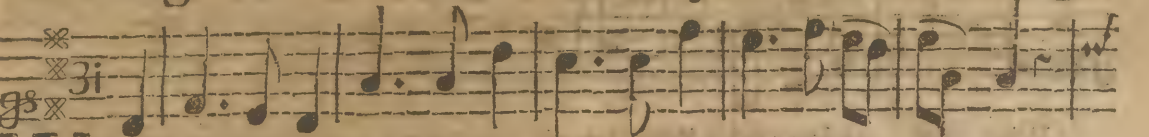


nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleaſure.



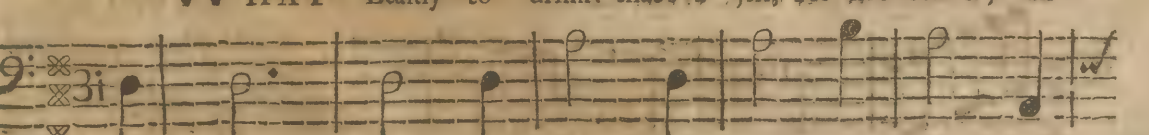
baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleaſure.

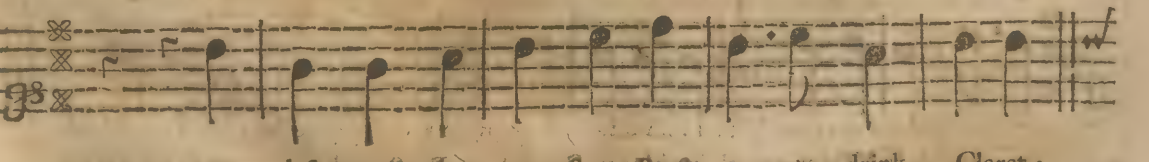
A Song for 2. Voices, Set by Mr. *Robert King*.



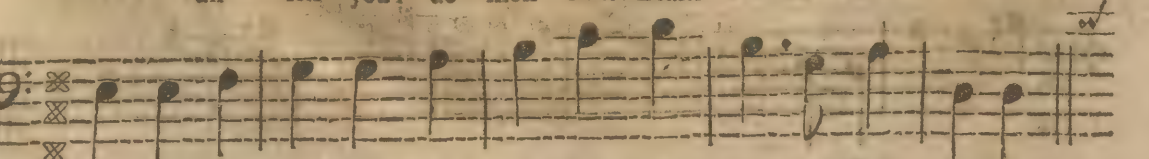
WHAT Beaſtly to drink! that's a jeſt, that's a jeſt, I'le not bear it;

WHAT Beaſtly to drink! that's a jeſt, I'le not bear it; un——

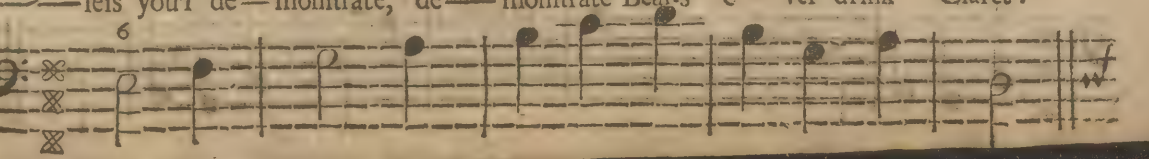




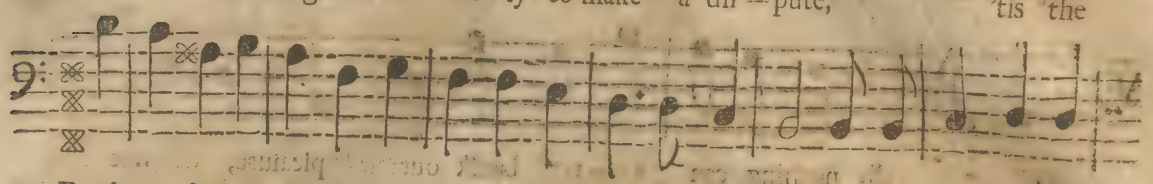
un——leſs you'l de—mon—ſtrate Beaſts e—ver drink Claret:



——leſs you'l de—monſtrate, de——monſtrate Beaſts e—ver drink Claret:

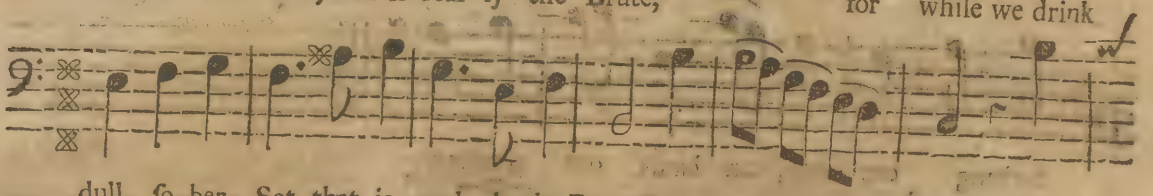


But hang't 'tis a fol-ly to make a dif-pute, 'tis the

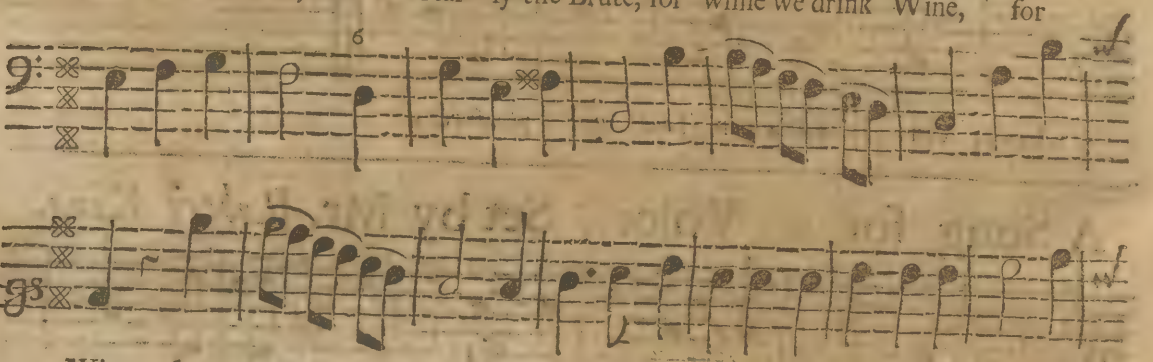


But hang't 'tis a fol—ly, a fol—ly to make a dif—pute, 'tis the dull ſober,

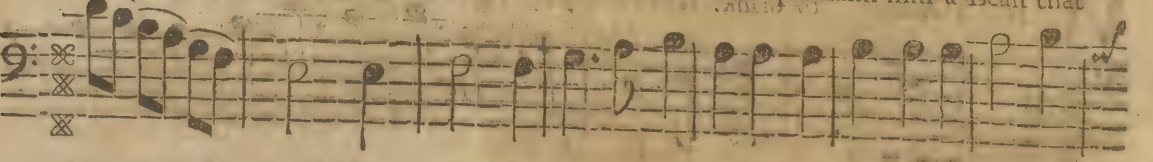
dull ſo—ber Sot, that is real—ly the Brute, for while we drink



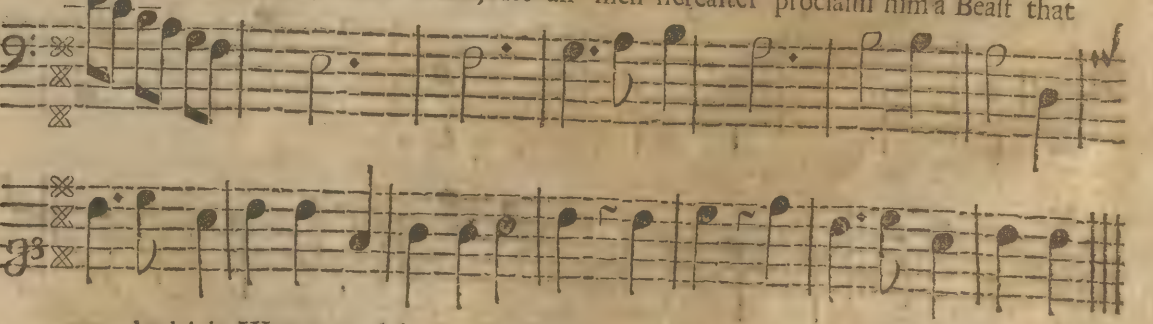
dull ſo—ber Sot, that is real—ly the Brute, for while we drink Wine, for



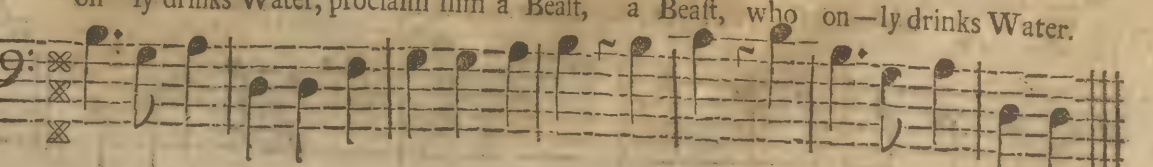
Wine, for while we drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beaſt that



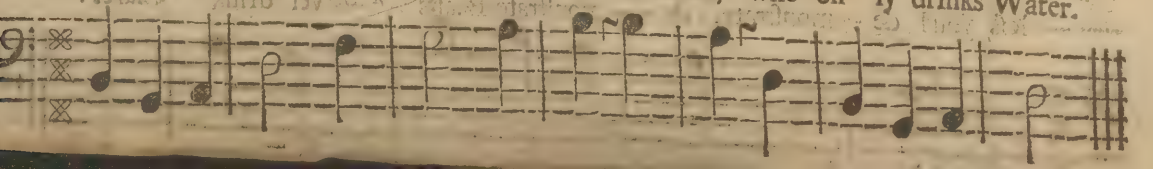
while we drink Wine, drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beaſt that



on - ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beaſt, a Beaſt, who on—ly drinks Water.



on—ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beaſt, a Beaſt, who on—ly drinks Water.



TELL me thou fairest of all thy whole Sex, why so much good nature poor

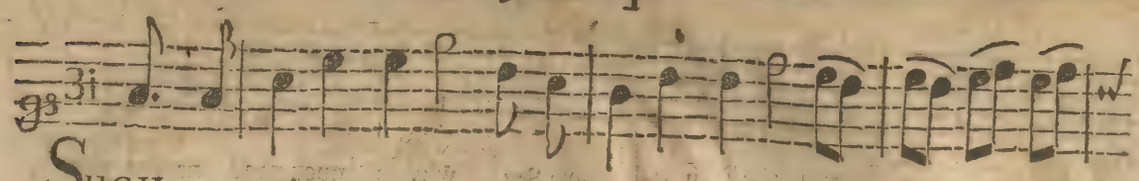
hearts doth per—plex; The un — grate—full be—trays me with hopes in my

sleep, but when the Dreams gone my heart's rea—dy to break; This

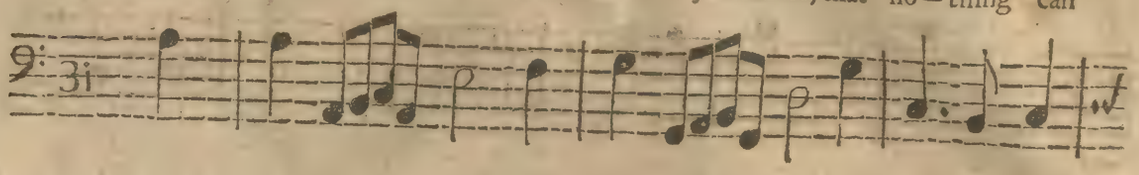
Charming sweet Creature hath a Soul so re—fin'd, that I'de give

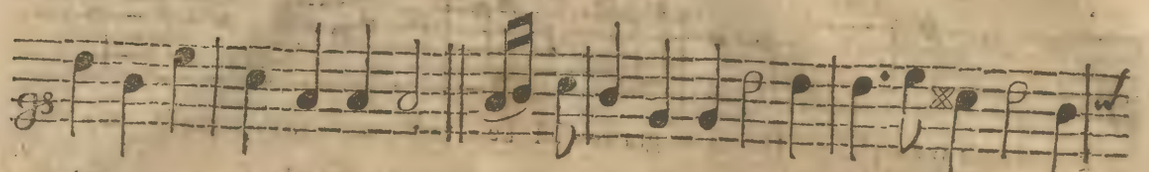
all the world that we were of one mind.

Set by Dr. *Staggins.*

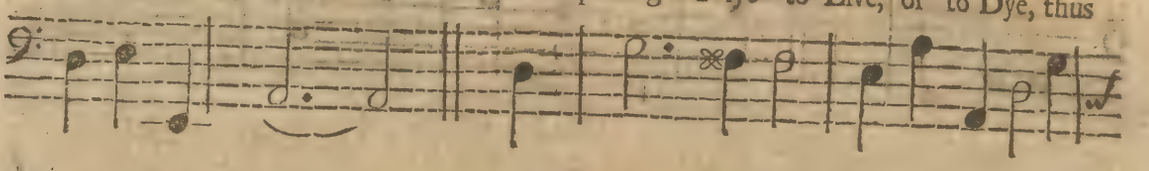


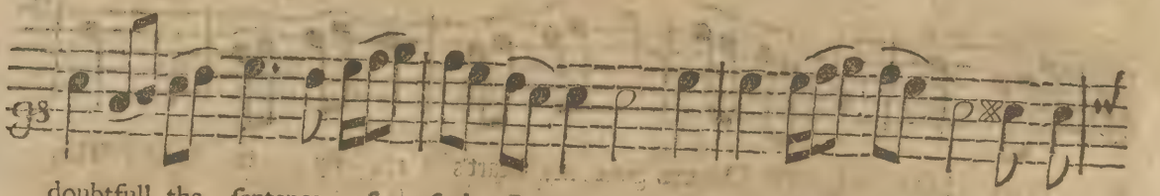
SUCH command o're my Fate, has your Love or your Hate, that no-thing can



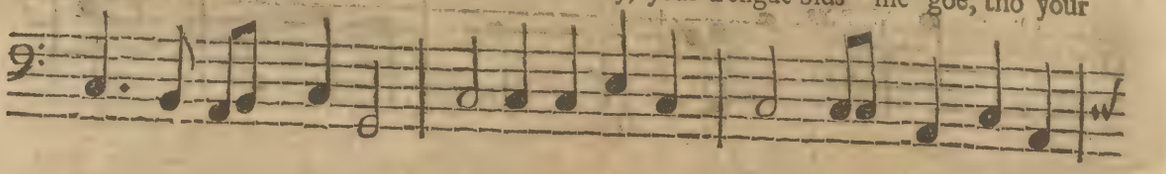


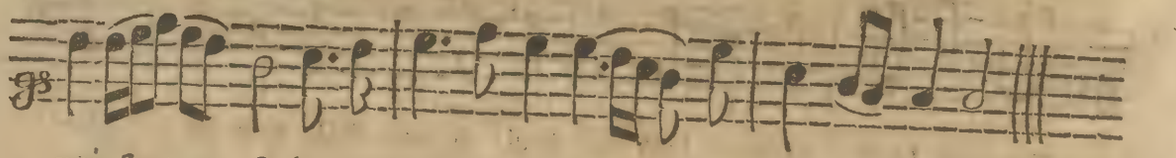
make me more wretched or great: Whilst expecting I lye to Live, or to Dye, thus



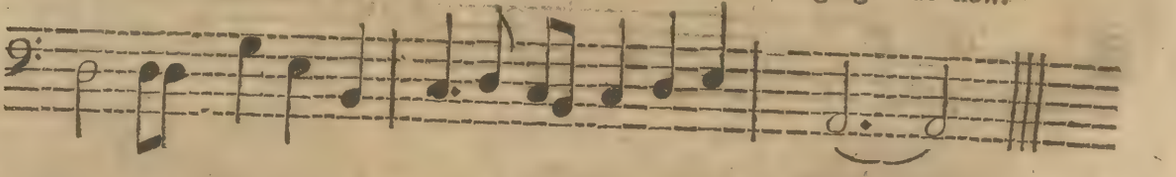


doubtfull the ſentence of ſuch I re-ly, your Tongue bids me goe, tho' your





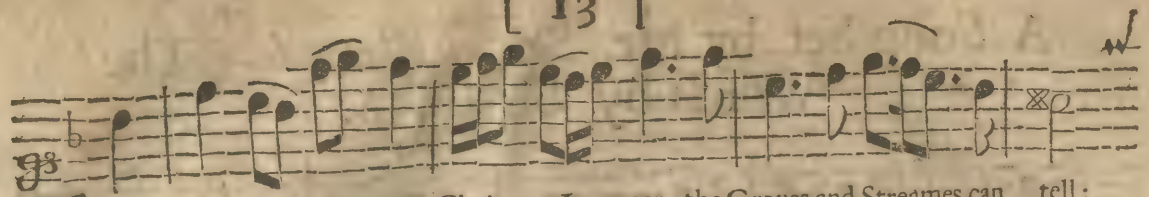
eyes ſay not ſo, but much kinder words from their language do flow.



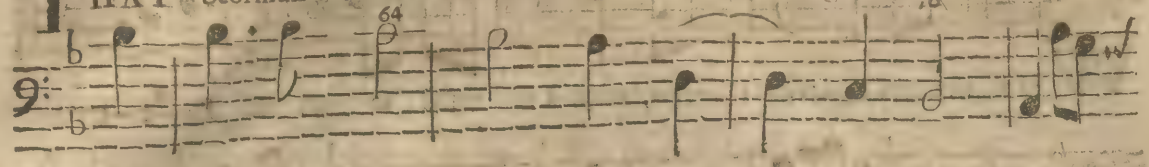
Set by Mr. *Tho. Tallot.*

II.

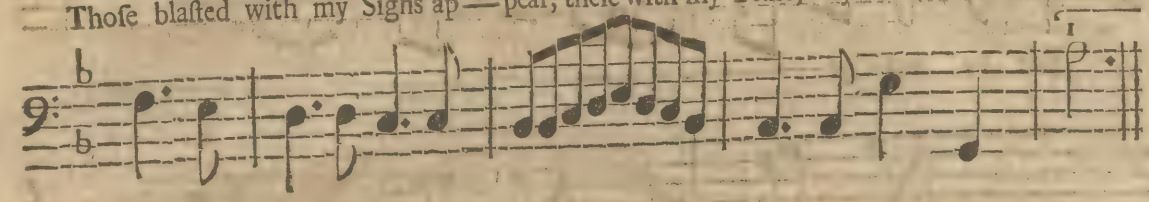
Then leave me not hear thus between hope and fear,
Tho' your Love cannot come let your Pitty appear;
  But this my requeſt you muſt grant me at leaſt,
  And more I'le not ask but to you leave the reſt;
If my Fate I muſt meet let it be at your Feet,
Death there with more joy than elſewhere I wou'd greet.



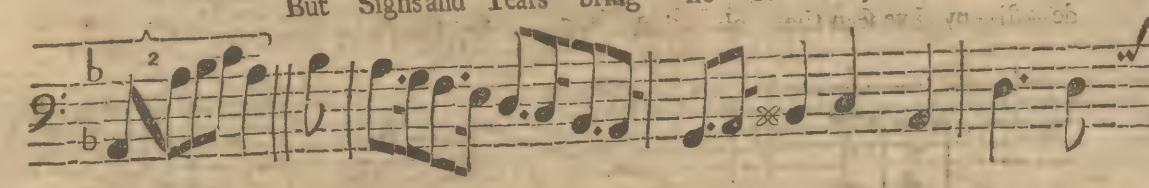
THAT Scornfull *Sil—vias* Chaines I wear, the Groves and Streames can tell;



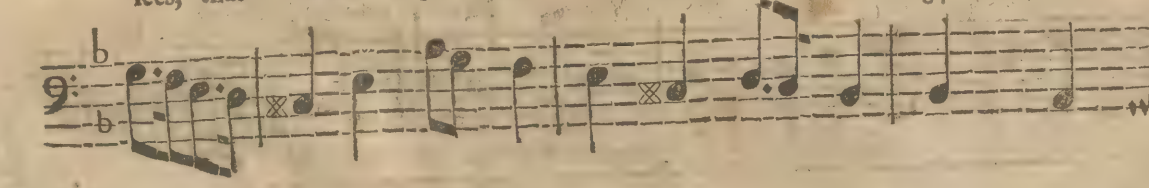
Thoſe blaſted with my Sighs ap—pear, theſe with my Tears, my Tears o're ſwell:



But Sighs and Tears bring no re—dreſs, and Love that

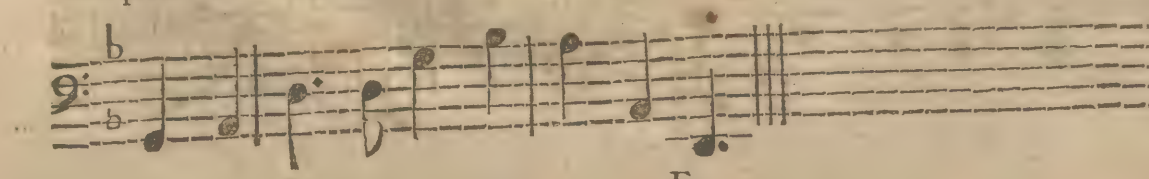


ſees, that ſees me greive, con—ſpires with *Sil—via* to op—



—preſs the heart he ſhou'd re—lieve.

Set by Mr. *Akeroyd.*



A Song Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*. The Words by Sir *Ed. S.*

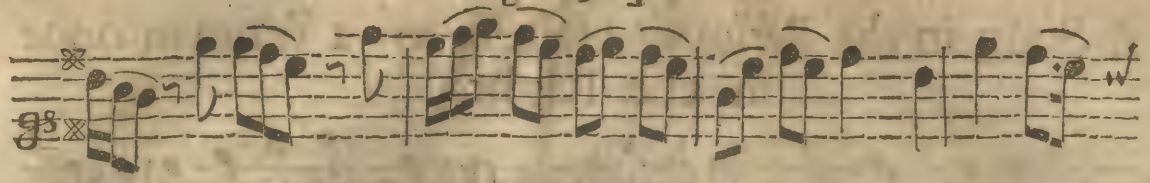
WHY wonders beauteous *Clo—ris*, why, I've aim'd ſo oft at Po—e—try?

ſince by my ge——n'rous

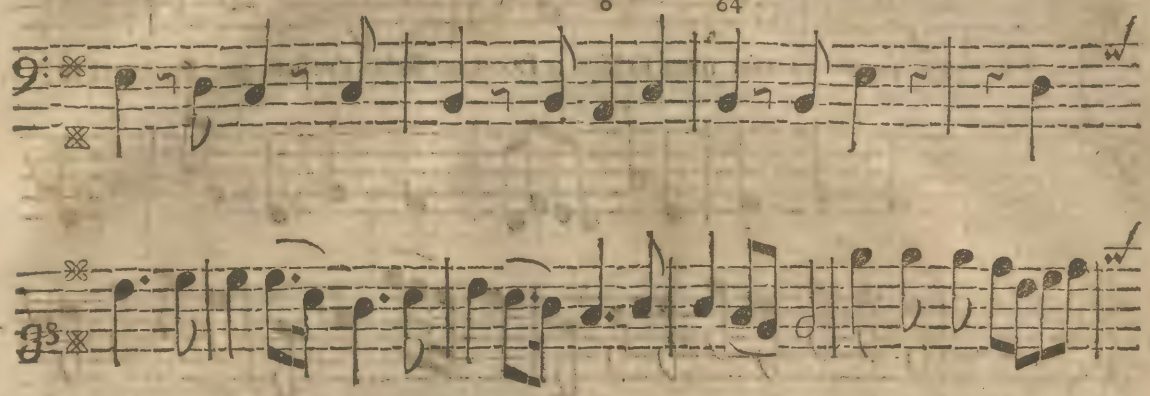
de—ſti—ny, I've ſeen the ob—ject of her Eye; why wonders beauteous

Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd ſo oft at Po—e——try? I'm in a

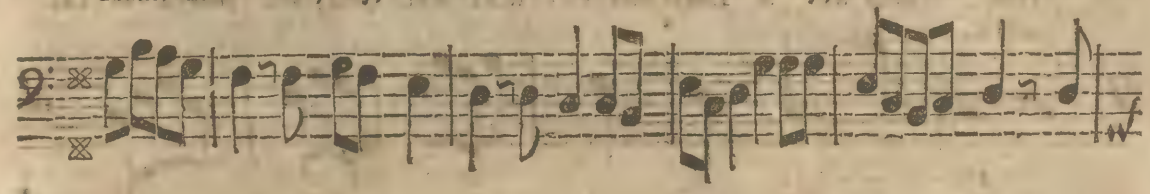
Hea——ven a——



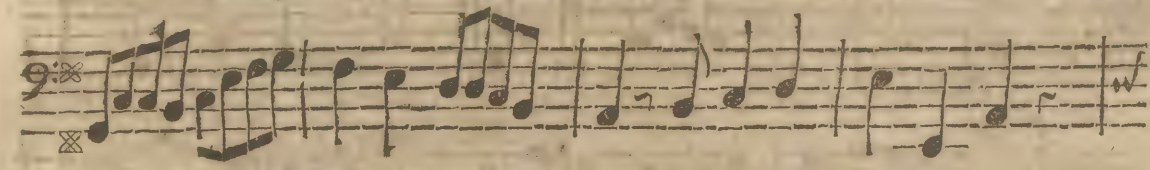
——las at leaſt, when e're my Eyes doe on her feaſt: why wonders

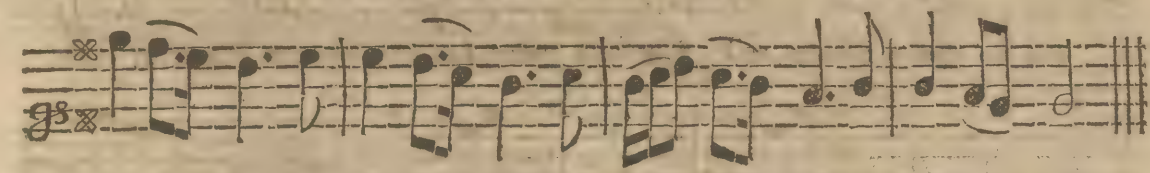


beauteous *Clo*—*ris*, why, I've aim'd ſo oft at Po—e--try; and in that Hea——



——ven my rap—tures be im—prov'd by her di——vi—ni—ty? why



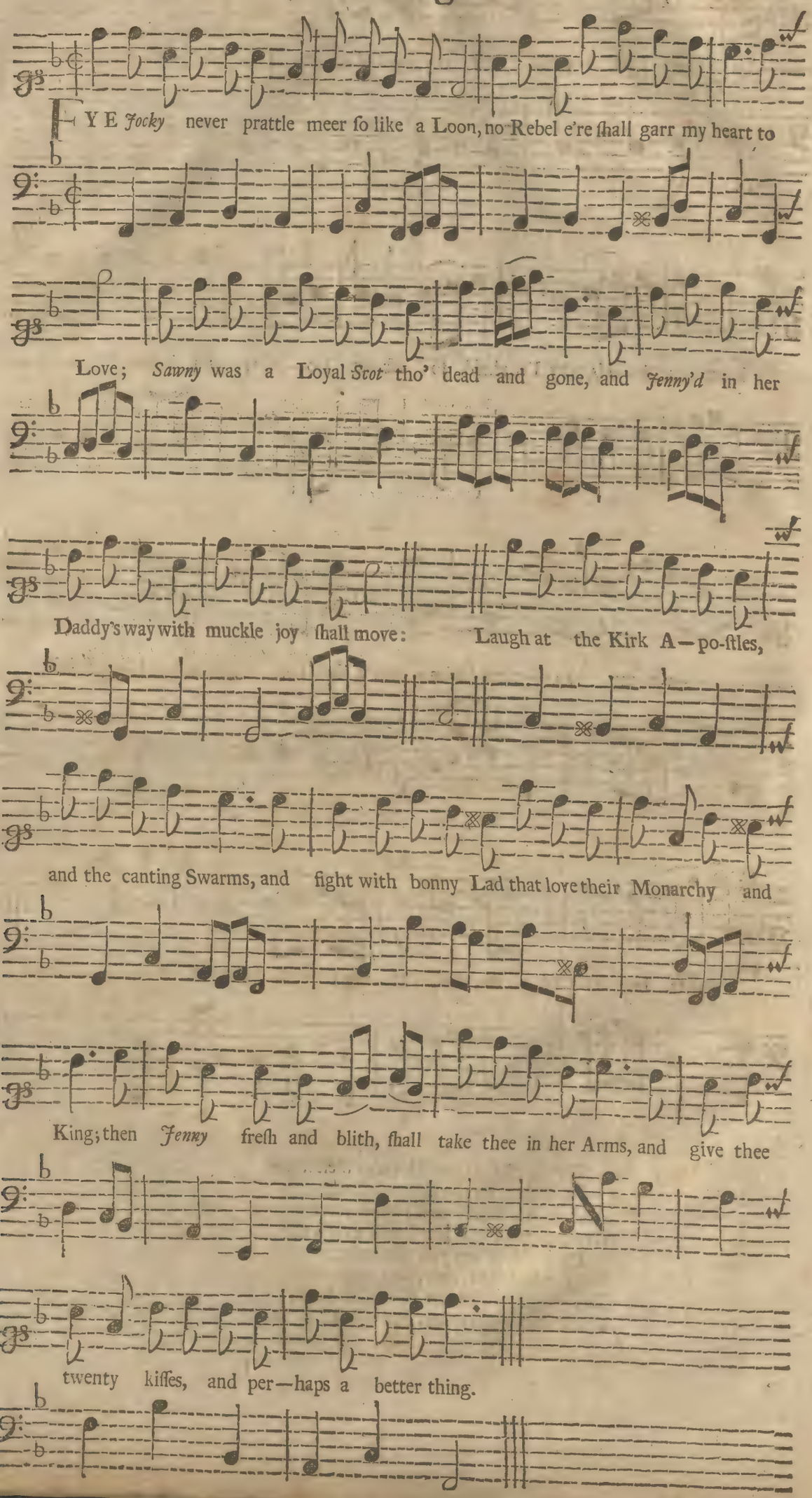


wonders beauteous *Clo*—*ris*, why, I've aim'd ſo much at Po—e——try?

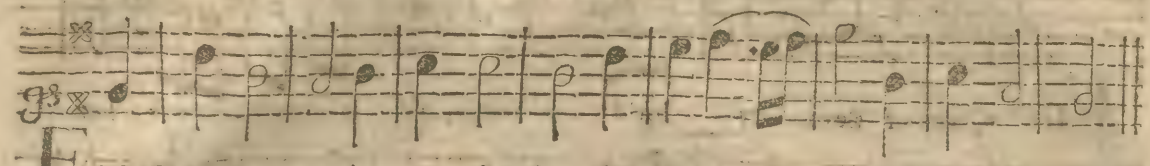
II.

Tranſlated thus to Heavens bleſt Shore,
I ceaſe to be the thing before;
And in thoſe hallow'd Plaines receive,
Rewards too great for Earth to give;
Then *Cloris* can you ſo admire,
At what you only, you Inſpire;
The mighty wonders of whoſe Eyes,
Produce your *Strephons* Rhapſodies.

A Song in the *Richmond* Heireſt, or a Woman once in the Right.

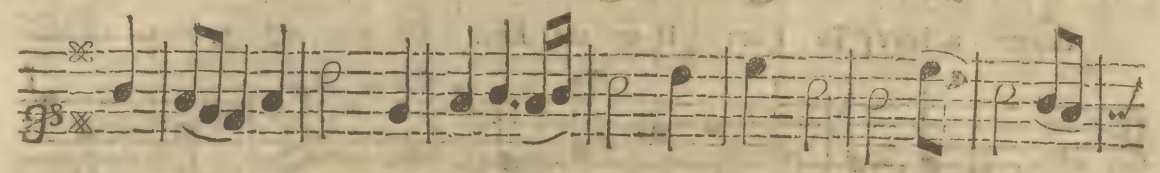


A Song for 2 Voices, Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*. The Words by Mr. *Jo. O.*

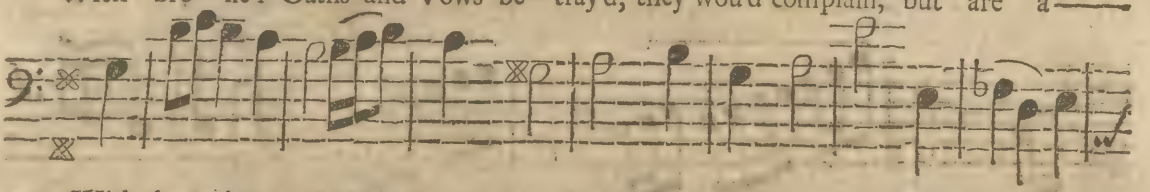


FOND Virgins run in — to the ſnare, falſe Men to catch their hearts pre - pare:

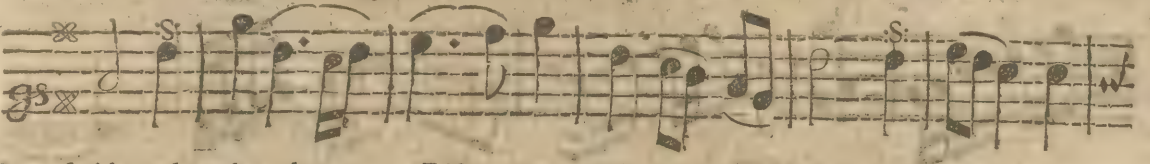
FOND Virgins run in — to the ſnare, falſe Men to catch their hearts pre — pare:



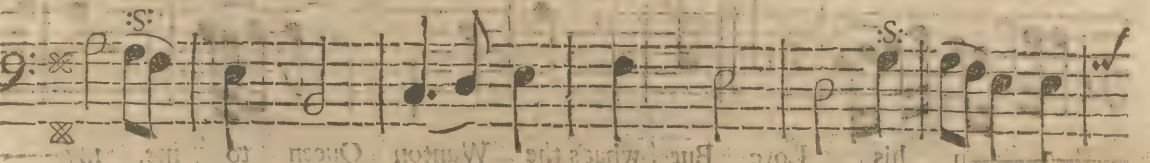
With bro — ken Oaths and Vows be — tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a —



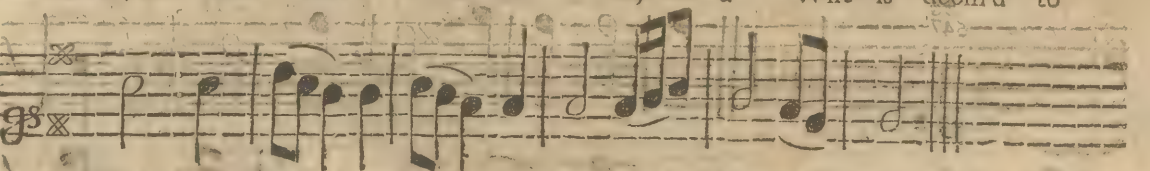
With bro — ken Oaths and Vows be — tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a —



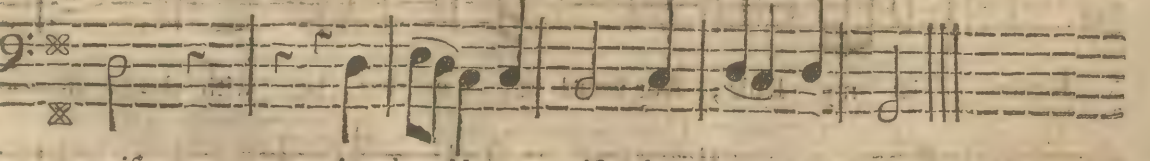
— fraid; and each that Liſts her ſelf for a Wife, is doom'd to



— fraid; and each that Liſts her ſelf, a Wife is doom'd to



praiſe, is doom'd, is doom'd to praiſe the care — full life.



praiſe is doom'd to praiſe the care — full life.

II

Praiſe the carefull life,
The Nymph ſhe is both gay and wiſe,
The tempting Bait diſcreetly flyes;
She loves her ſelf, ſhe loves her friend,
She looks for joys and has her end;
She only can her freedom boaſt,
Which when reſign'd is ever loſt.

A Paſtoral Dialogue by Mr. *Jo. O.* Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd.*

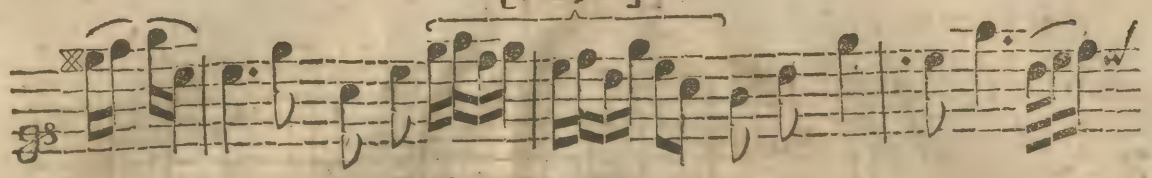
Thirſis.

THE Queen of Beau—ty lov'd a Swain, and le———ft her throne a-bove; To ſport it on the hum—ble plain, and re———vel, and re———vel, and re———vel—i———n his Love. But what's the Wanton Queen to me, my—Reaſon is my Rule; Nor wou'd it e—ver be with thee, if—

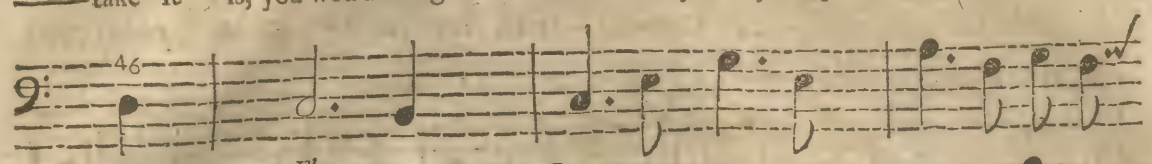
Flor.

Thriſ.

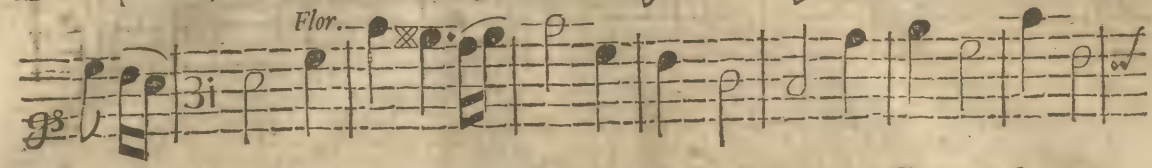
I ſhou'd play the fool: Were Reaſon, cruel Nymph, your guide, as you miſ—



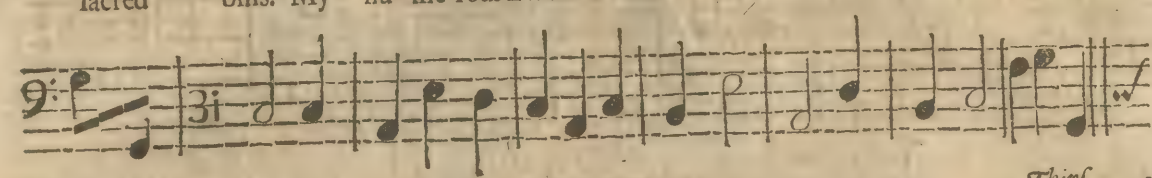
——take it is, you wou'd not glo————ry in your pride, nor ſhun Loves



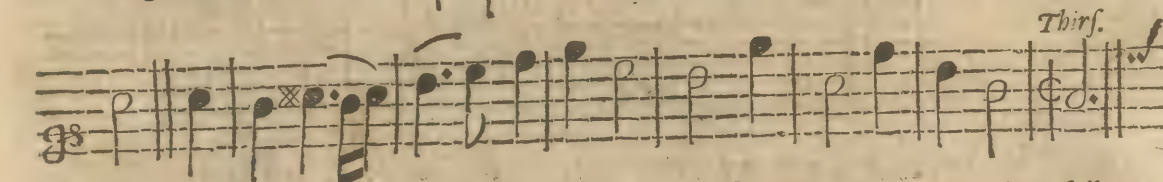
Flor.



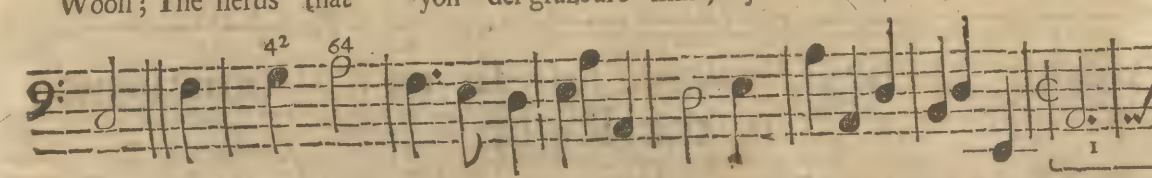
ſacred bliſs. My nu--me-rous Flocks are more than thine, my Fleeces fi—ner



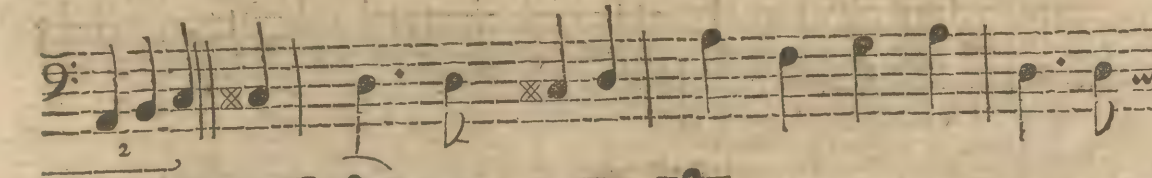
Thirſ.

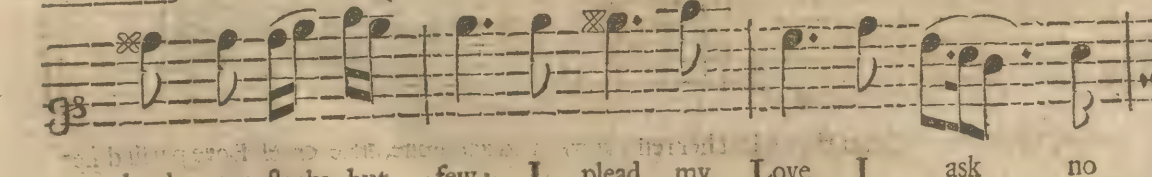


Wooll; The herds that yon—der graze are mine, my Barnes are al—ſo full;

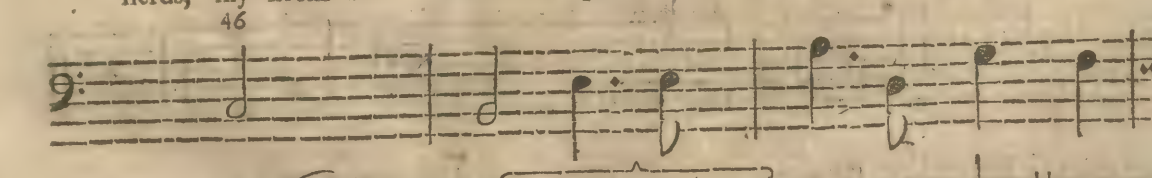


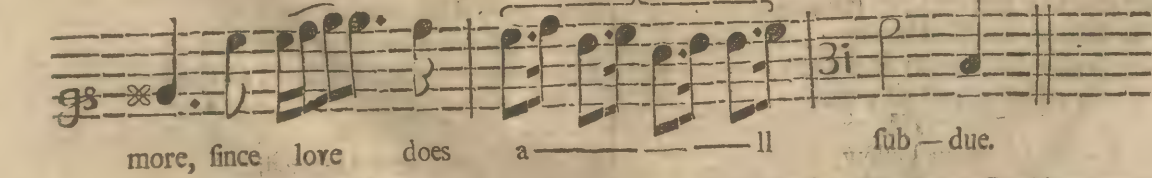
But mine o————h! fates are thine of ſtore, my



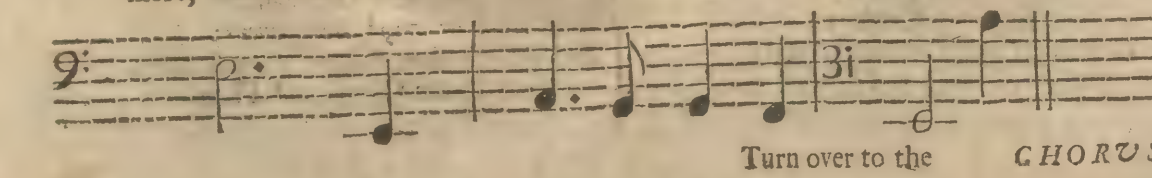


herds, my flocks but few; I plead my Love I ask no



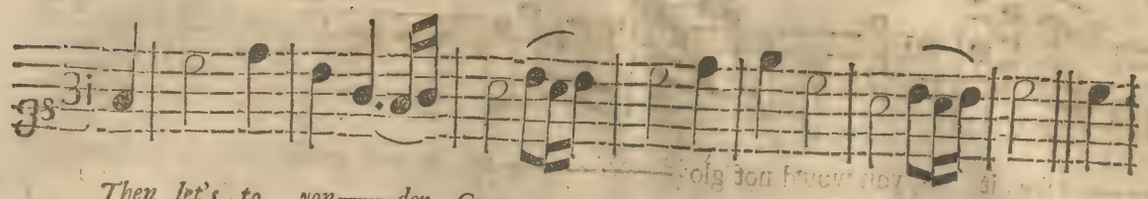


more, ſince love does a————ll ſub—due.



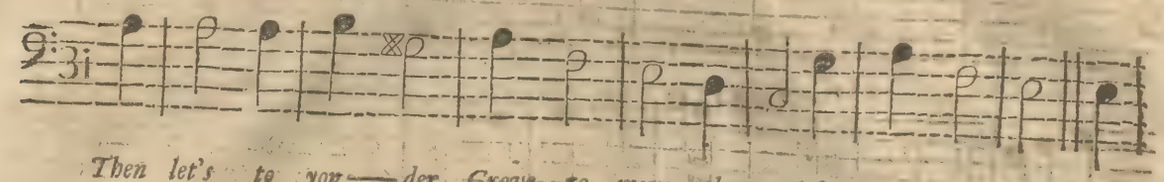
Turn over to the *CHORUS.*

CHORUS.

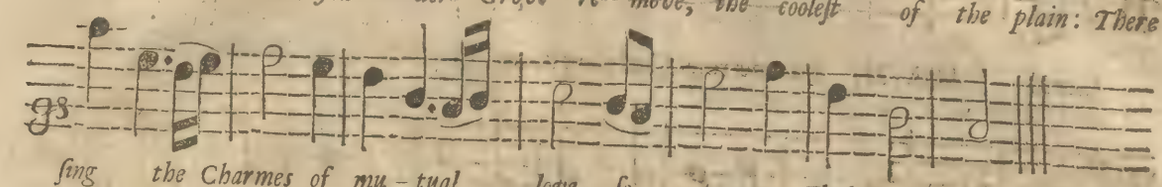


Then let's to yon — der Grove re — move, the cooleſt of the plain: There

CHORUS.



Then let's to yon — der Grove re move, the cooleſt of the plain: There

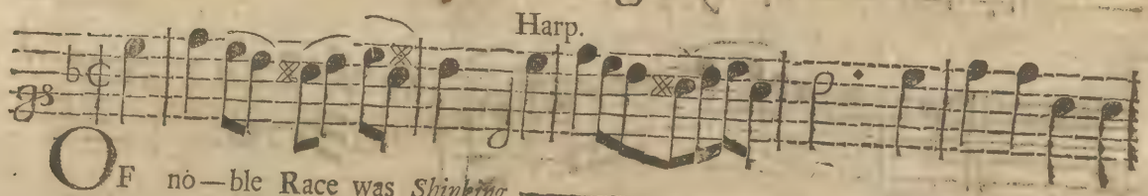


ſing the Charmes of mu - tual love, ſo to our Flocks a — gain.

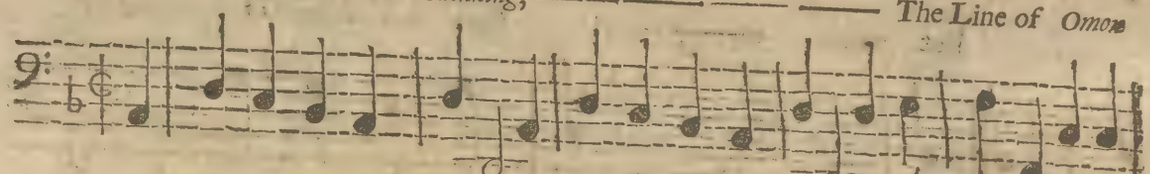
ſing the Charmes of mu — tual love, ſo to our Flocks a — gain.

A Song in the *Richmond* Heireſt, or a Woman once in the Right.

Harp.

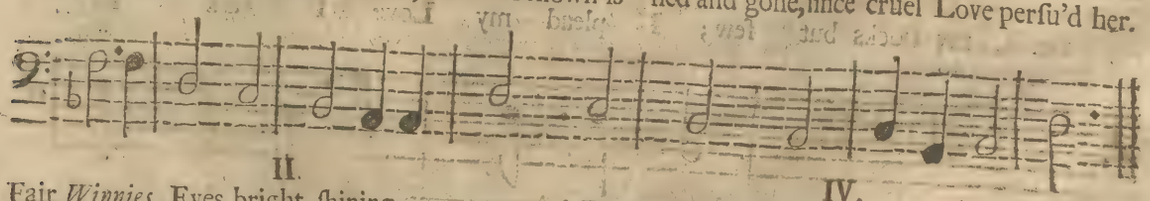


OF no — ble Race was *Shinking*, — — — — — — The Line of *Omon*



:S:

Tudor, thum, thum, thum, thum, But her renown is fled and gone, ſince cruel Love perſu'd her.



II.

Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright ſhining,
And Lilly breaſts Alluring;
Poor *Jenkins* heart with fatal Dart,
Have wounded paſt all curing.

III.

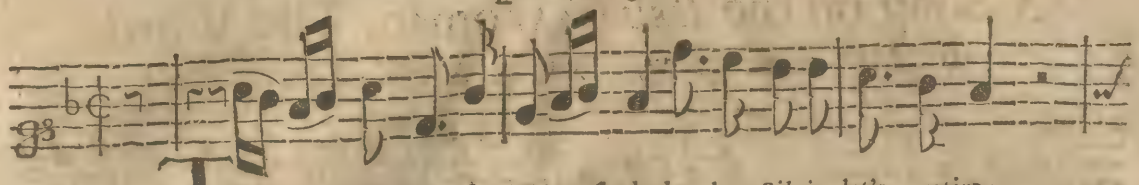
Her was the prettyeſt Fellow
At Foot-ball, or at Crickett;
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

IV.

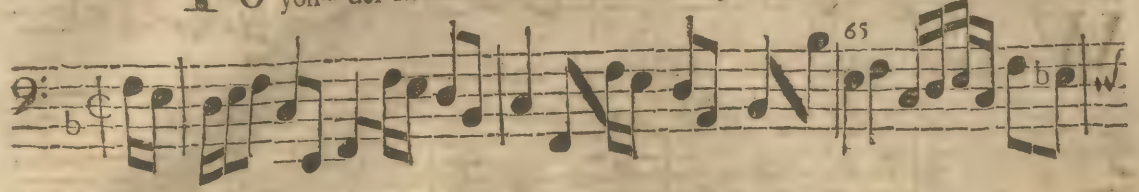
But now all joy's are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks too;
Her heart ſo akes, her quite forſakes,
Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

V.

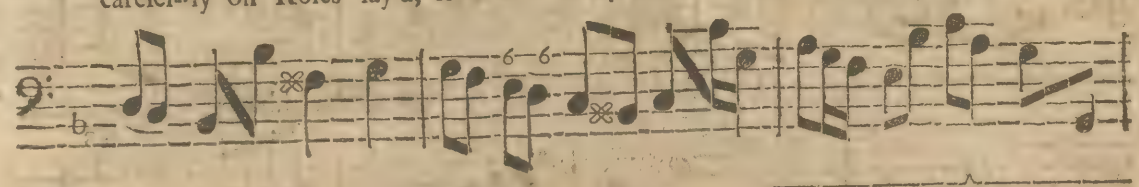
No more muſt dear Metheglin,
Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;
And if Love ſore, ſmart one week more,
Adieu Cream-Cheeſe and Flomery.



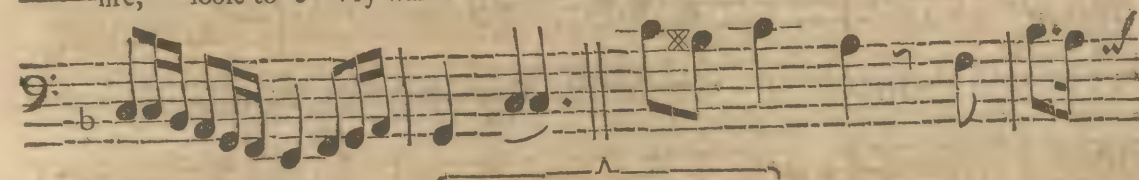
TO yon—der ſweet de—li-cious ſhade, lovely *Silvia* let's retire;



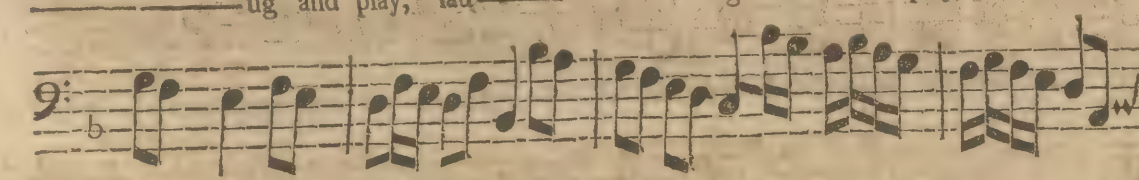
careleſ--ly on Roſes lay'd, looſe to ev'ery warm deſire, looſe to e—very warm de—



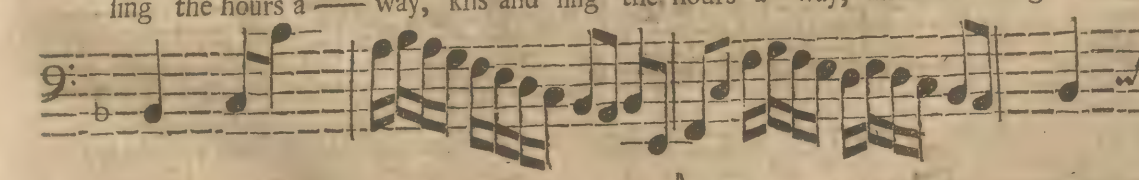
——ſire, looſe to e—v'ry warm de—ſire. Let us wanton lau ——



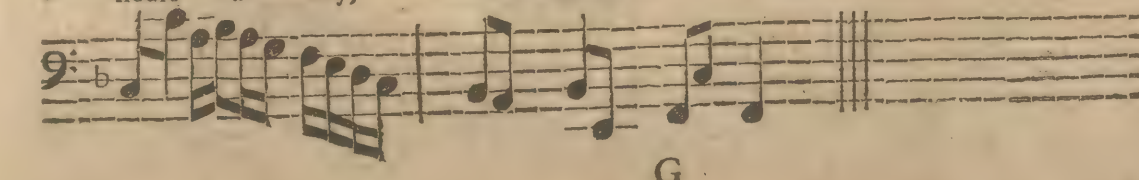
——ug and play, lau——gh and play, kiſs and



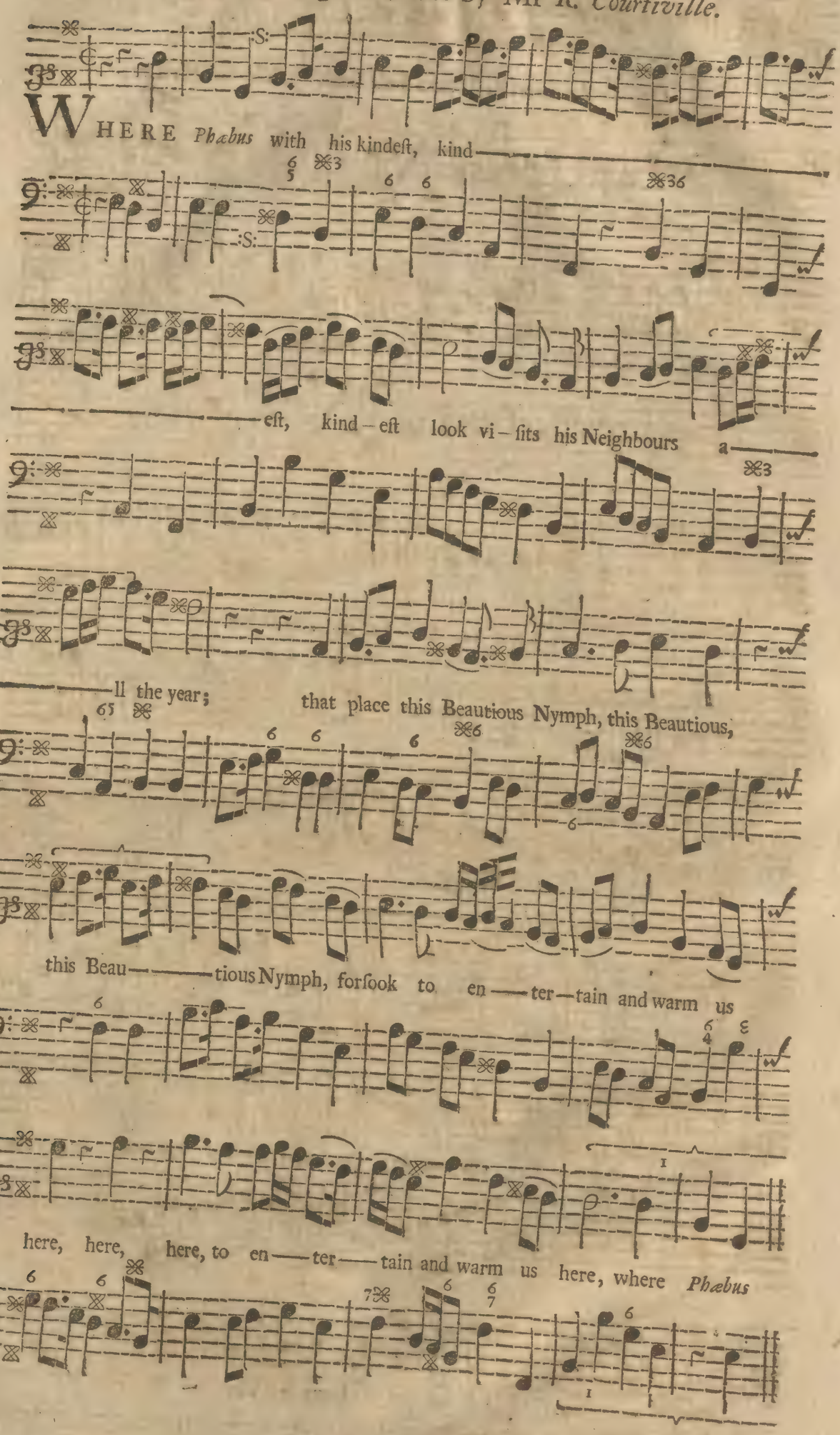
ſing the hours a —— way, kiſs and ſing the hours a—way, kiſs and ſing the



hours a —— way, kiſs and ſing the hours a—way.



A Song on the *Italian* Woman, The Words by Mr. *Heningham*. Set by Mr *R. Courtiville*.



here: So the ſweet Cho—riſ—ters of Air, who long have felt his

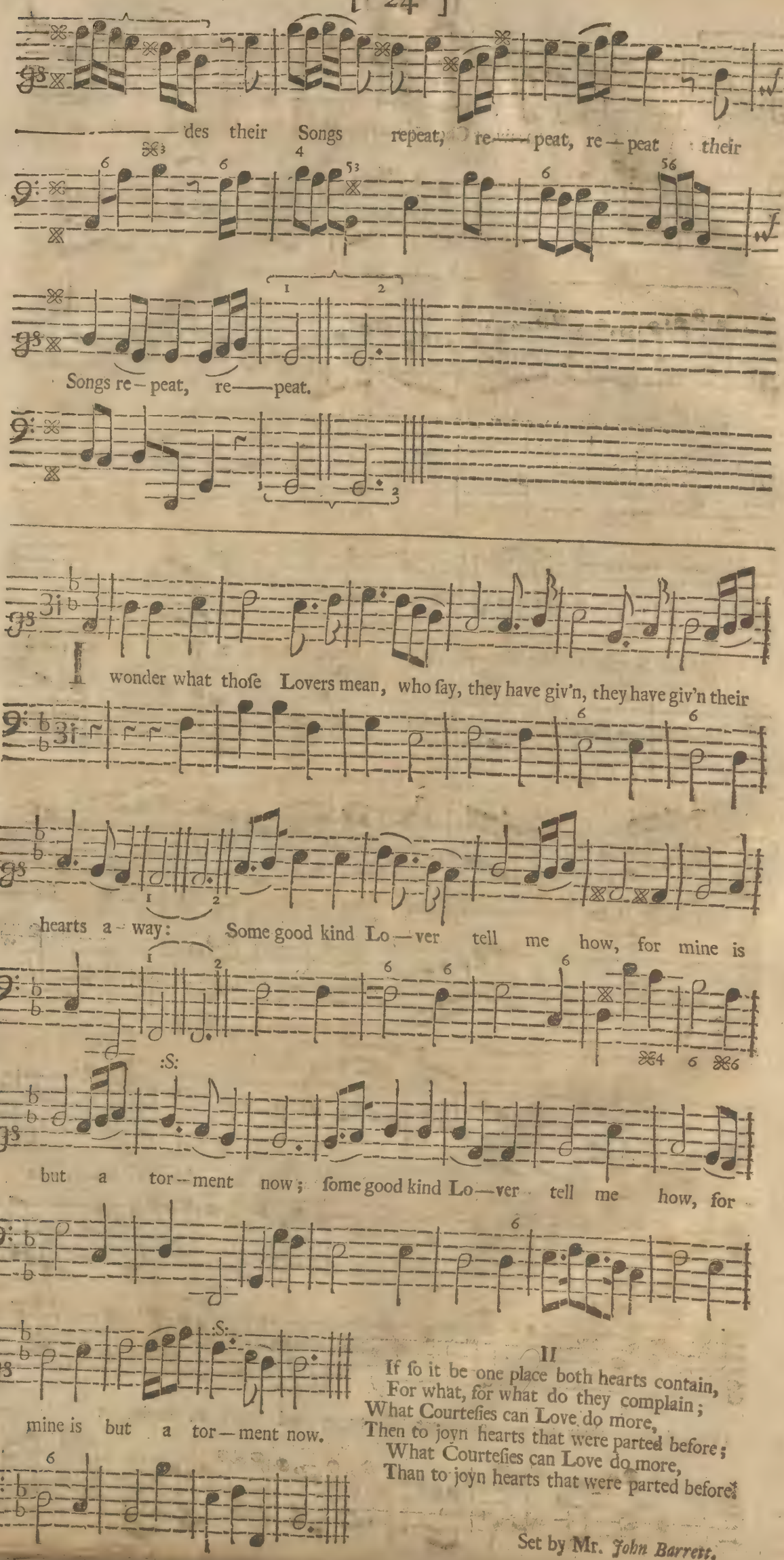
ſcor——————————————————————ching heat, to

Sylvian Scenes of Woods re--pair, to *Sylvian* Scenes of Woods re--pair; and

there in ſha————des their Songs re——peat, and there in ſha——

——————————————des, and there, and there in ſhades, in

ſhades their Songs re——peat, and there, and there in ſhades, in ſha——

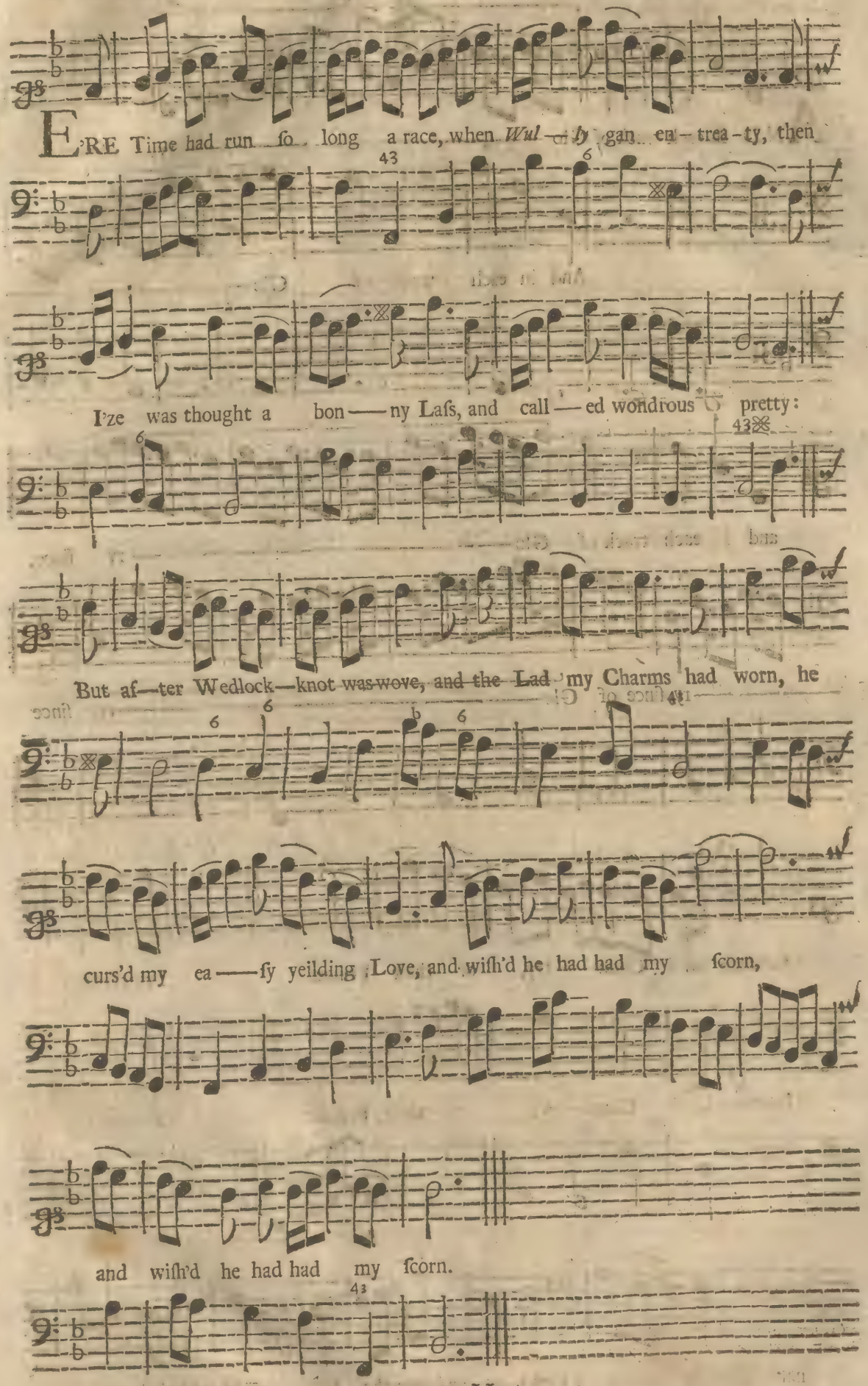


II

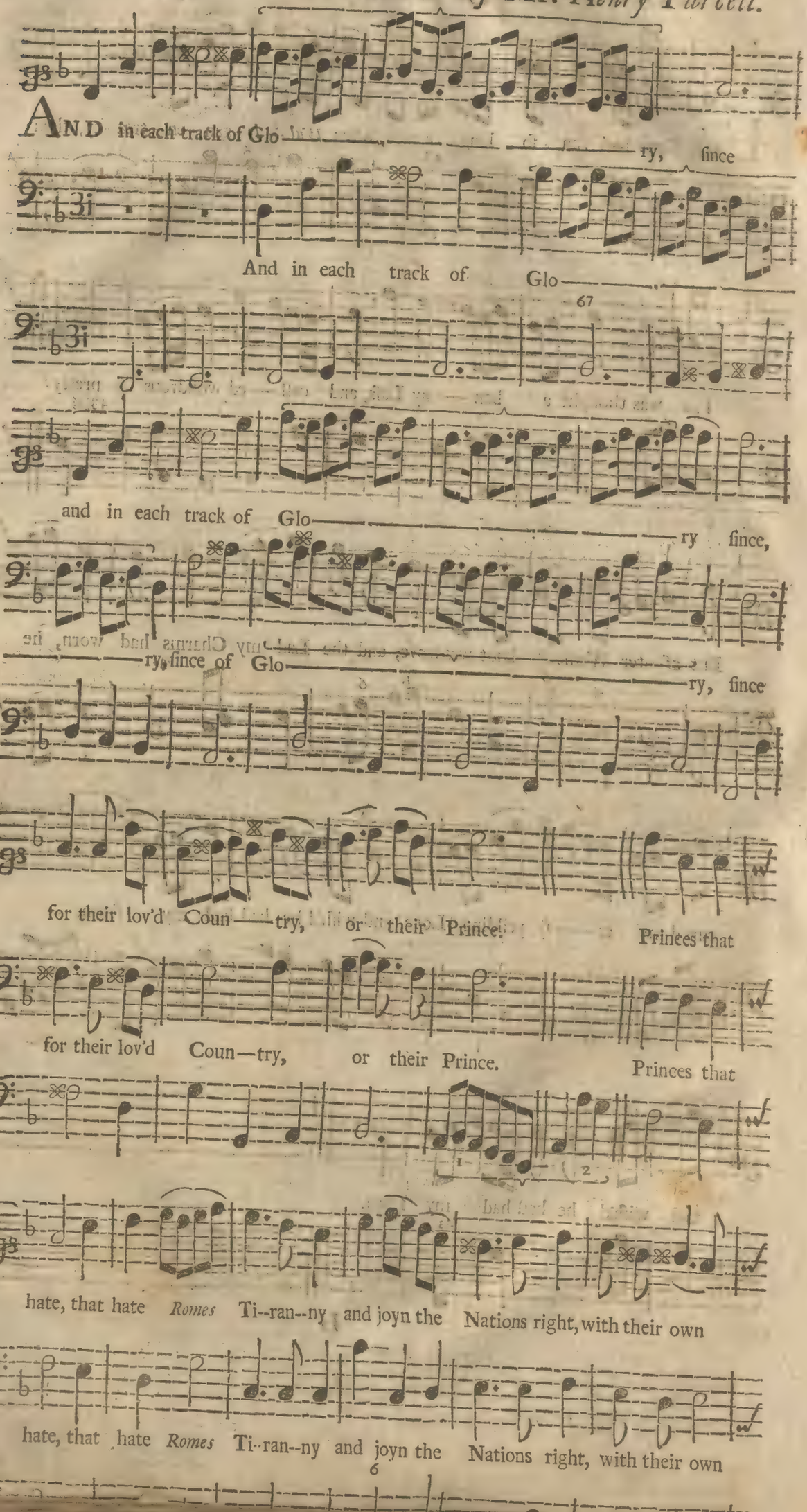
If so it be one place both hearts contain,
For what, for what do they complain;
What Courtesies can Love do more,
Then to joyn hearts that were parted before;
What Courtesies can Love do more,
Than to joyn hearts that were parted before.

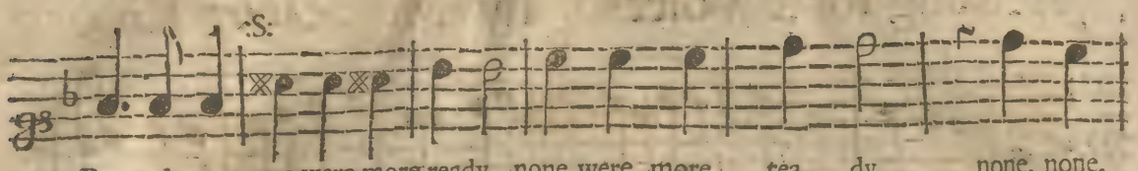
Set by Mr. *John Barrett.*

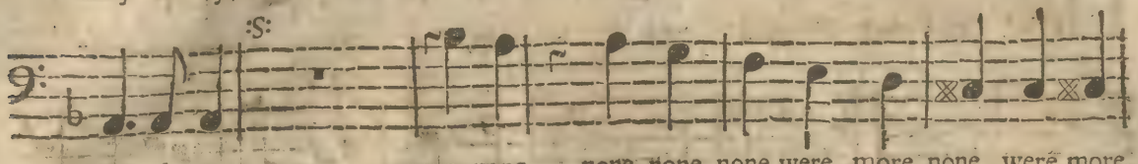
A Scotch Song set by Mr. *Robert King*.

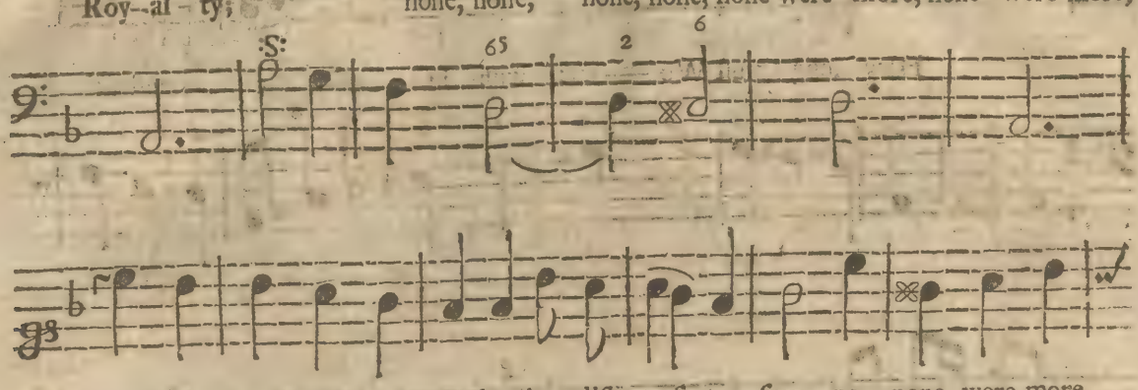


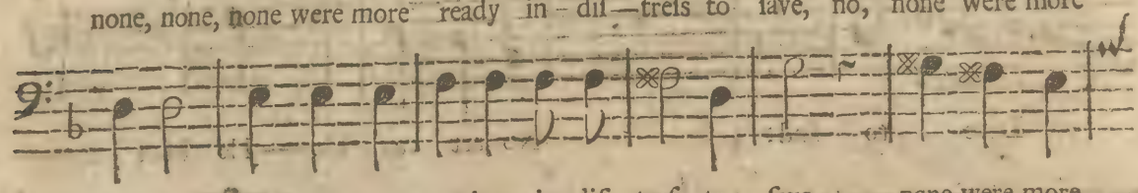
A Song for two Voices by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

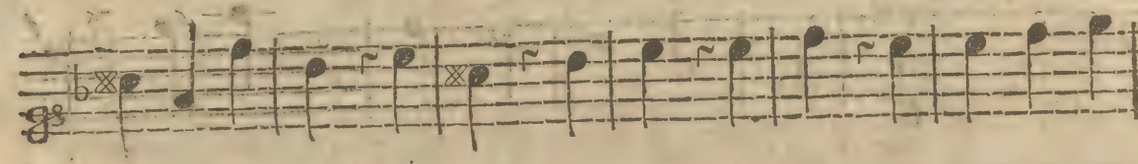


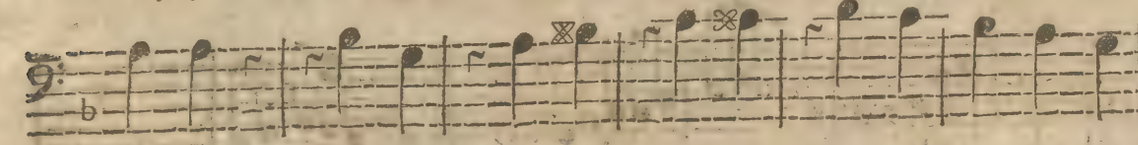

Roy--al—ty; none were more ready, none were more rea —dy, none, none,


Roy--al - ty; none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more,


none, none, none were more ready in - dif—trefs to fave, no, none were more


ready, none were more ready in--dif—trefs to fave, none were more


Loyal, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more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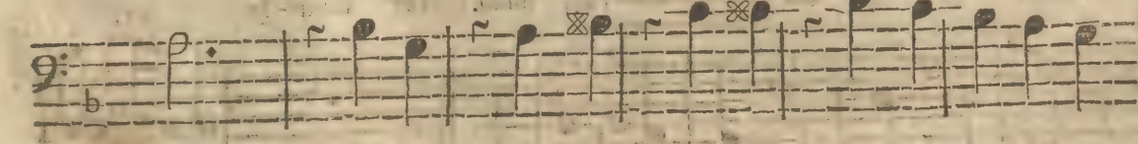
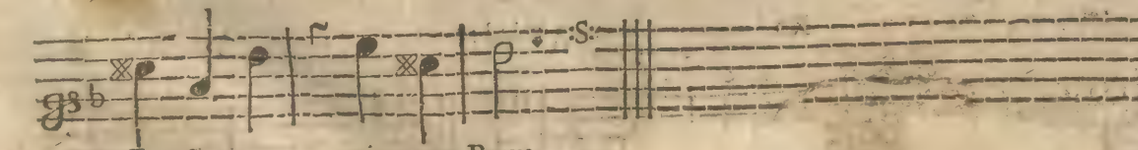

Loyal none, none more Brave.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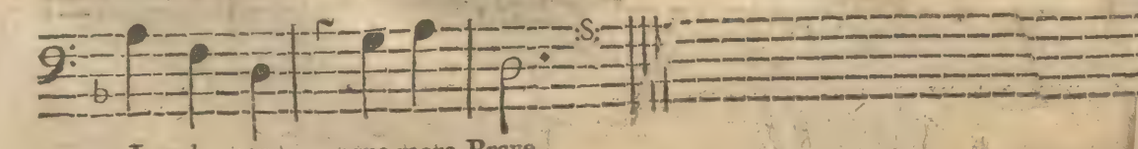
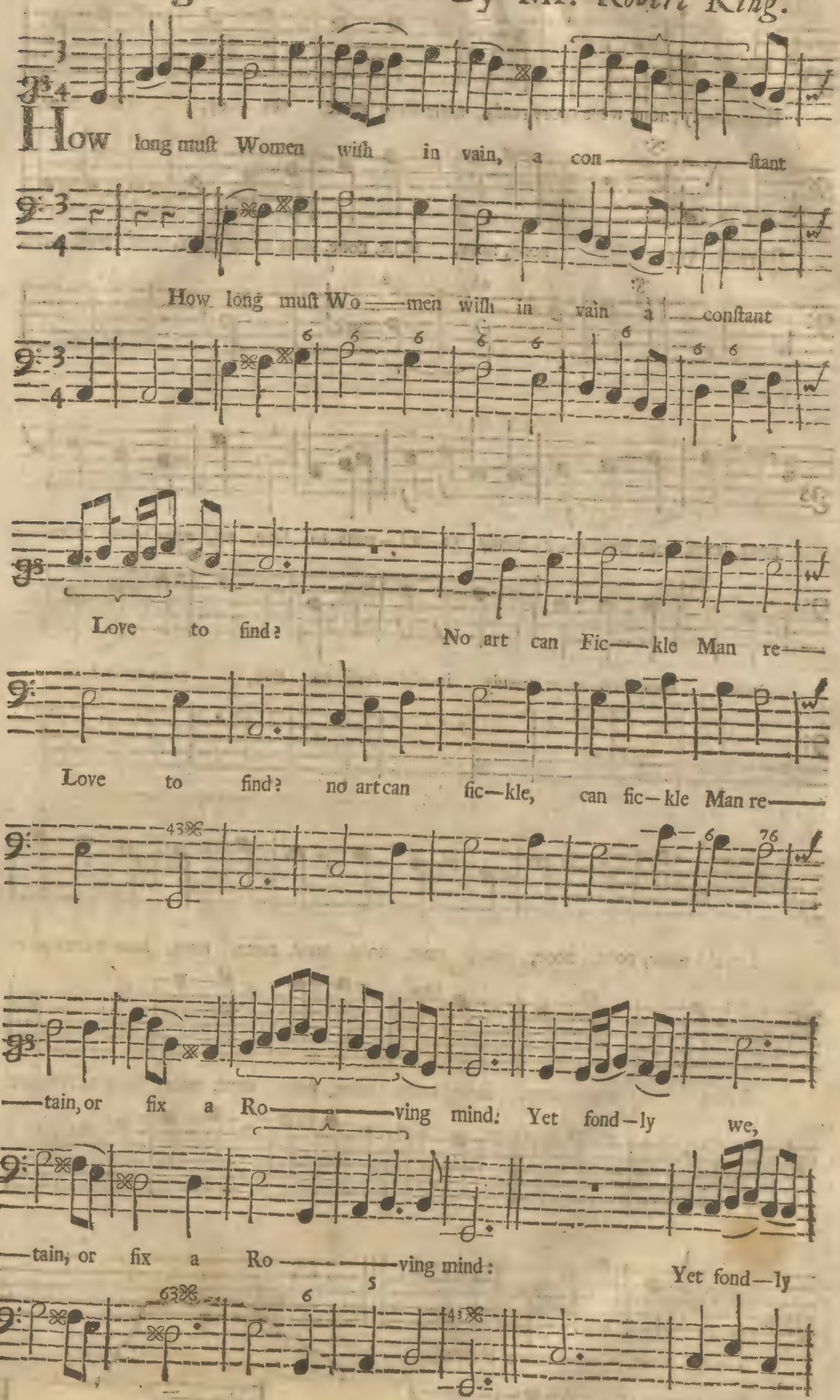
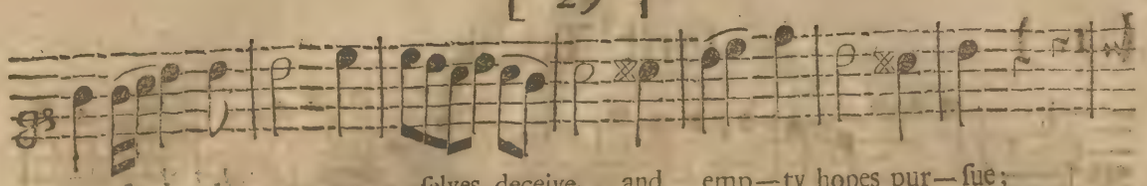
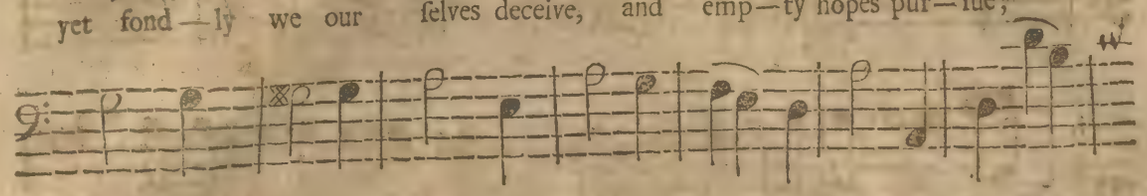


A Song for 2 Voices. By Mr. *Robert King.*

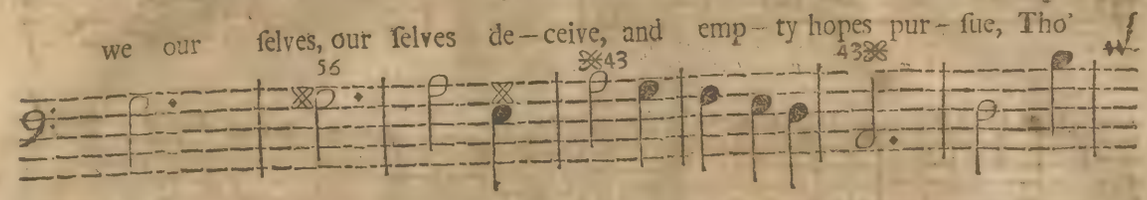




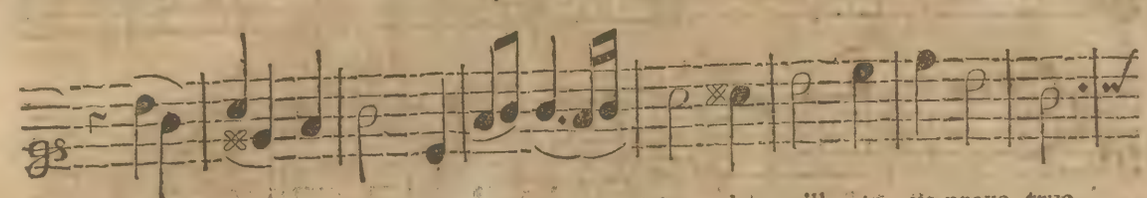
yet fond—ly we our ſelves deceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—ſue;



we our ſelves, our ſelves de—ceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—ſue, Tho'



Tho' falſe to o—thers, we be——leive they will to us prove true,



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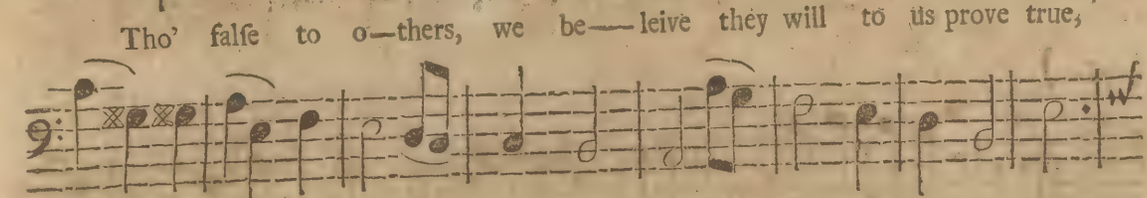

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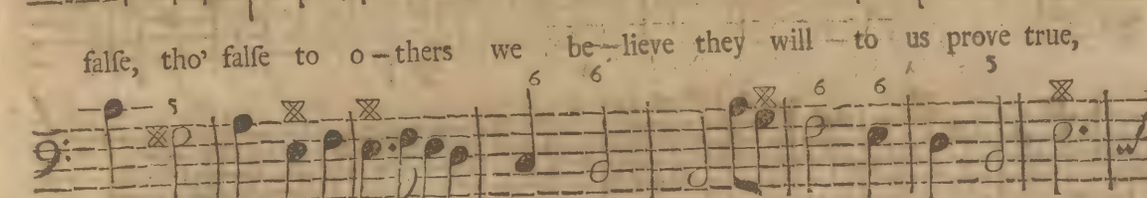

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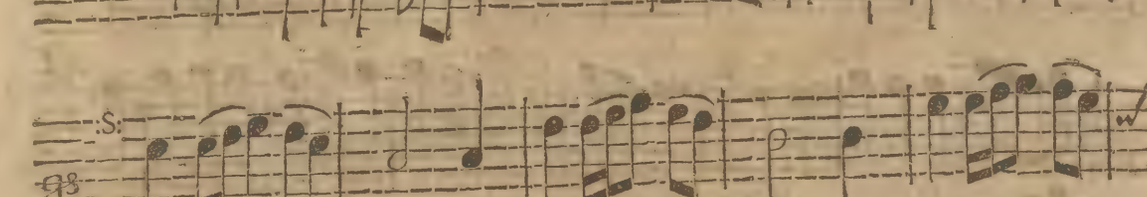
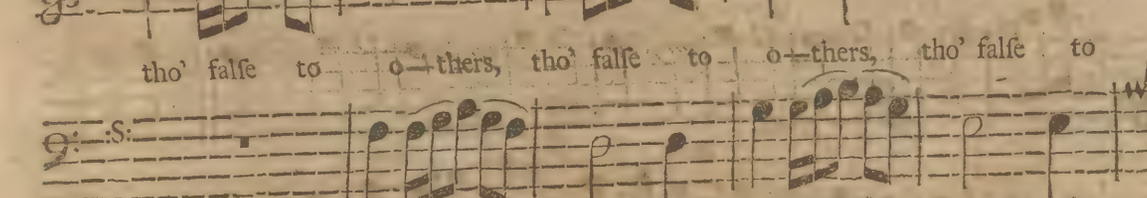


others, we be——leive they will to us prove true.



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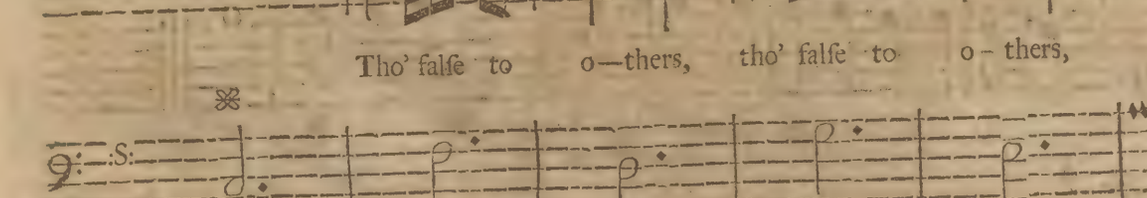

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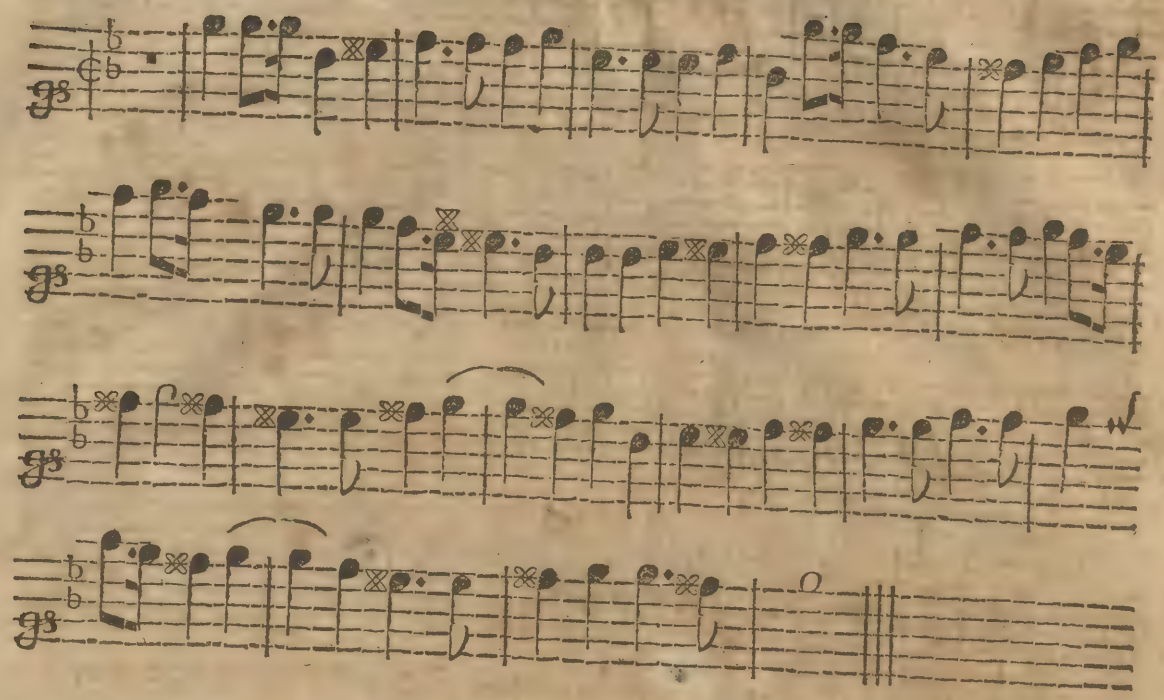

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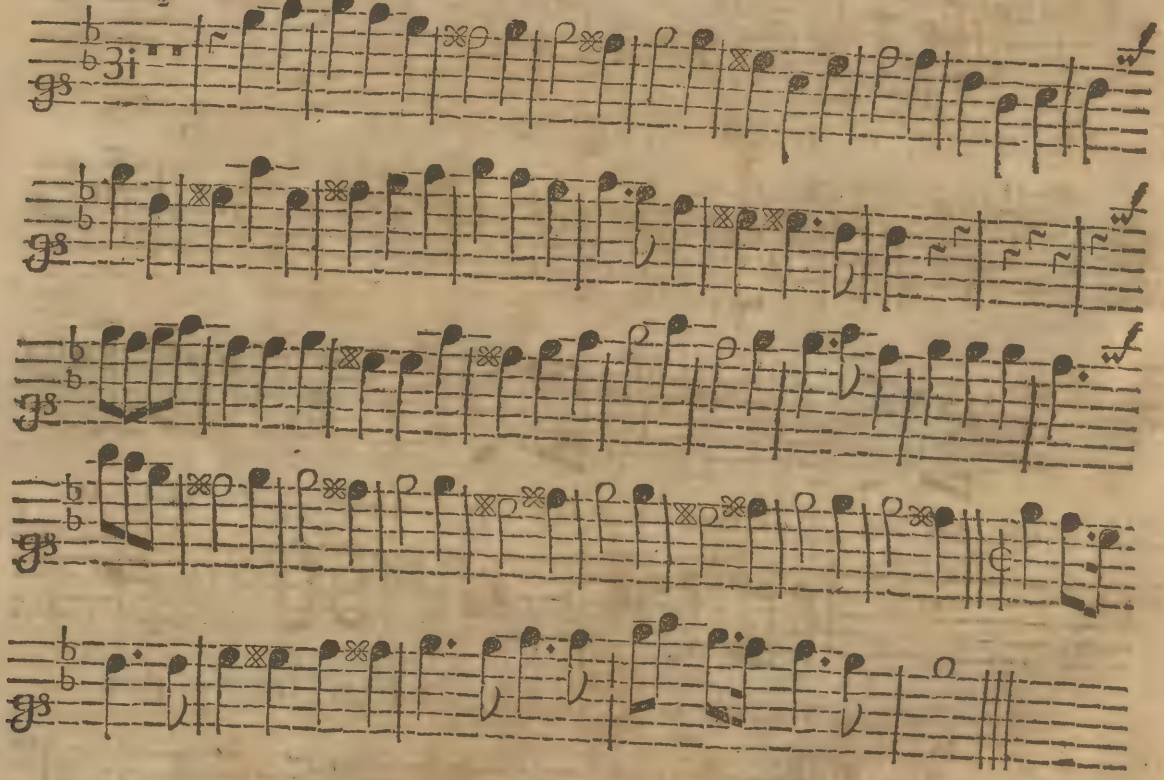

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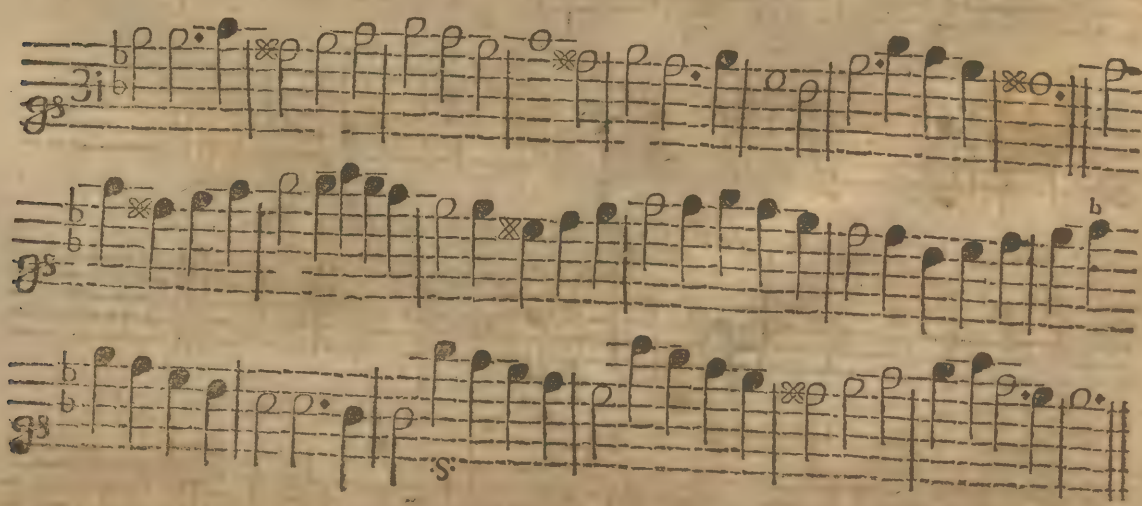

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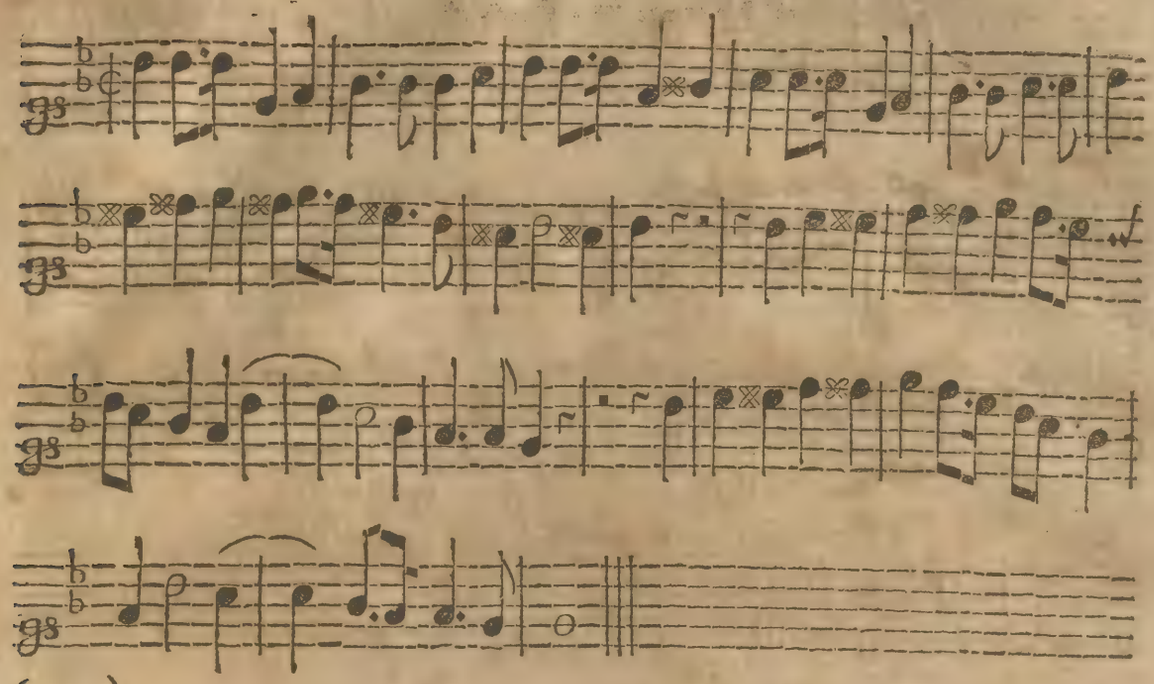

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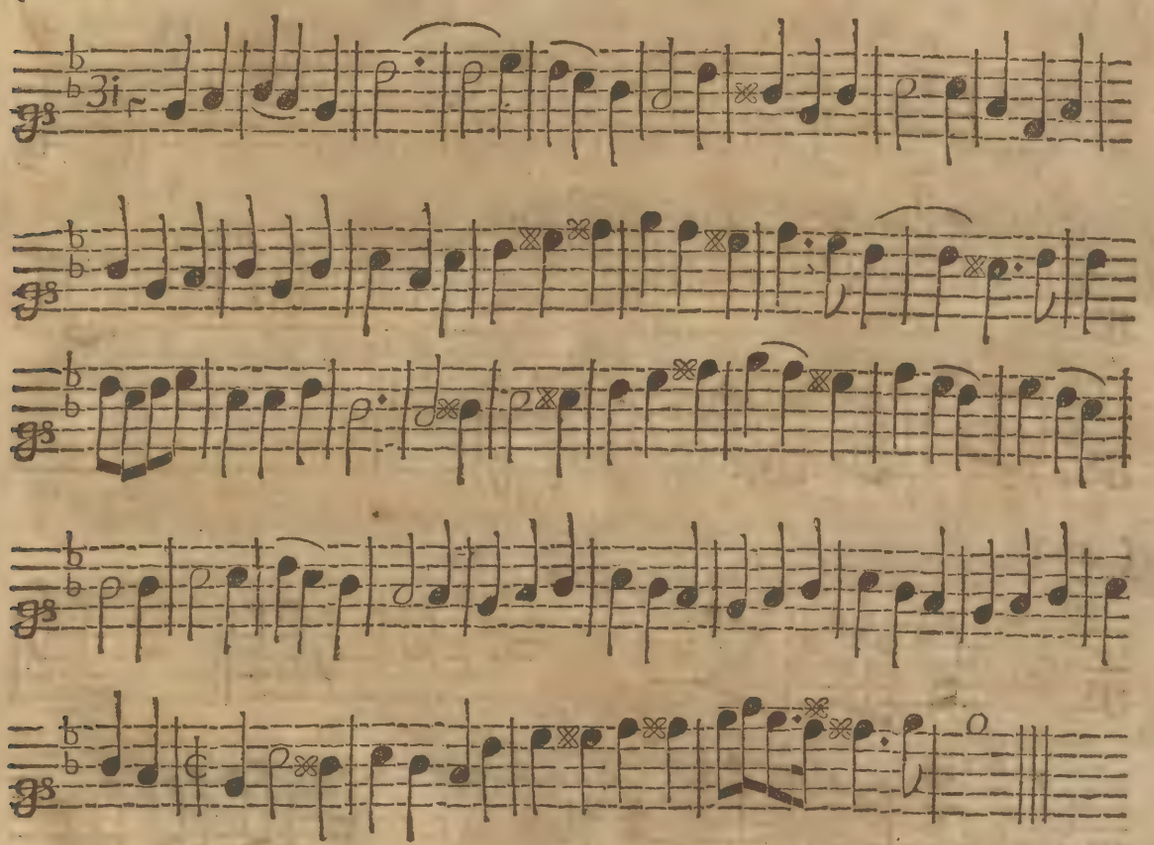

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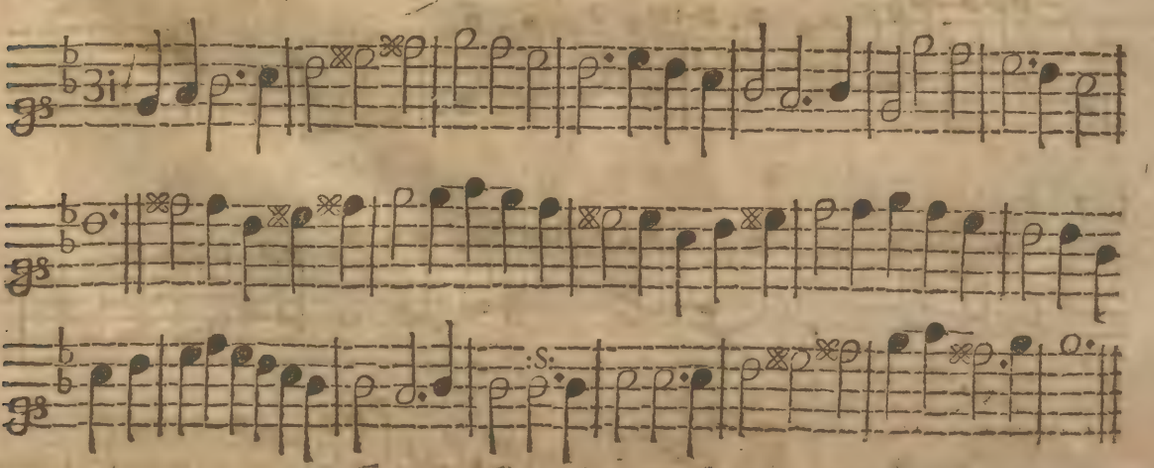

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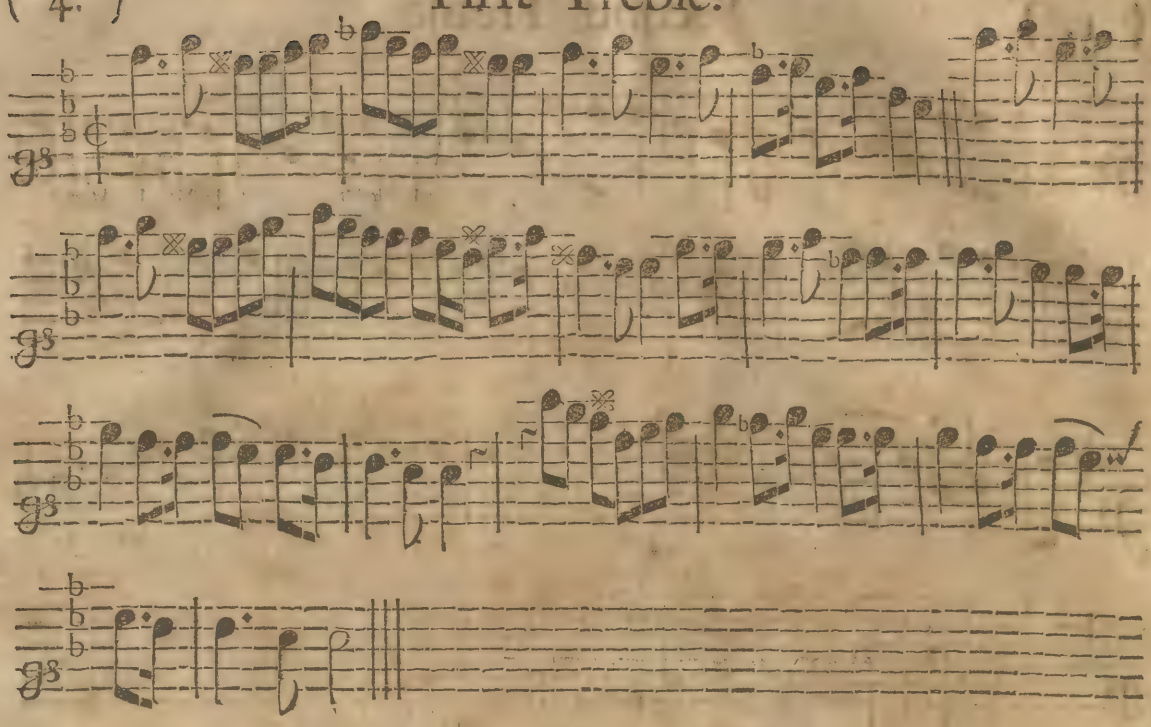

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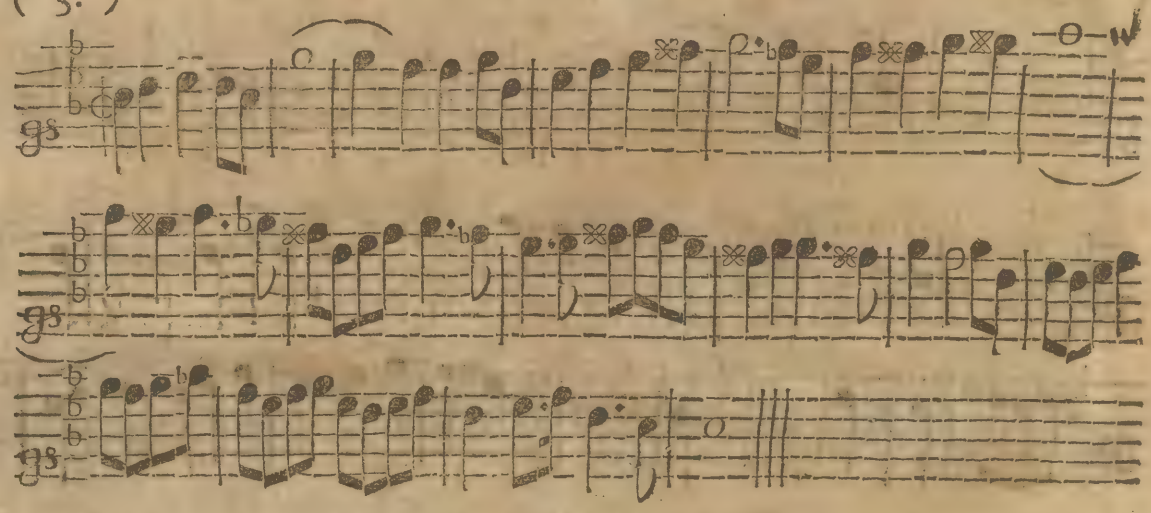

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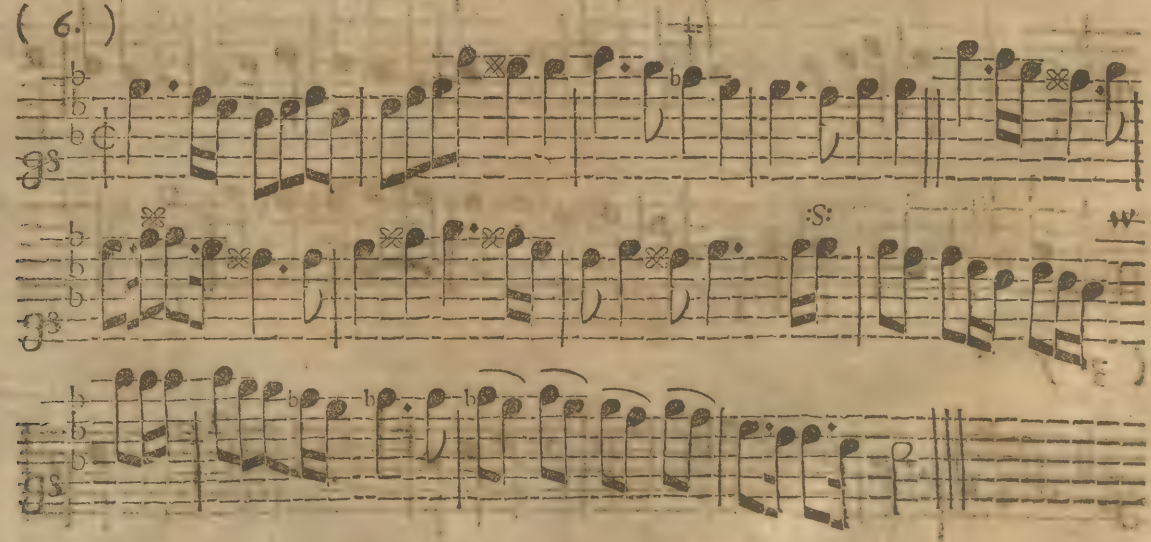

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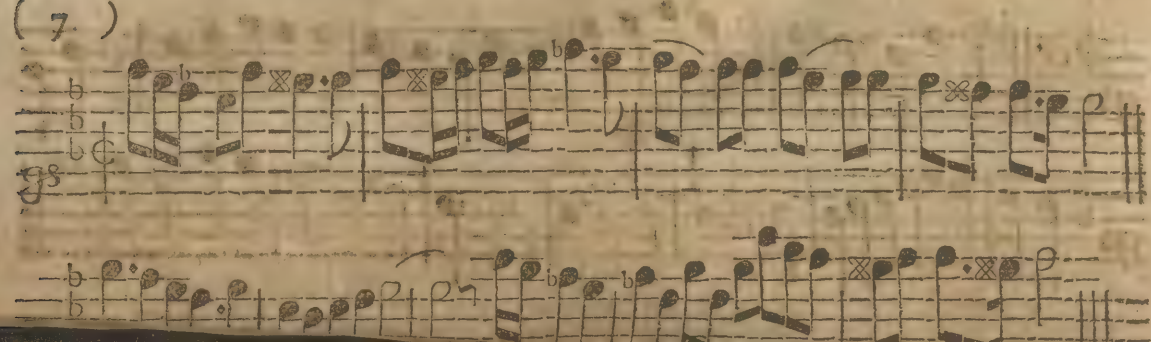

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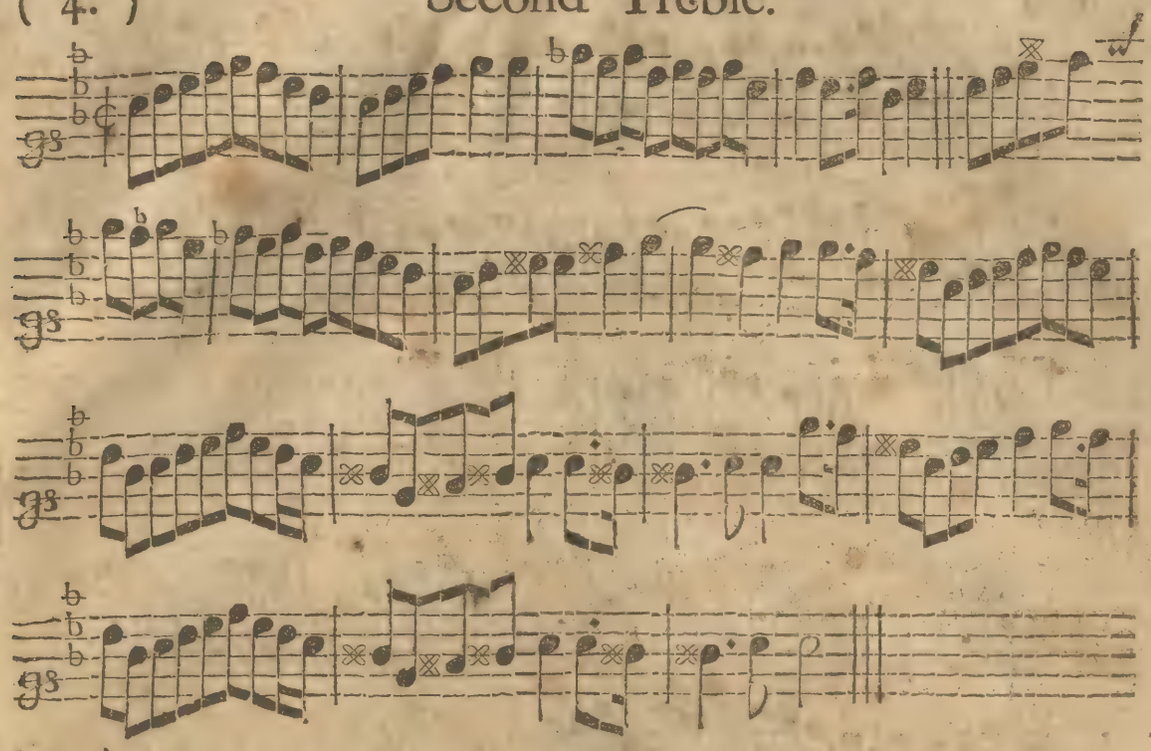

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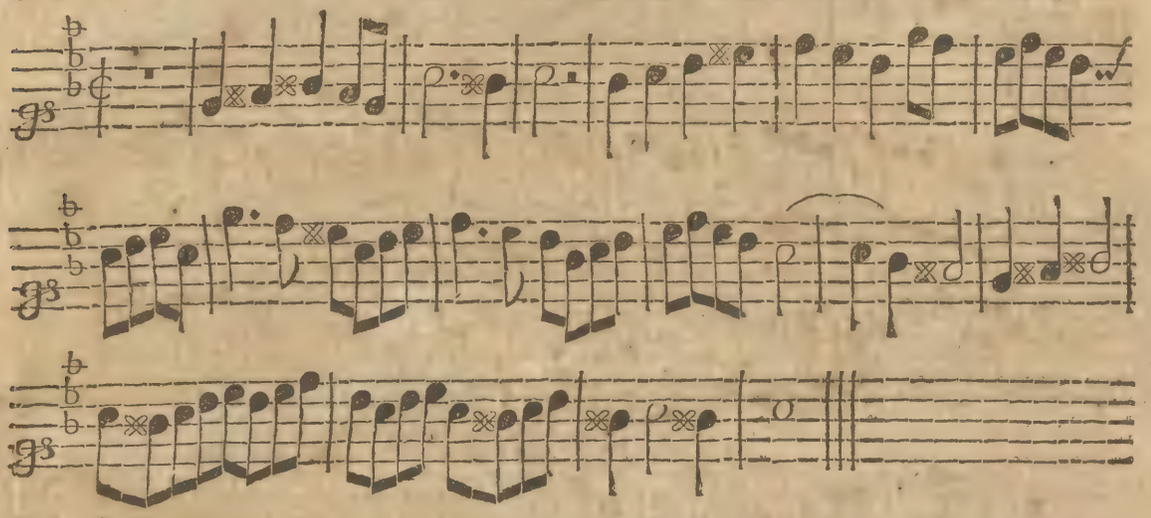

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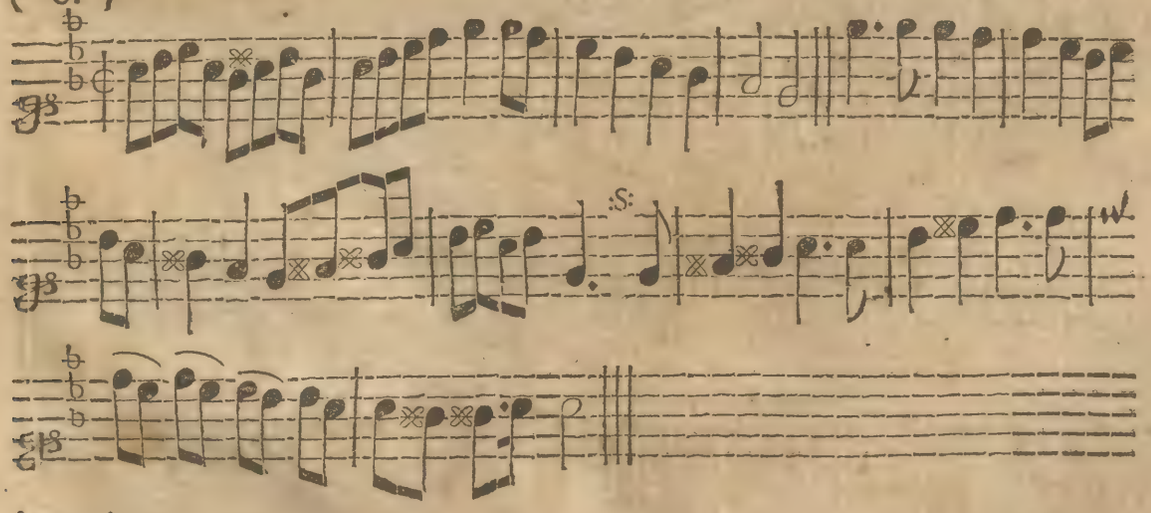

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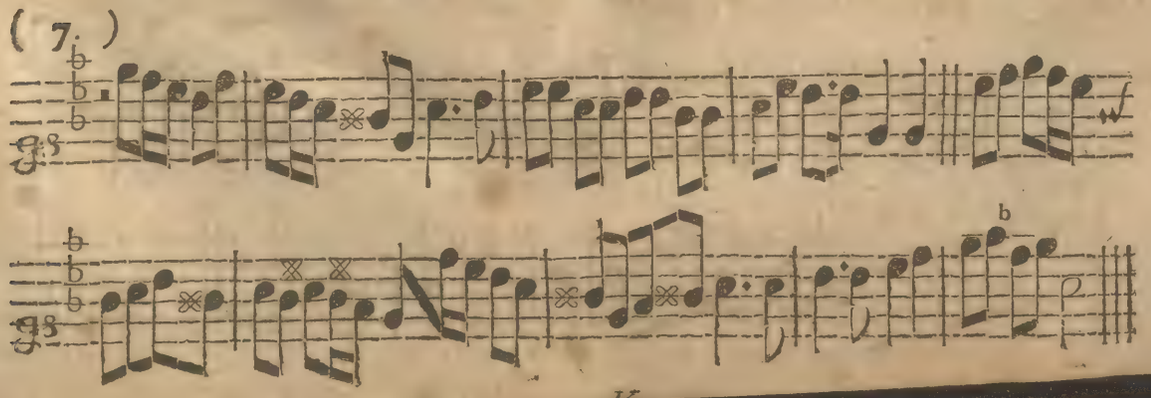

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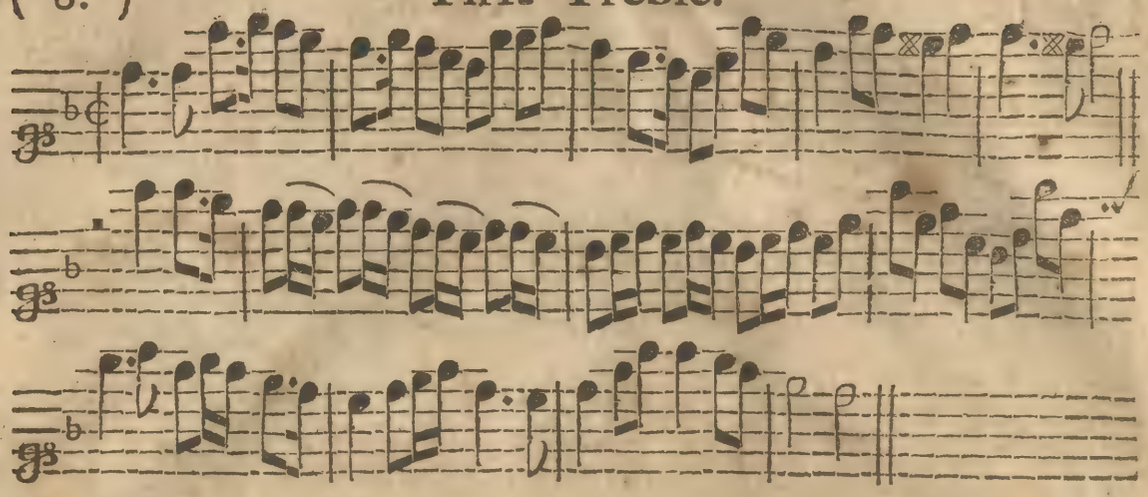

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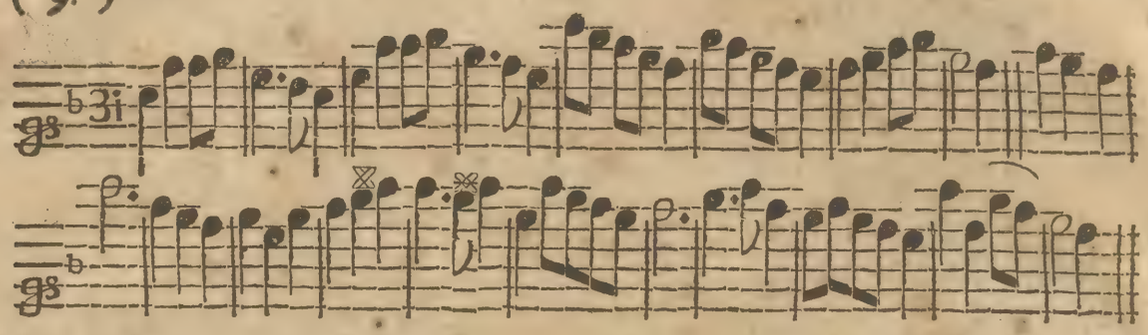

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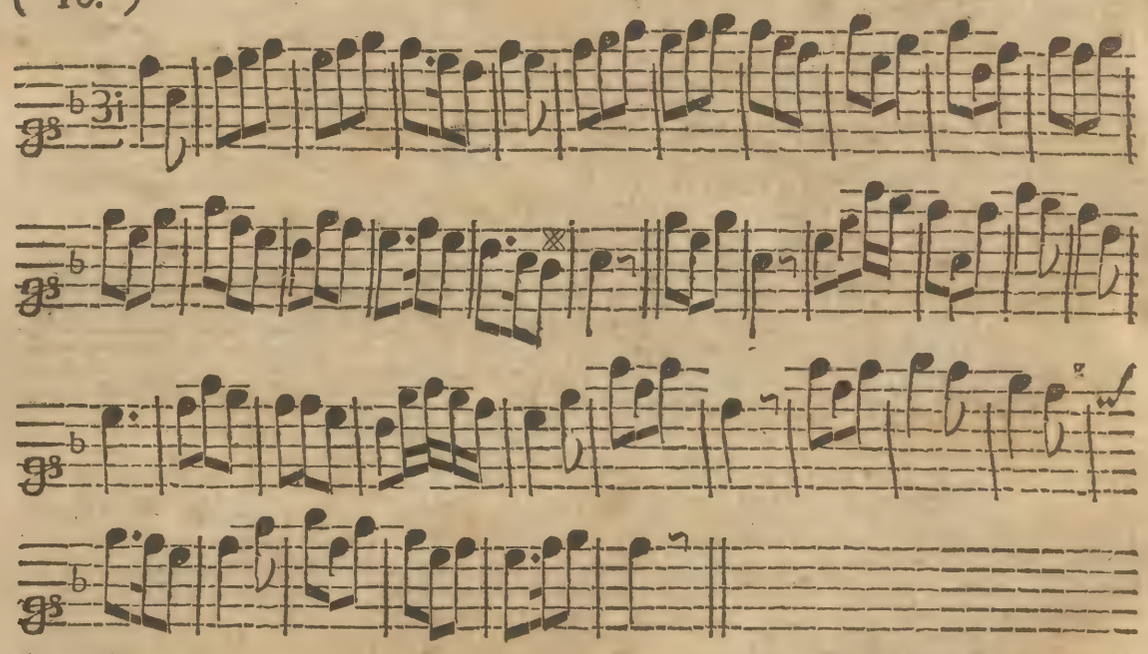

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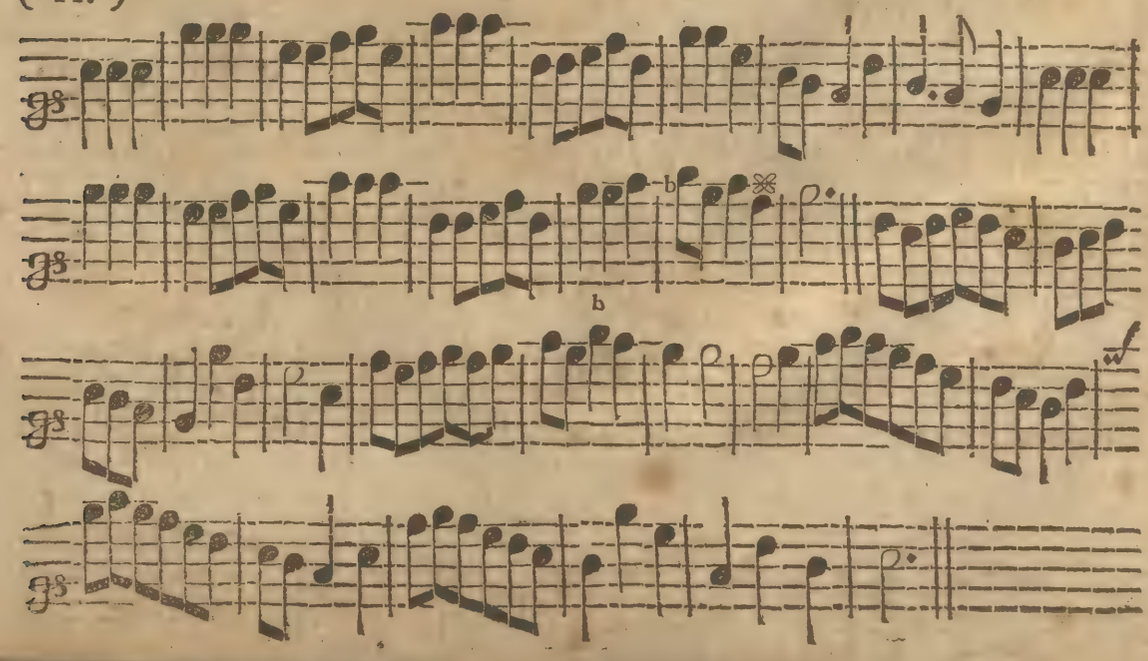

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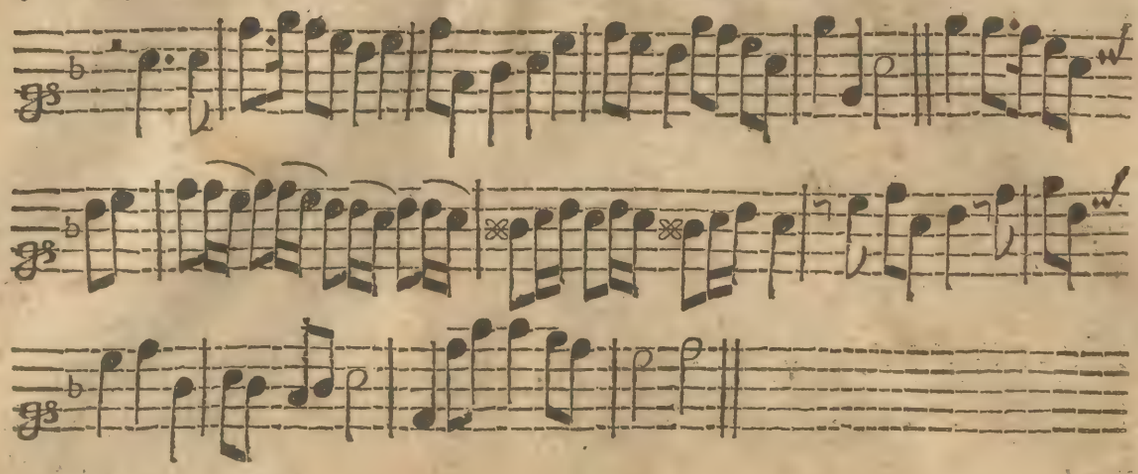

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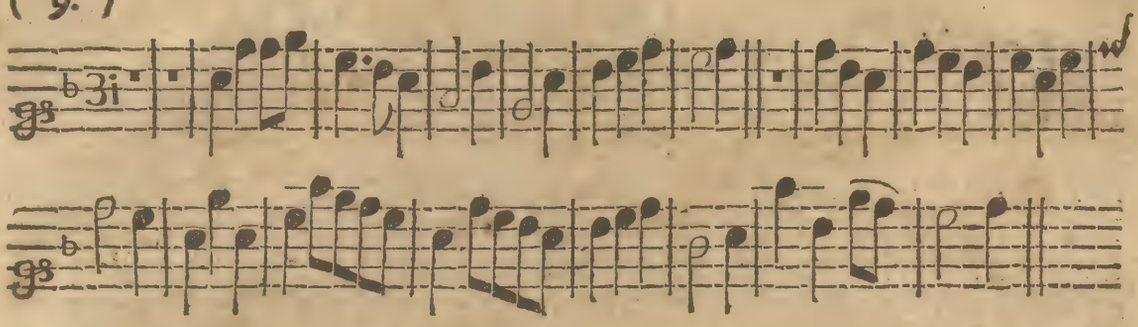

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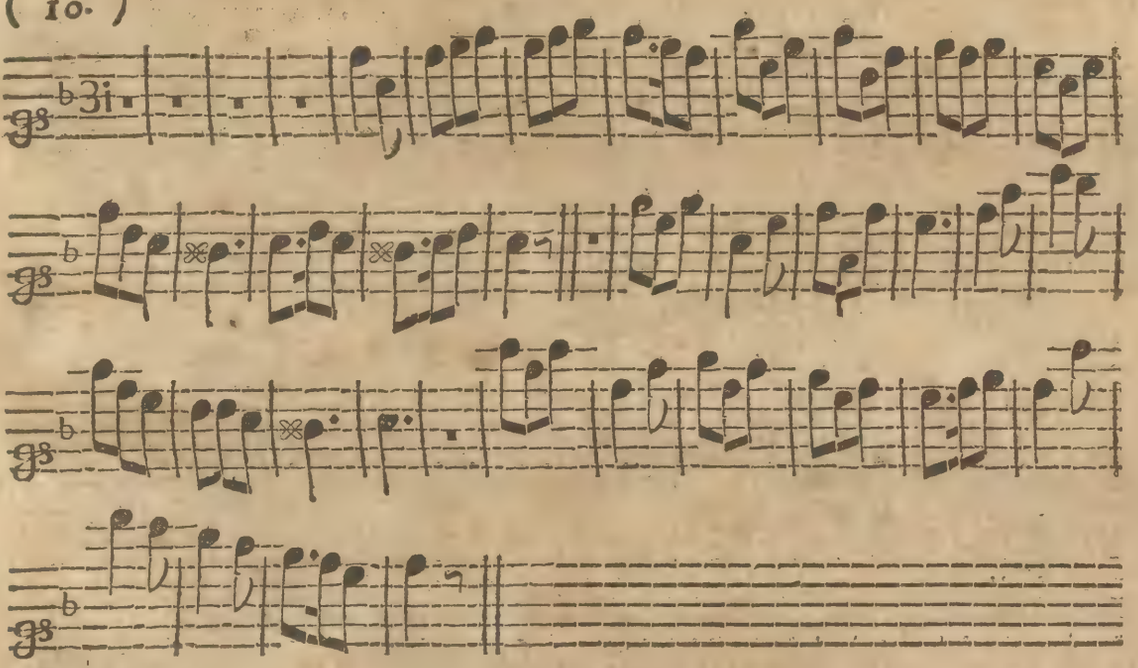

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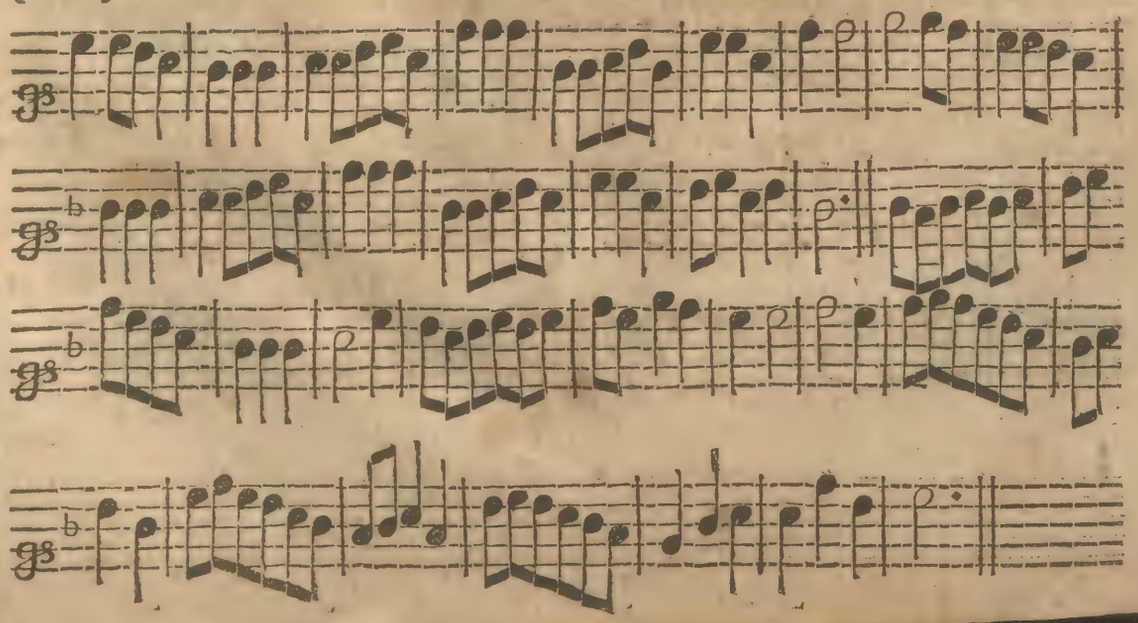

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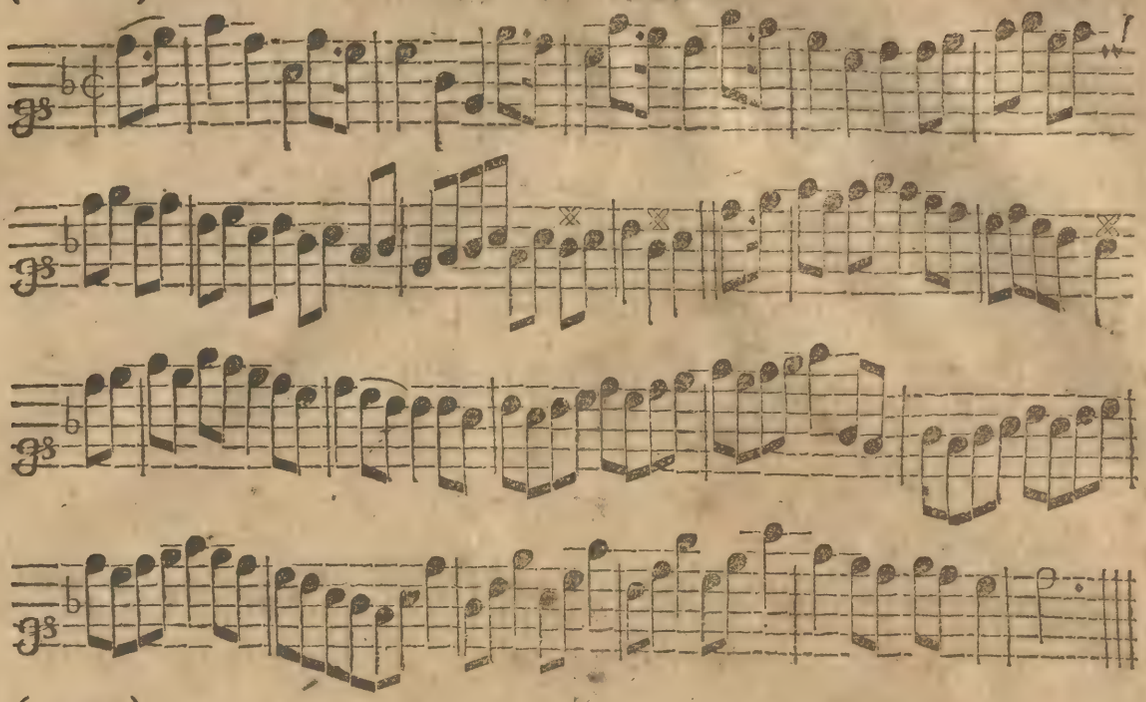

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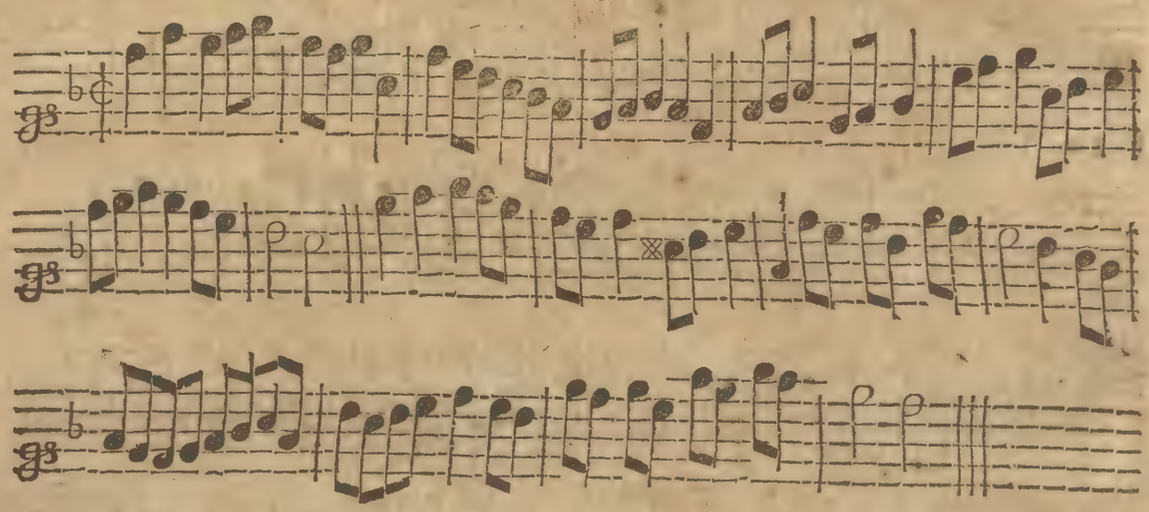

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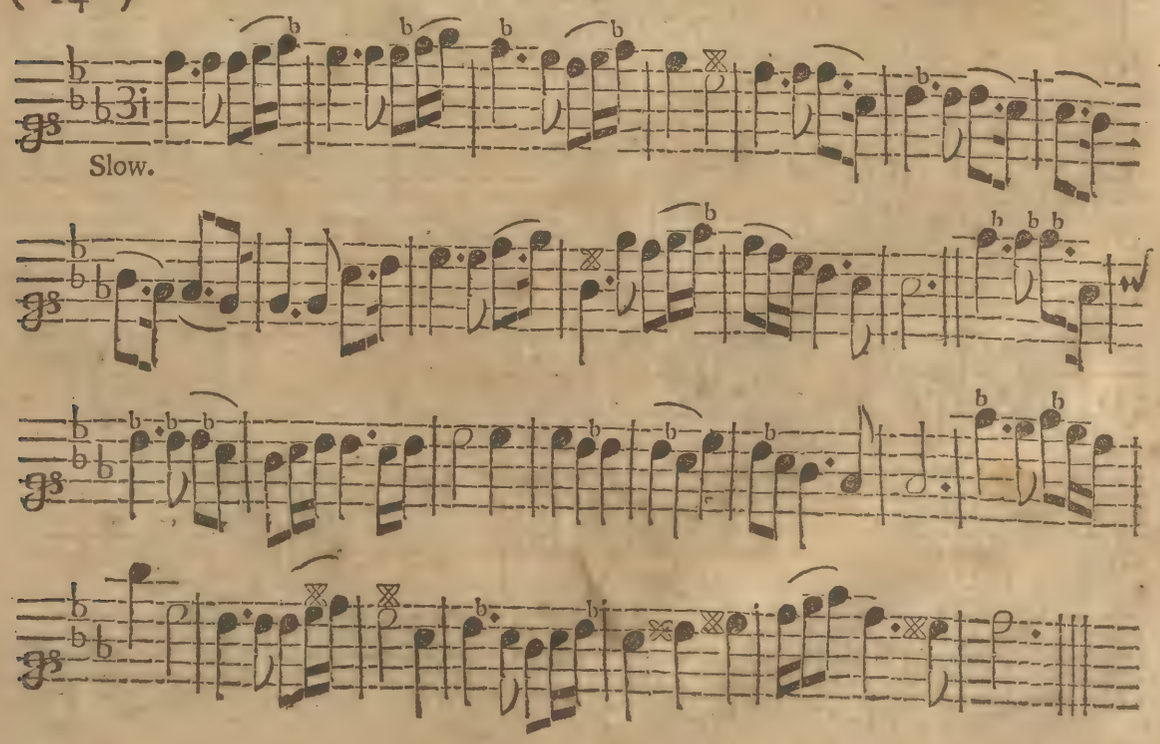

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D63/9

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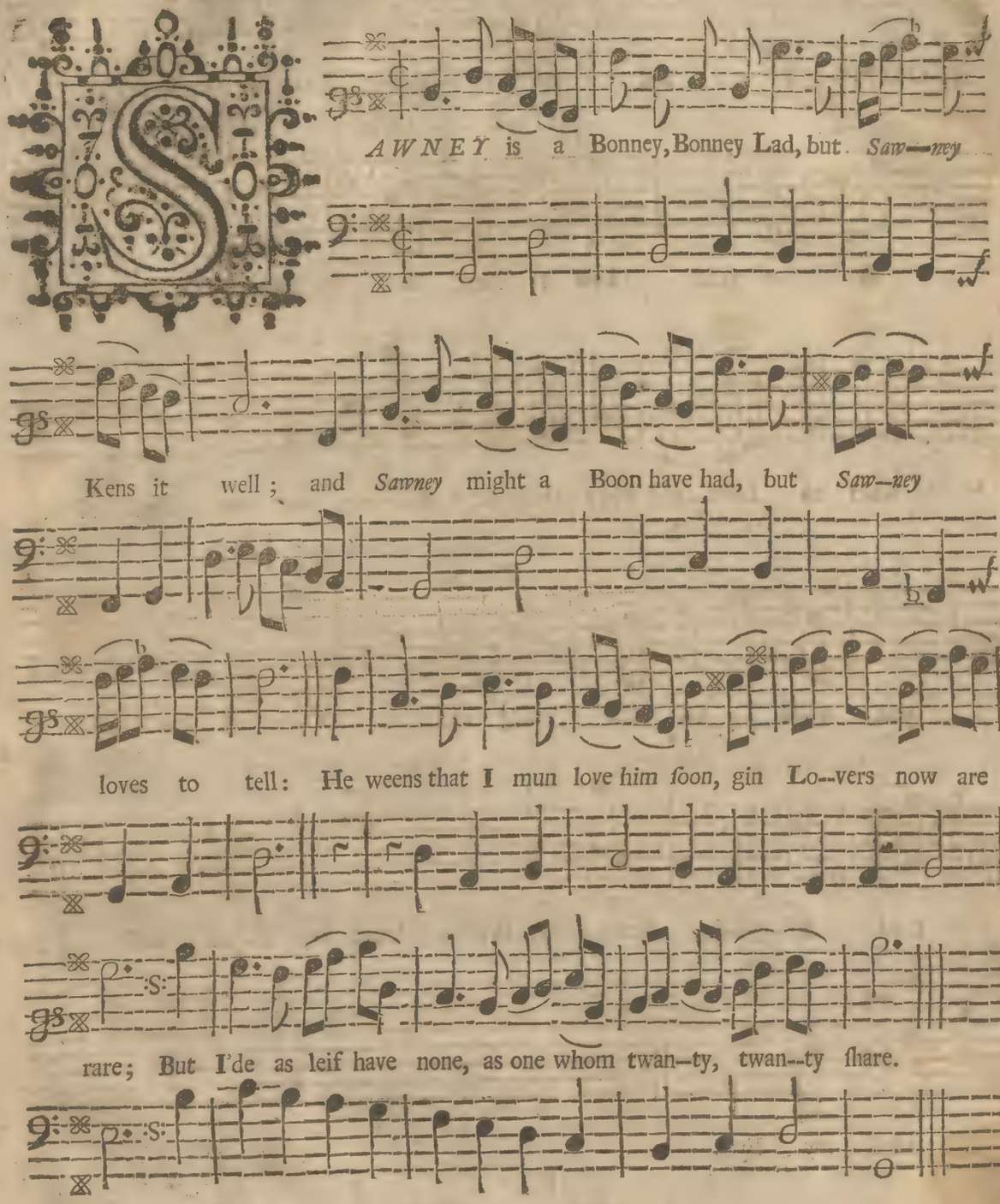
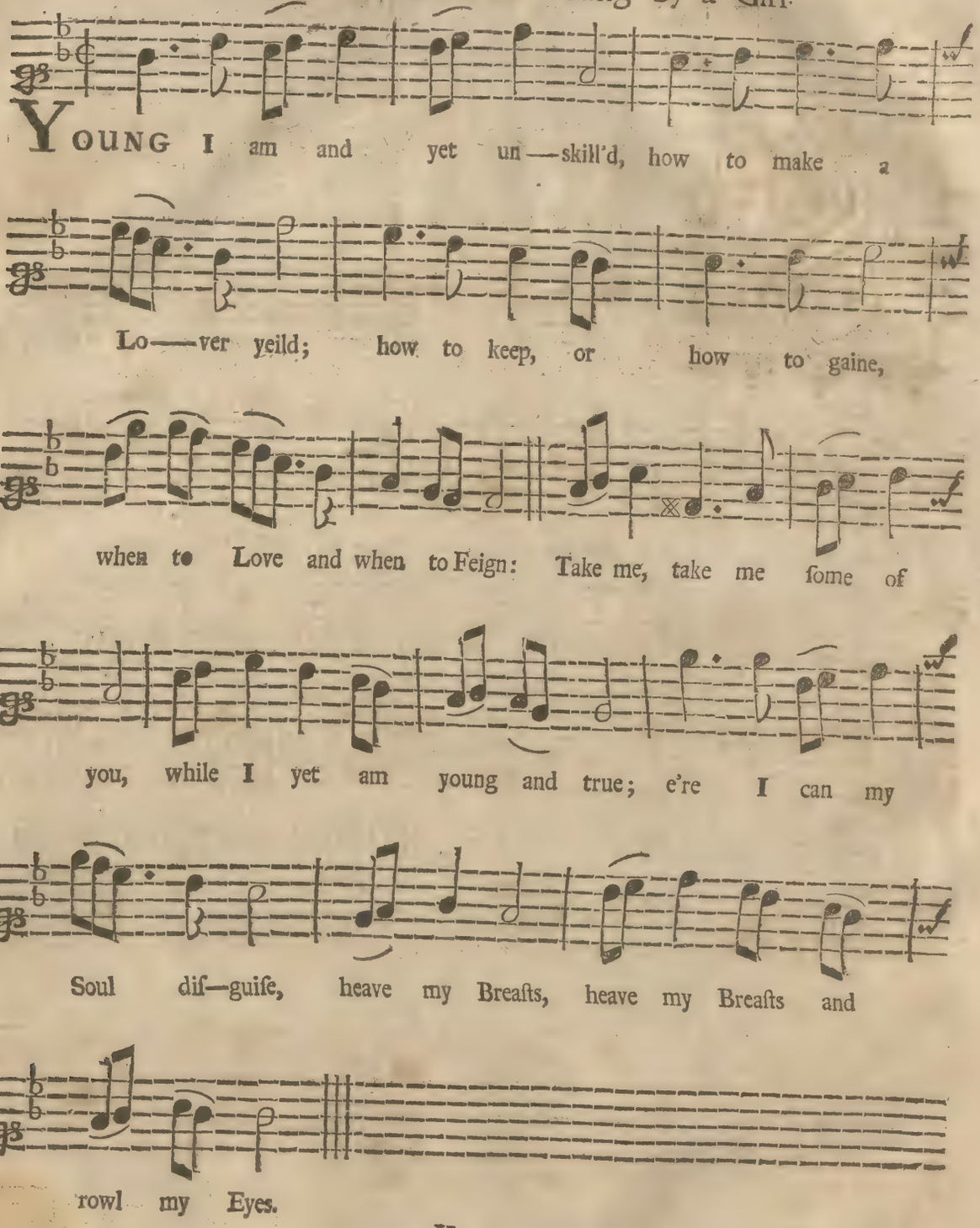


II.

When anent your love you come,
Ah! *Sawney* were you true;
What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne're cou'd gang from you;
Yet still my Tongue doe what I can,
With muckle Woe denyes;
Wa's me when once we like a Man,
It Boots not to be wise.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

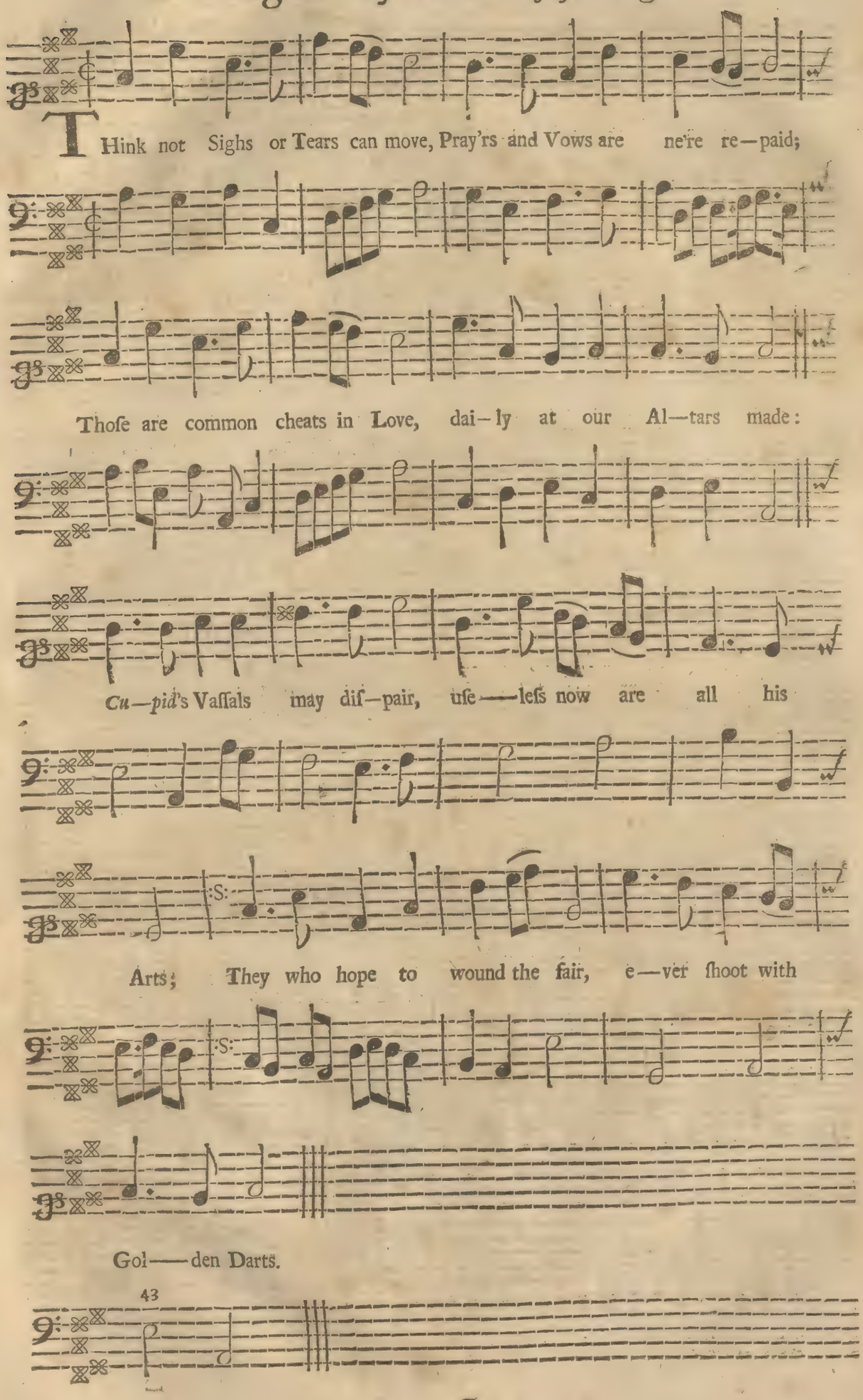
Set by Mr. *John Eccles.* Sung by a Girl.



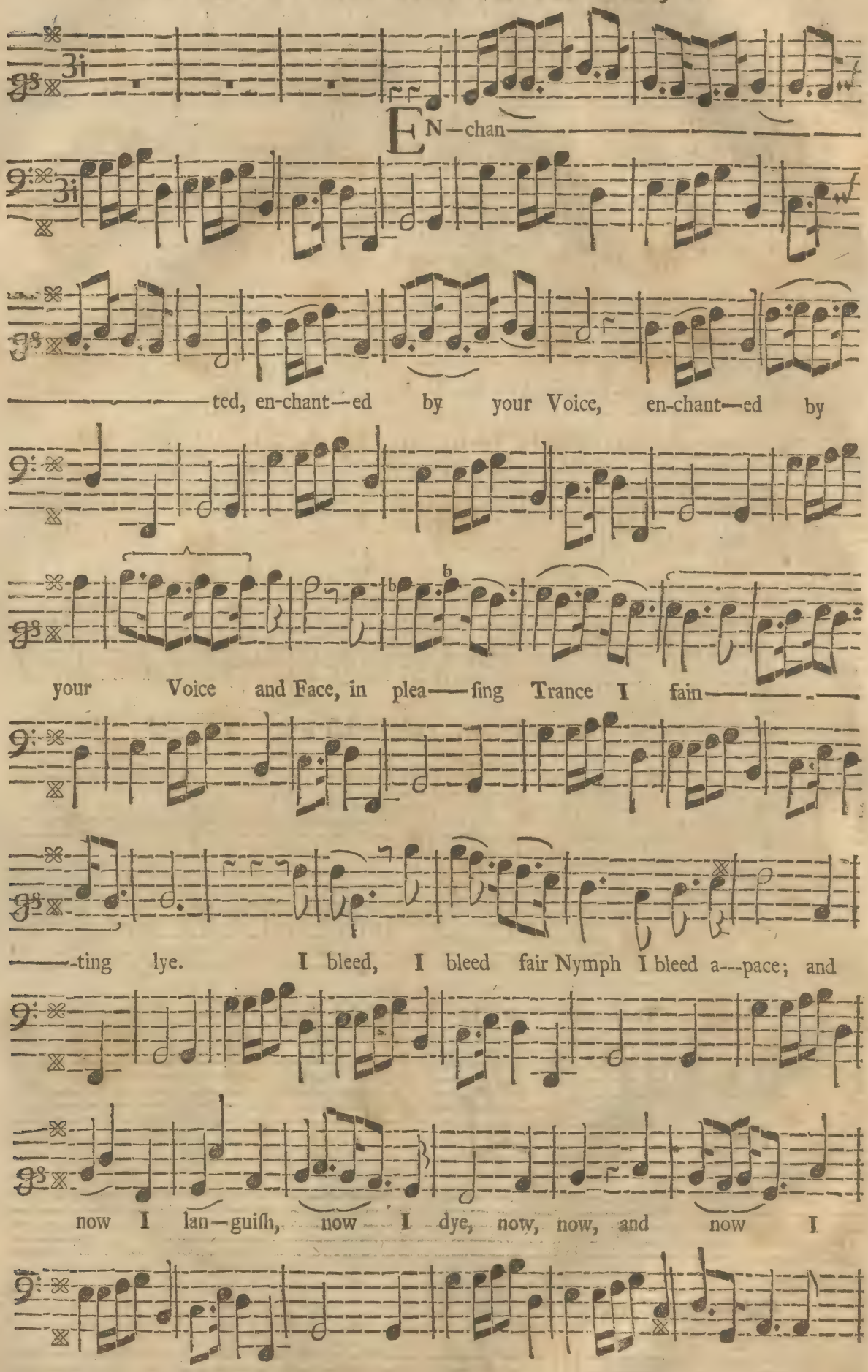
II.

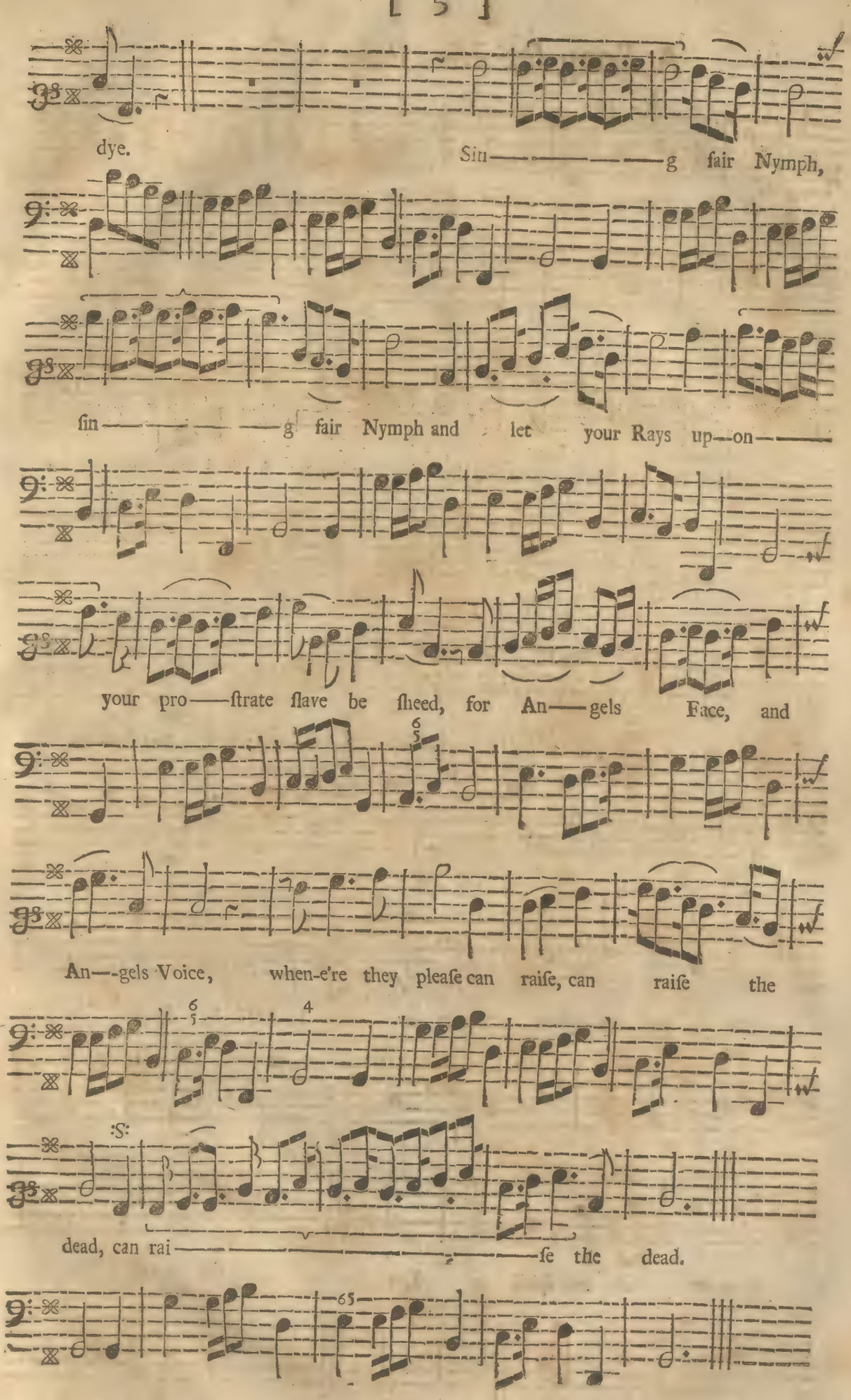
Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that Love me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt:
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *Jantee* Meen,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Godfry Finger*.

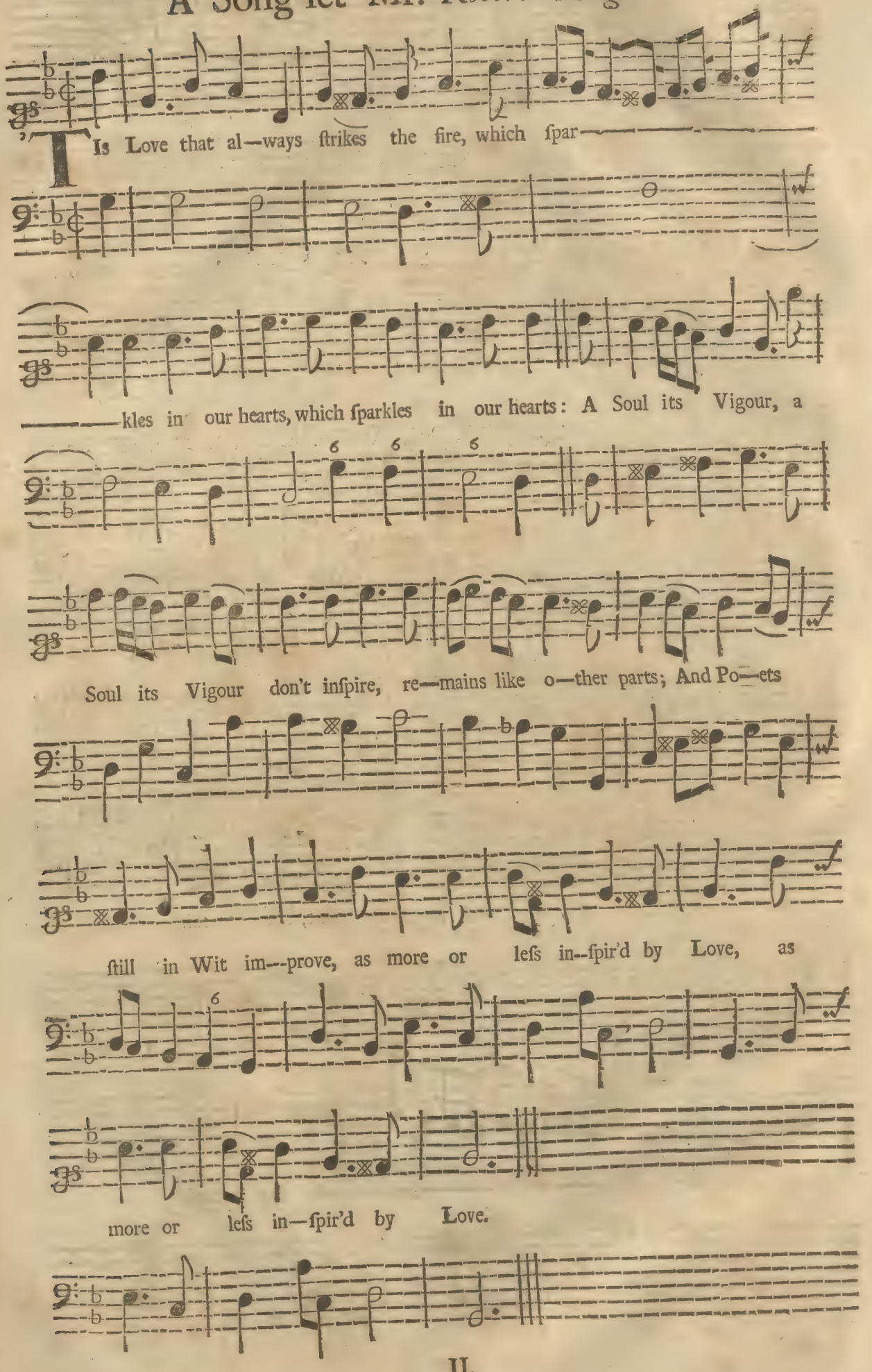


A Song to a Ground by Mr. *Henry Hall.*




dye.
Sin——————g fair Nymph,
ſin——————g fair Nymph and let your Rays up—on——
your pro——ſtrate ſlave be ſheed, for An——gels Face, and
An——gels Voice, when-e're they pleaſe can raiſe, can raiſe the
dead, can rai——————ſe the dead.

A Song ſet Mr. *Robert King.*

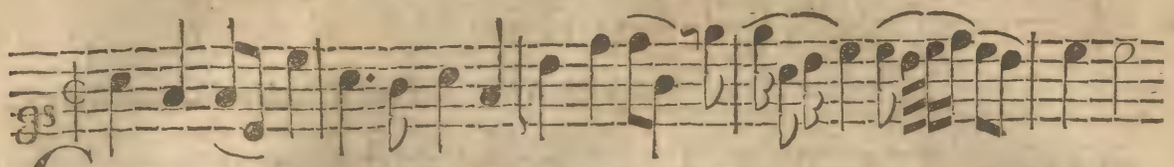


II.

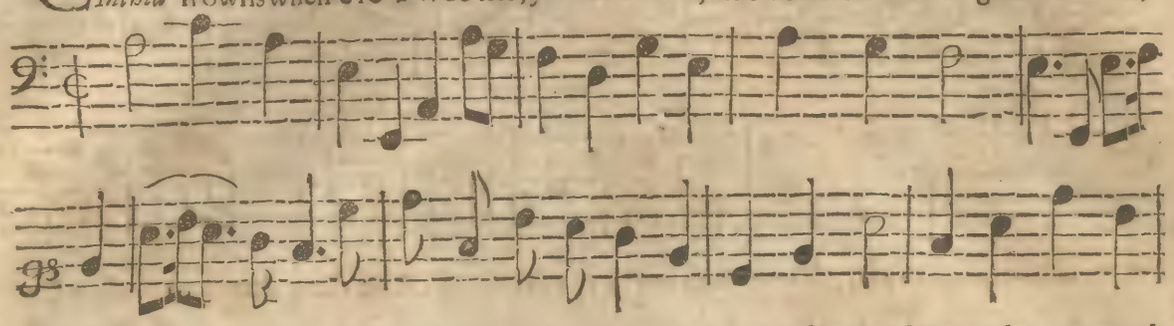
If this be true, as ſure it is,
Can I remain ſo poor,
And of its Portion ever miſs,
Who with ſuch Zeal adore?
Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why
Muſt only *Strephon*'s Fleece be dry?

A Song in the Double-dealler, Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*,

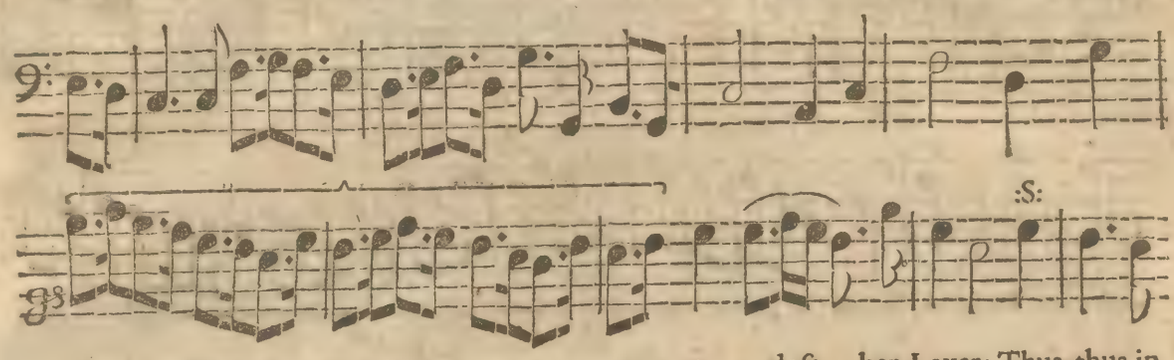
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



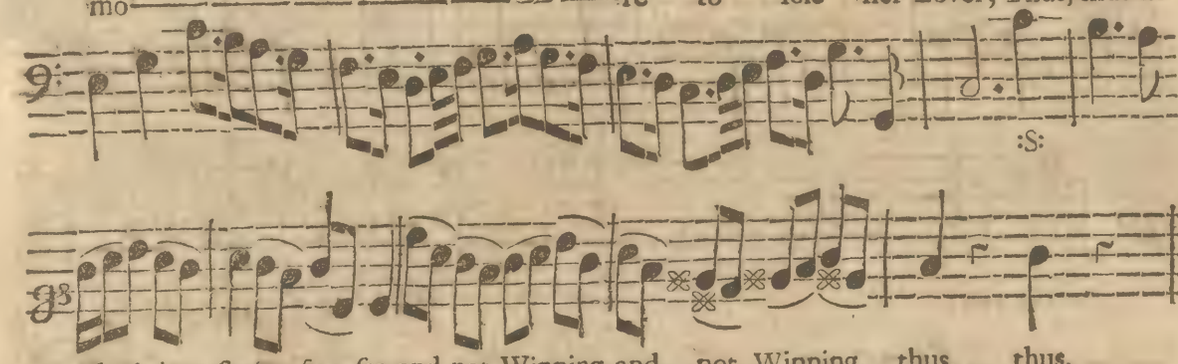
Cinthia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet ſhe's vex'd, ſhe's vex'd if I give o—ver;



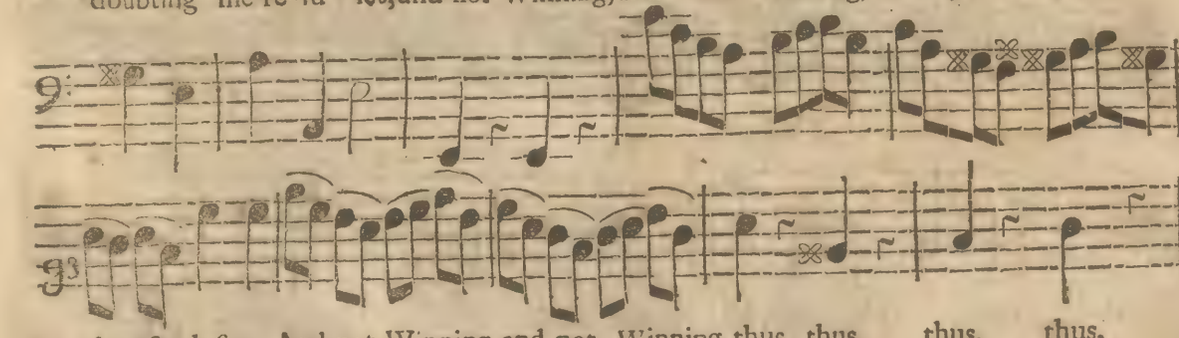
much, much ſhe fears I ſhou'd, I ſhou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much



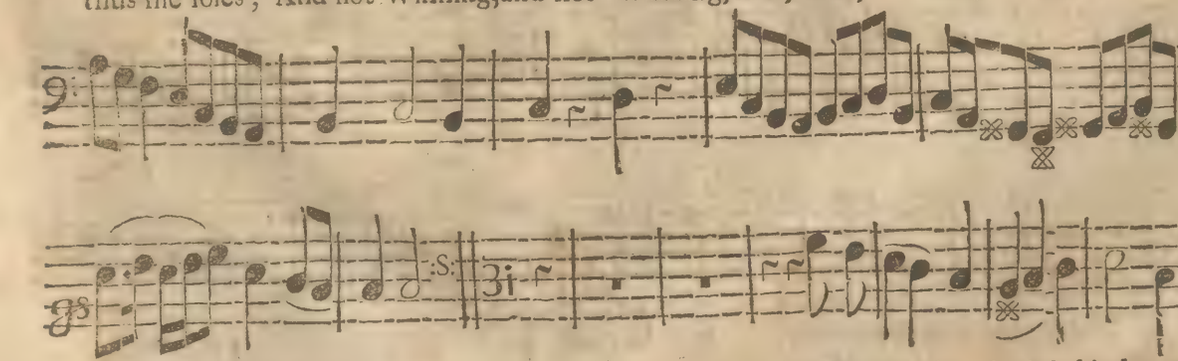
mo——————————re to loſe her Lover; Thus, thus in



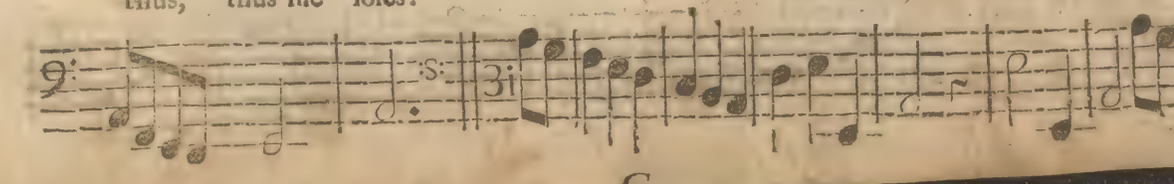
doubting ſhe re-fu-ſes, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,

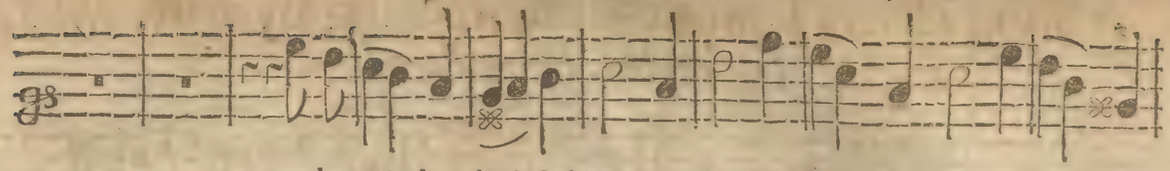


thus ſhe loſes; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,

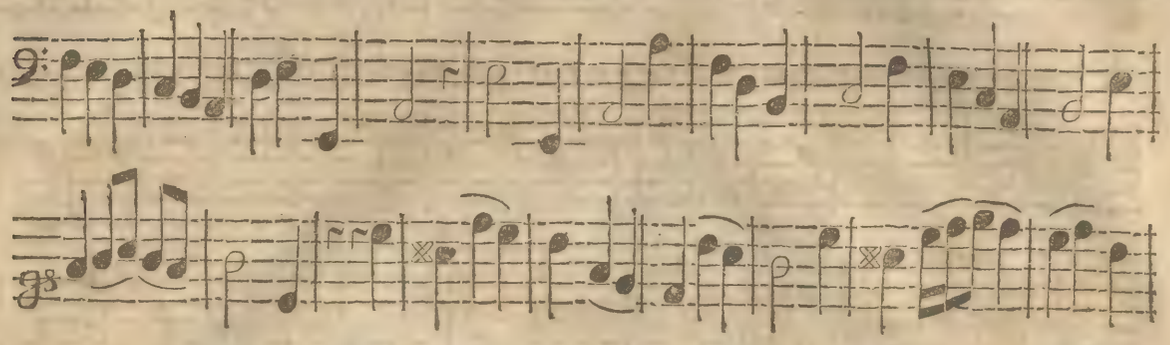


thus, thus ſhe loſes: Prethee *Cinthia* look behind you,

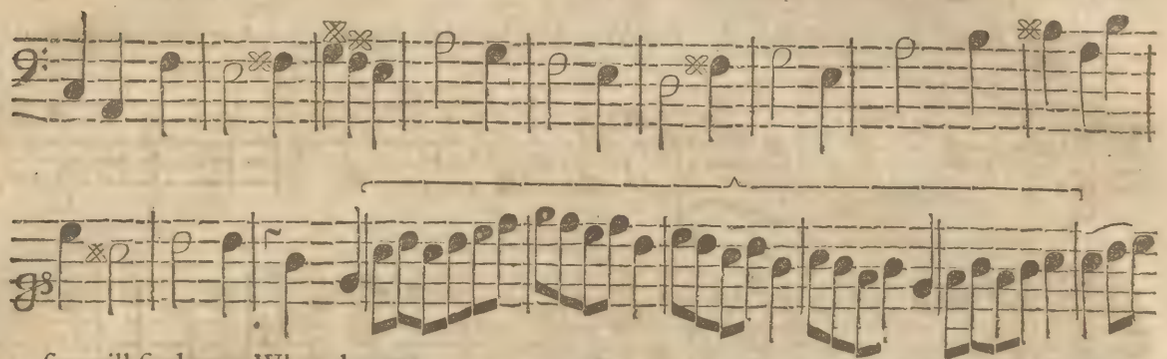




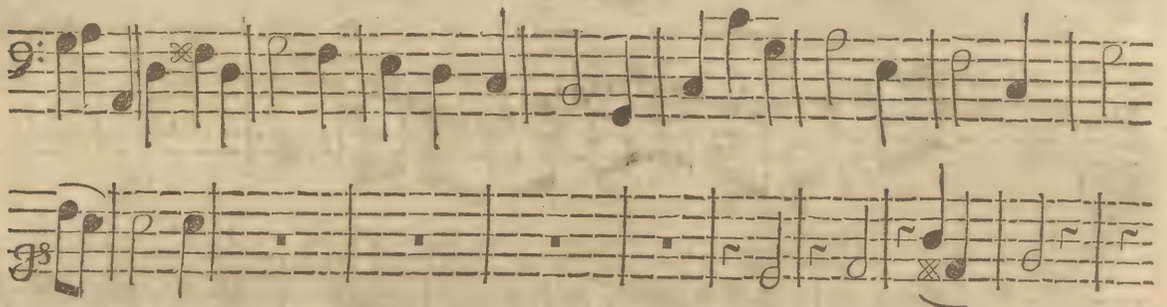
prethee *Cinthia* look behind you, Age and Wrinckles, Age and Wrinckles



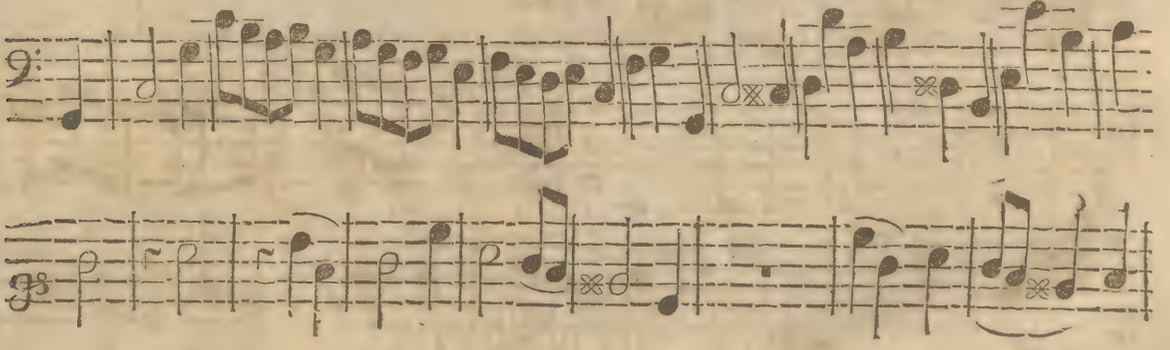
will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De—



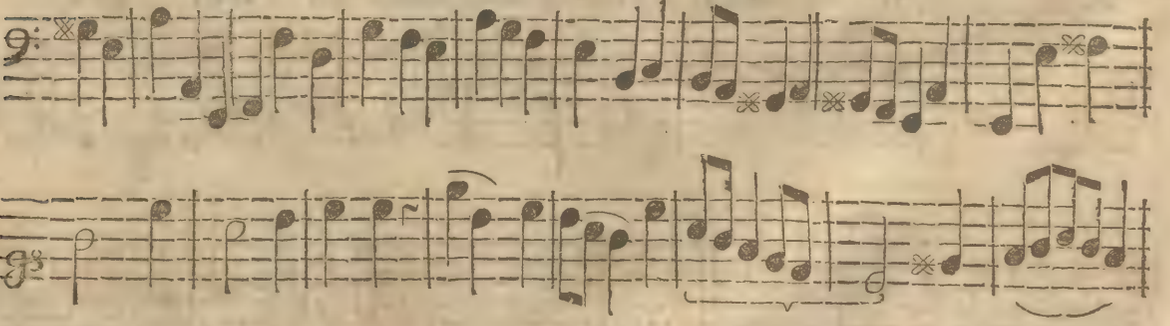
—ſire will find you; When the po——————————w'r does



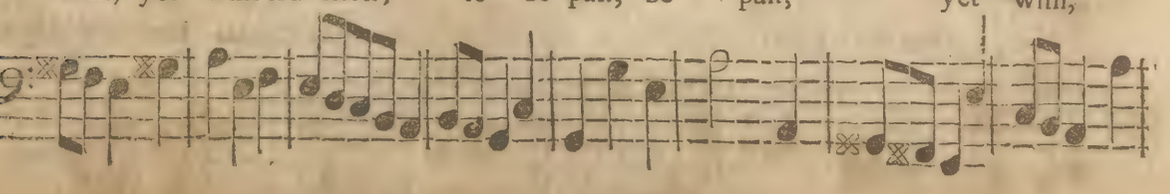
forſake you; Think, think, oh! think,

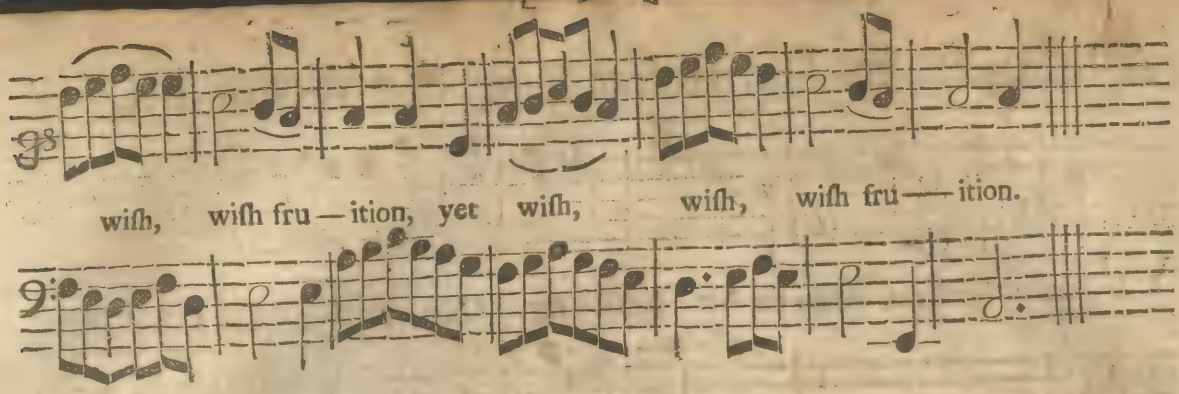


think, think, oh! think, oh! ſad con—dition to be paſt, yet

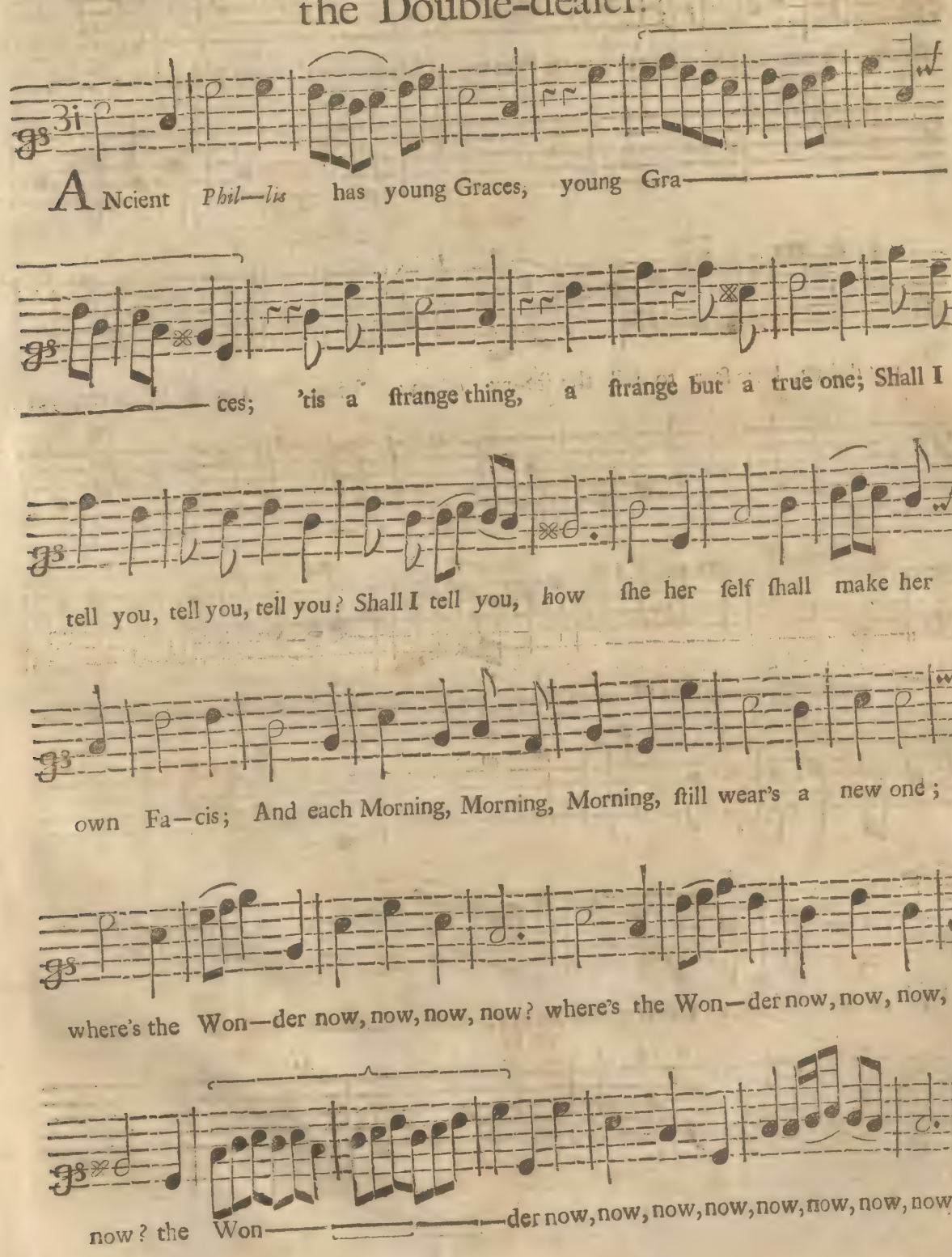


wiſh, yet wiſh fru--ition; to be paſt, be paſt, yet wiſh,

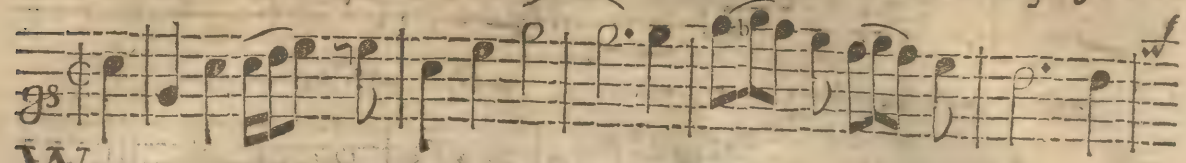




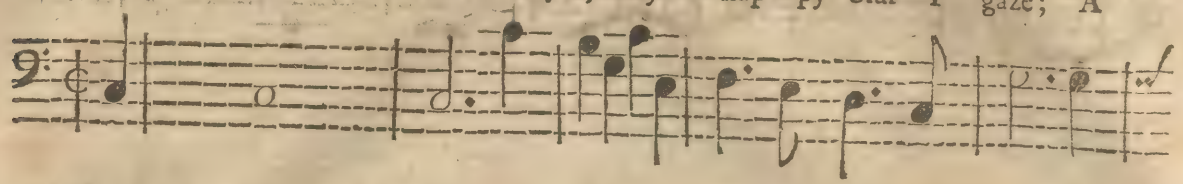
A Song ſet by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd the Double-dealer.



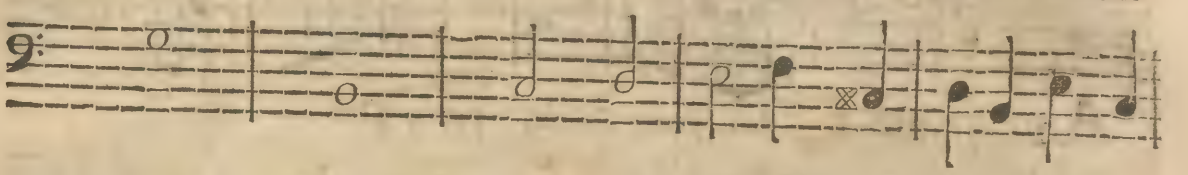
A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, the Words by *J. F.*

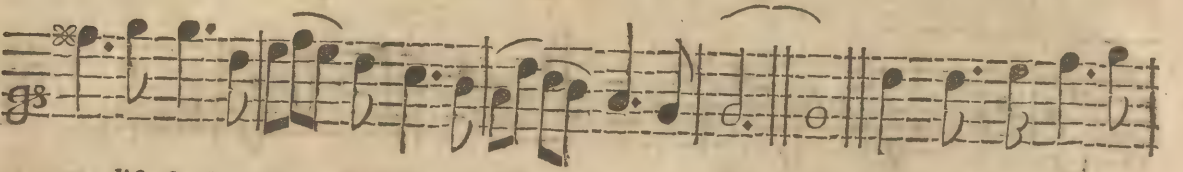


WHen on her Eyes, when on her Eyes, my hap—py Star I gaze; A

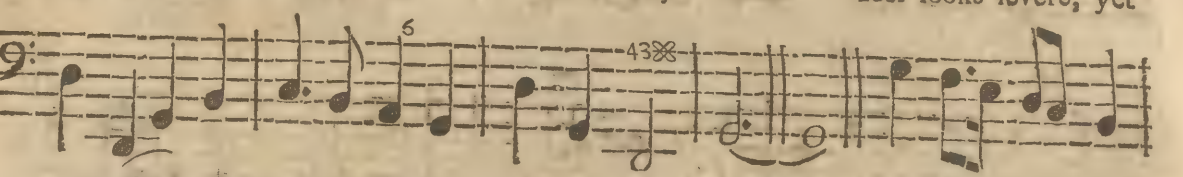


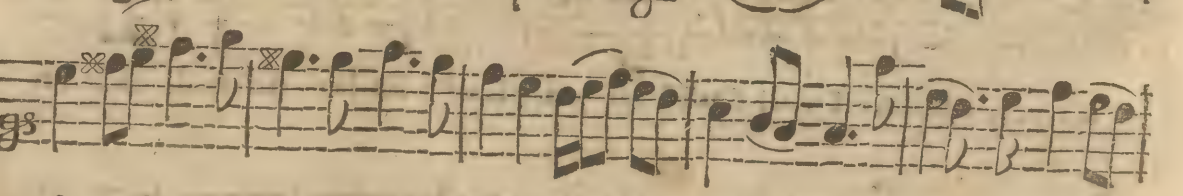
ſtrange Commotion ſei—ſes ev'ry part; Fain wou'd I ſpeak, fain wou'd I ſpeak the Cauſe of



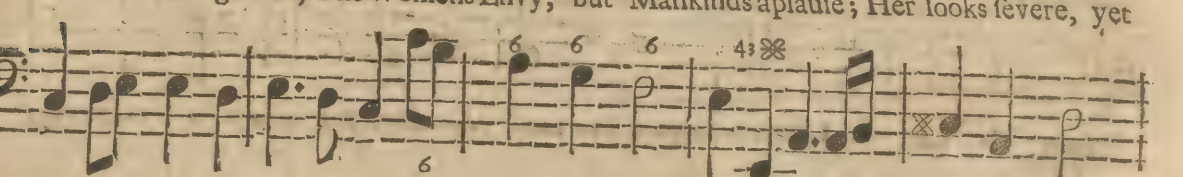


my diſeaſe, but fear to tell the ſto--ry of my heart. Her looks ſevere, yet

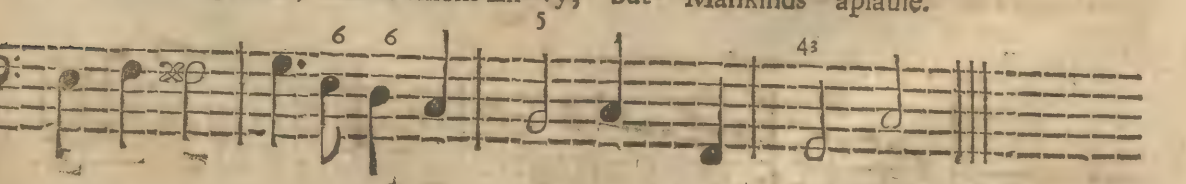




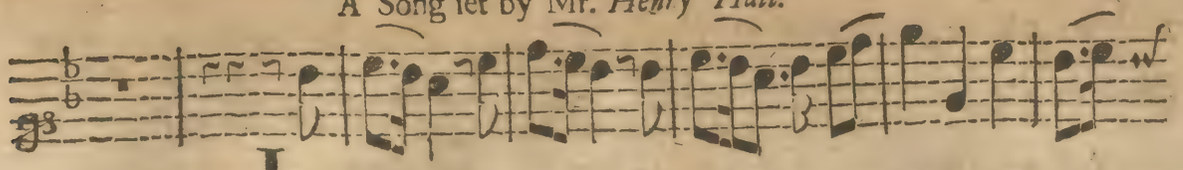
ſo endearing awes; The Womens Envy, but Mankinds aplauſe; Her looks ſevere, yet



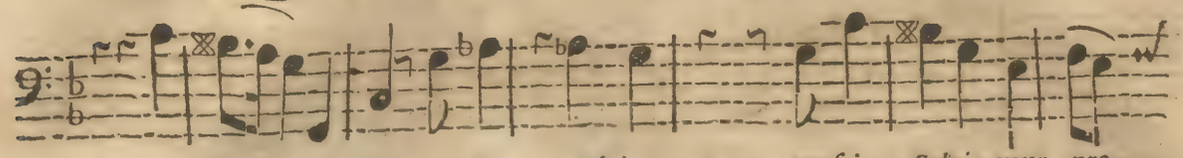
ſo en-dear-ing awes; The Womens En--vy, but Mankinds aplauſe.



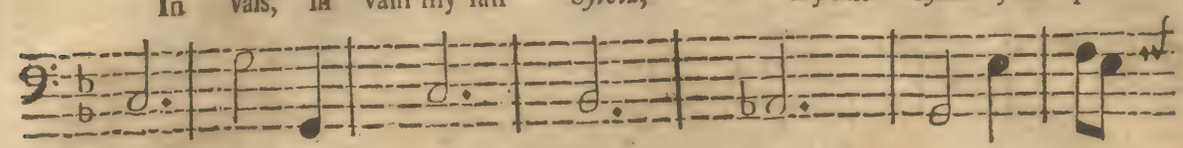
A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Hall.*



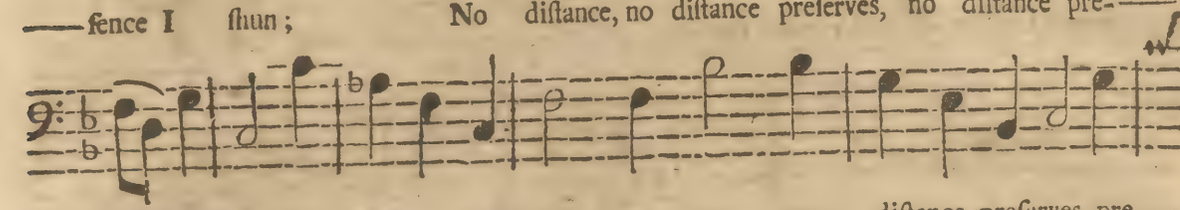
IN vain, in vain, in vain my fair *Sylvia* your pre——



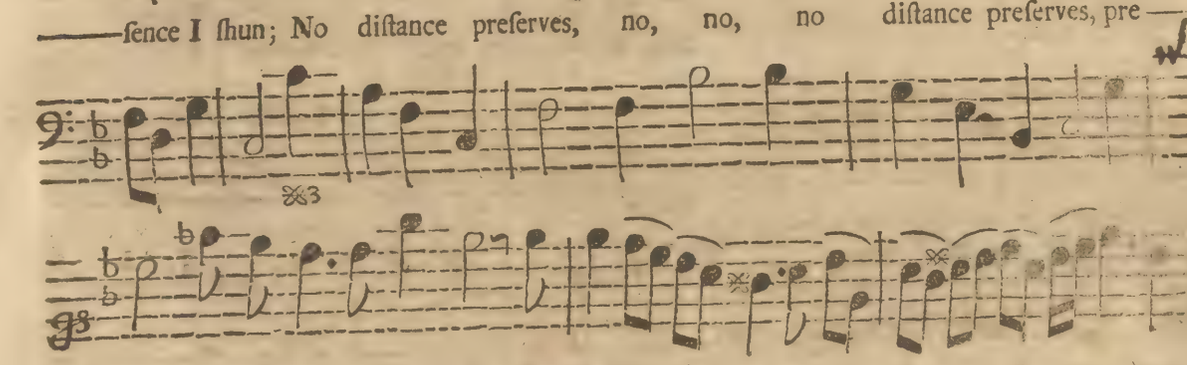
In vais, in vain my fair *Sylvia*, my fair *Sylvia* your pre——



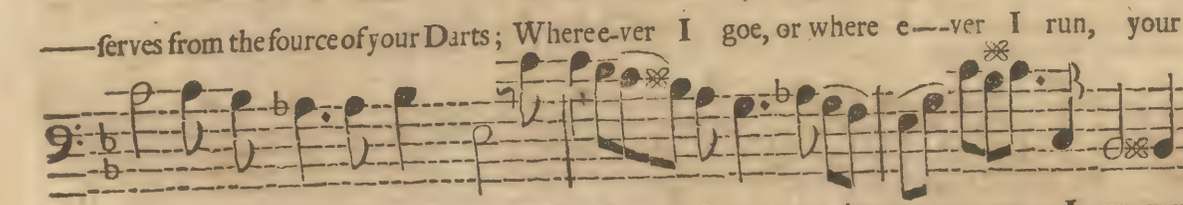
——fence I ſhun; No diſtance, no diſtance preſerves, no diſtance pre——



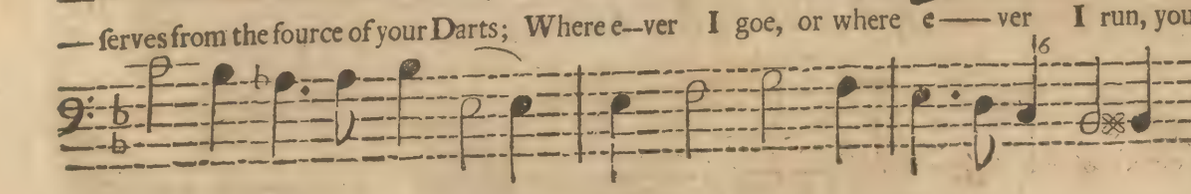
——ſence I ſhun; No diſtance preſerves, no, no, no diſtance preſerves, pre——



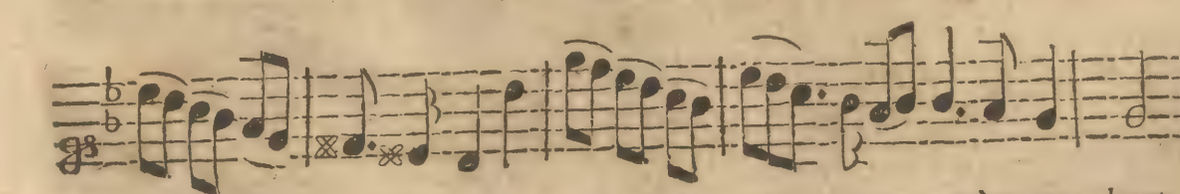
——ſerves from the fource of your Darts; Where e-ver I goe, or where e——ver I run, your



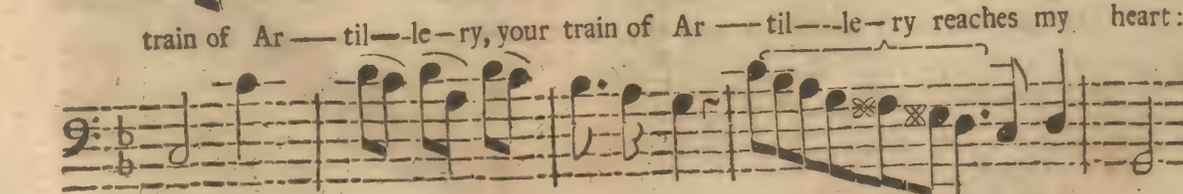
——ſerves from the fource of your Darts; Where e--ver I goe, or where e——ver I run, your



train of Ar——til——le—ry, your train of Ar——til——le—ry reaches my heart:



train, your train of Ar——til—le—ry rea————ches my heart:



And a——las! a——las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muſt needs

And a——las! a——las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muſt needs

own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fl————y, to fl——

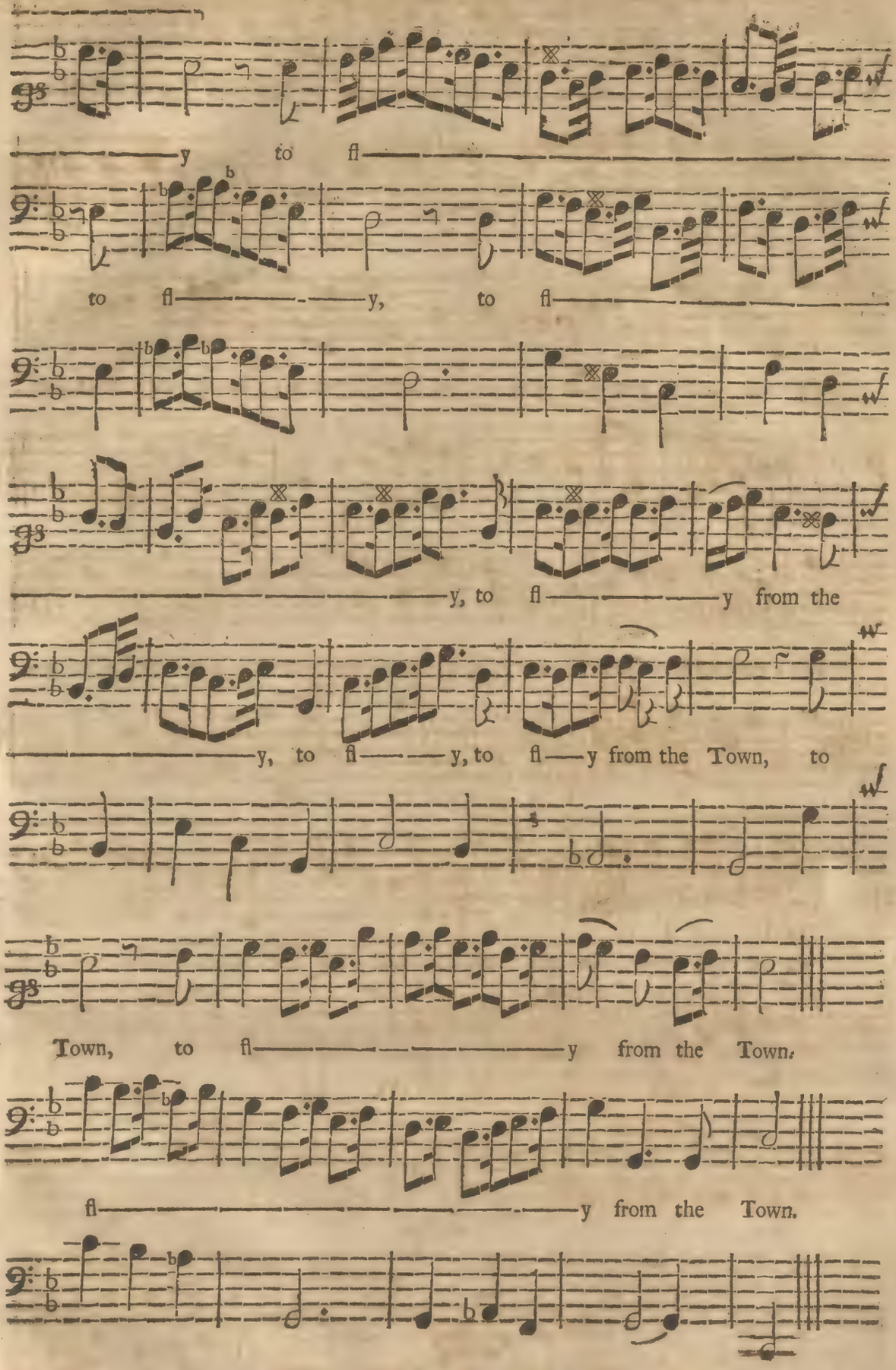
own, the in——fec-tion once ta—ken to fl——

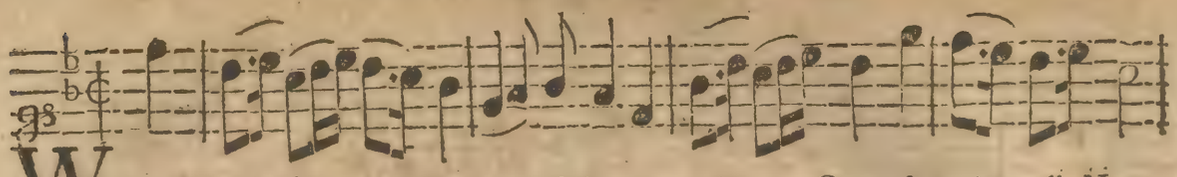
——y from the Town; And a——las 'tis a

——y from the Town; And a——las 'tis a

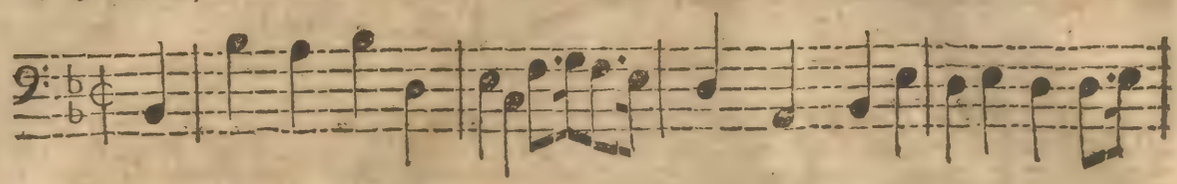
fol—ly all the world muſt needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fl——

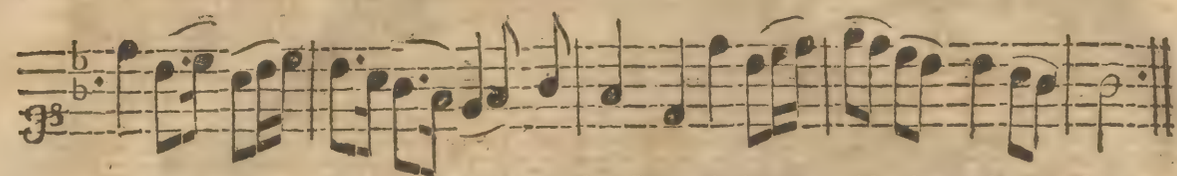
fol—ly the world muſt needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken


y to fl
to fl y, to fl
y, to fl y from the
y, to fl y, to fl y from the Town, to
Town, to fl y from the Town.
fl y from the Town.

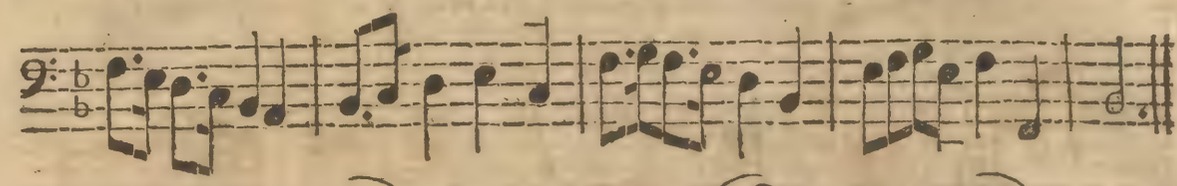


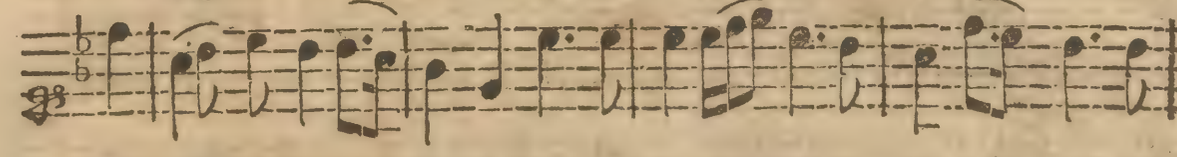
WHILE, *Ga—la——the—a*, you design to gain a Conquest o're all Hearts,



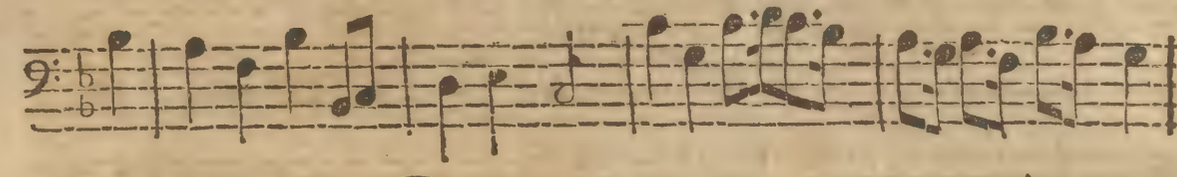


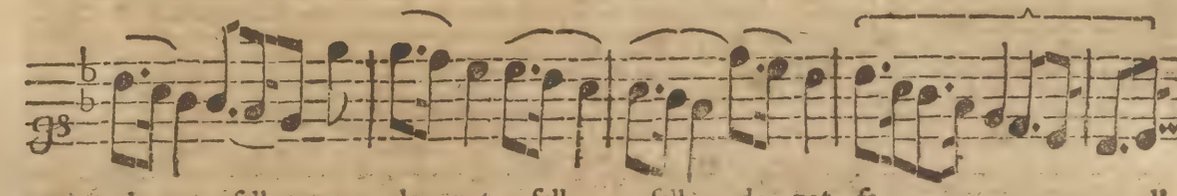
take heed left you your own re—sign, Love play's not id—ly with his Darts.



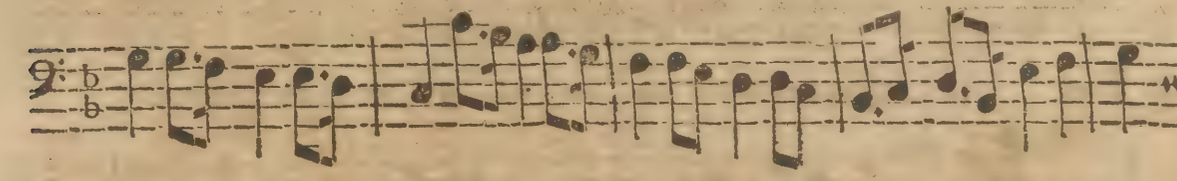


Be care-full how you fan his Fire, and while you strive to give de——sire, you

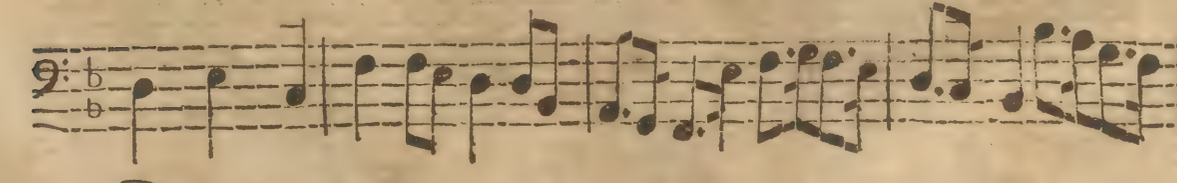


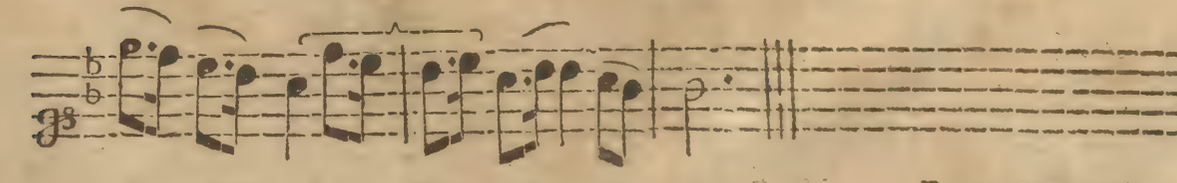


do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa————ll

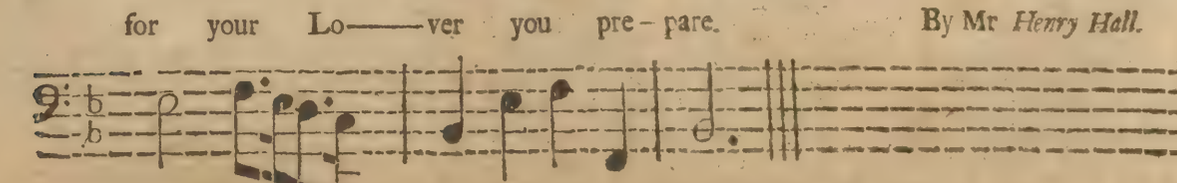


in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—— ver, which for your Lo—ver,

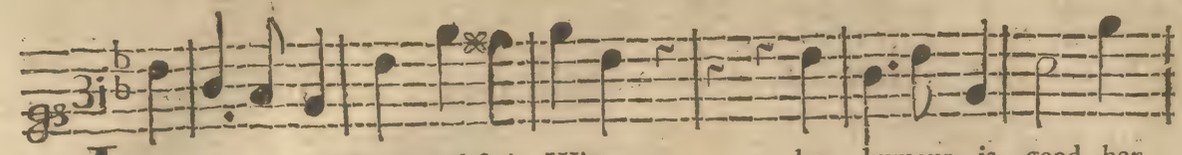




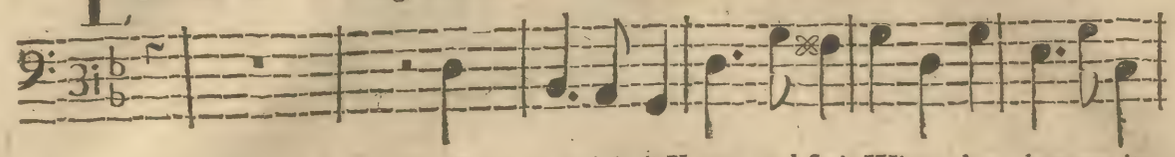
for your Lo——ver you pre—pare. By Mr *Henry Hall.*



A Song for Two Voices, ſet by Mr. R. *Courtivelle.*

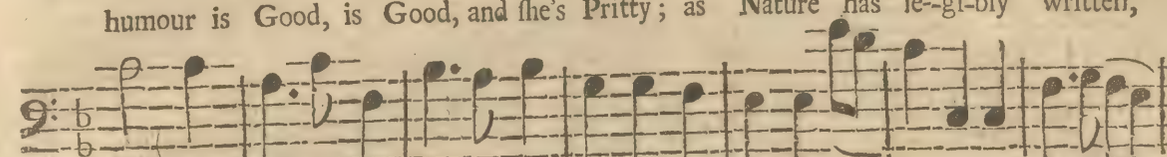


L*u—-cin–da* is Young, and ſhe's Witty; her humour is good, her

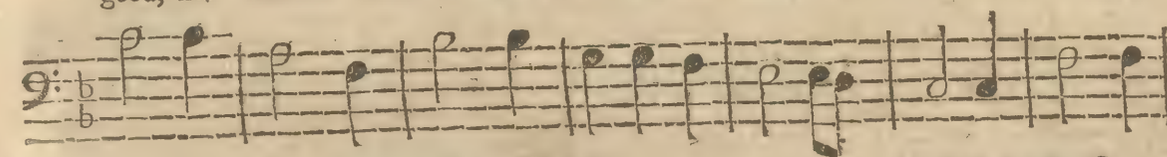


Lu——-cin—da is Young, and ſhe's Witty, her humour is

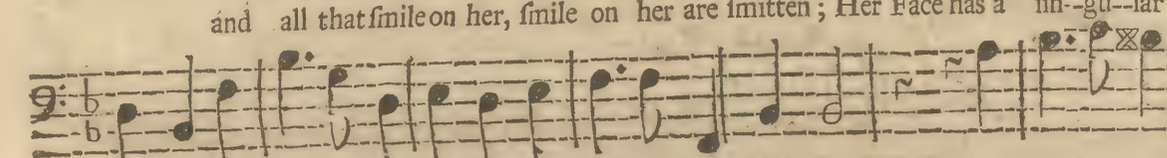
humour is Good, is Good, and ſhe's Pritty; as Nature has le--gi-bly written,



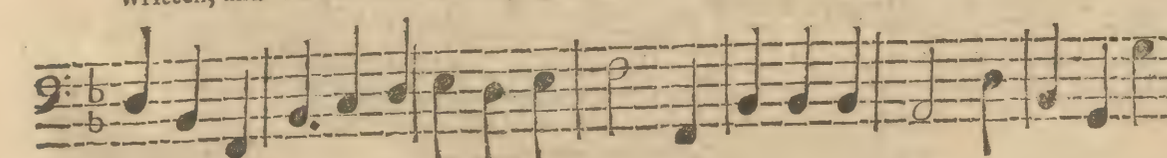
good, her humour is Good, and ſhe's Pretty; as Nature has le--gi--bly, le--gi-bly



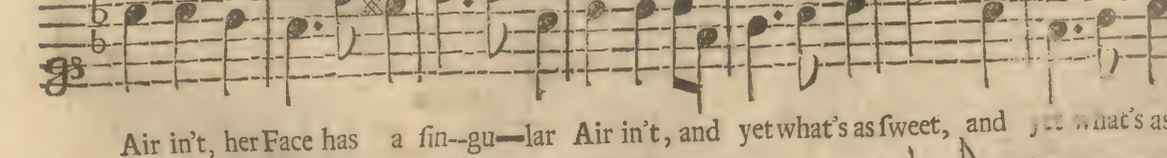
and all that ſmile on her, ſmile on her are ſmitten; Her Face has a ſin--gu--lar



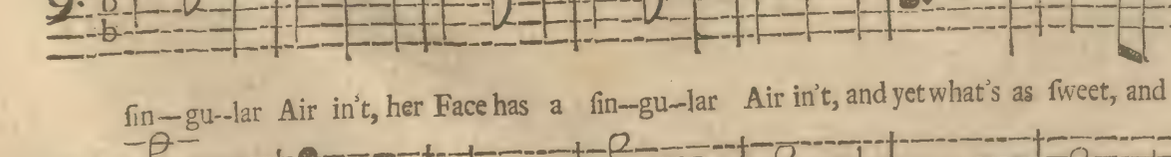
written, and all that ſmile on her, ſmile on her are ſmitten; Her Face has a

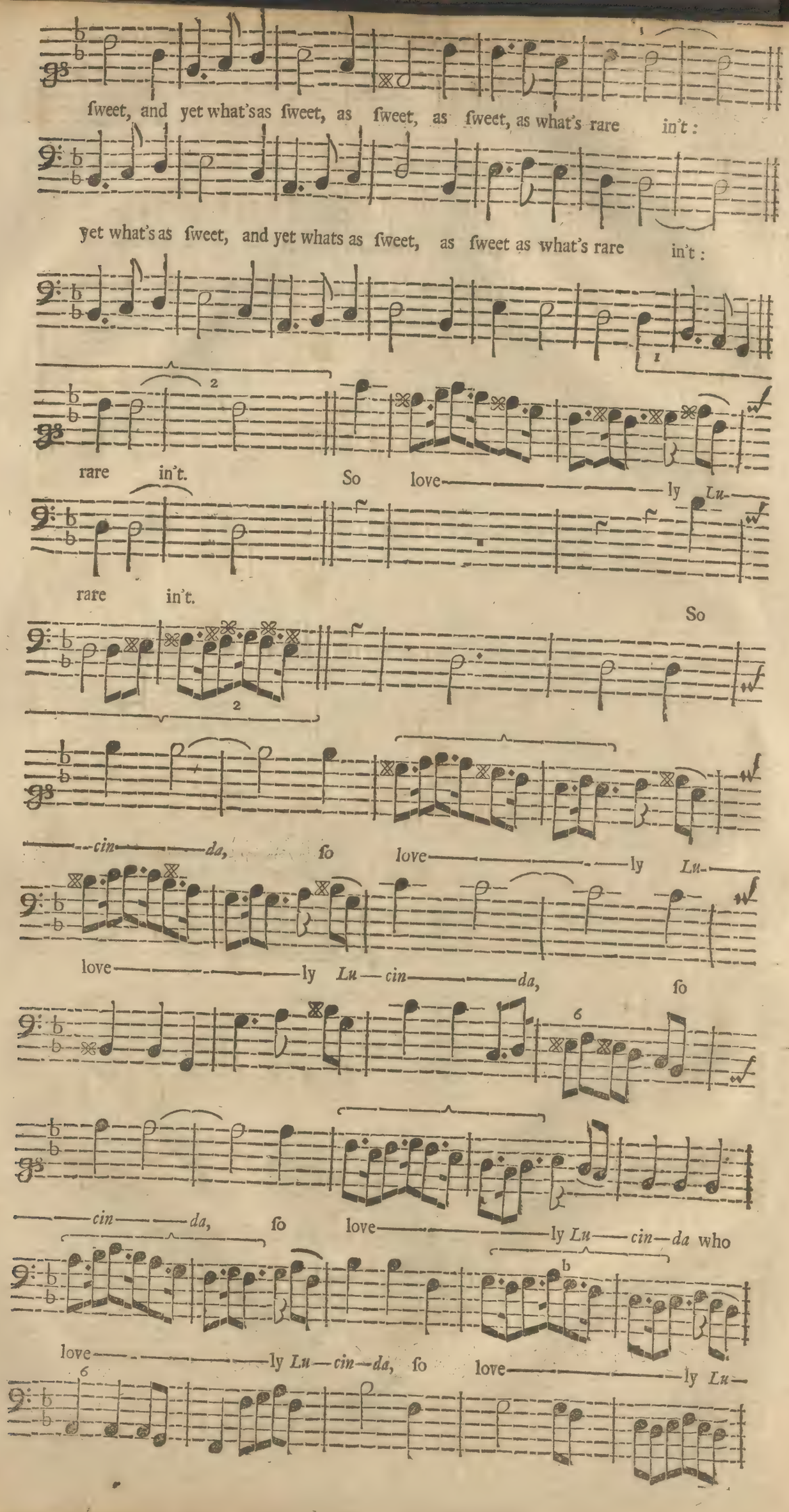


Air in't, her Face has a ſin--gu—lar Air in't, and yet what's as ſweet, and yet what's as



ſin—gu--lar Air in't, her Face has a ſin--gu--lar Air in't, and yet what's as ſweet, and




ſweet, and yet what's as ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet, as what's rare in't:
yet what's as ſweet, and yet whats as ſweet, as ſweet as what's rare in't:
rare in't. So love——ly Lu-
rare in't.
So
——cin——da, ſo love——ly Lu-
love——ly Lu—cin——da, ſo
——cin——da, ſo love——ly Lu——cin—da who
love——ly Lu—cin—da, ſo love——ly Lu-

loves not, who loves not a Dreſs, a dreſs, a dreſs by ad--mi-ring, it moves not, or

——*cin—da*, who loves not a Dreſs, by ad--mi--ring, a dreſs by ad—mi--ring, it moves not,

ſhou'd you your paſ—ſion diſ--co--ver, or ſhou'd you your paſ—ſion diſ—co--ver, ſhe

or ſhou'd you your paſ--ſion diſ—co—ver, or ſhou'd you your paſ--ſion diſ—

looks, ſhe looks uncon--cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo--ver; and *Cu—pid* may

——co--ver, ſhe looks un-concern'd, un--concern'd on the Lo—ver; and

waſt, may waſt a whole Quiver, and *Cu—pid* may waſt, may waſt a whole

Cupid may waſt a whole Quiver, and *Cupid* may waſt a whole

Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear ſhe'l re — ſiſt him for e---ver, I

Quiver; I fear ſhe'l re--ſiſt him for e--ver, I fear ſhe'l re--ſiſt him, I

fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him, I

fear, ſhe'l re--ſiſt him, I fear ſhe'l re—-ſiſt him, I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him for

fear ſhe'l re—ſiſt him for e---ver I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him for

e--ver, re——ſiſt him for e--ver, I fear ſhe'l re——ſiſt him for

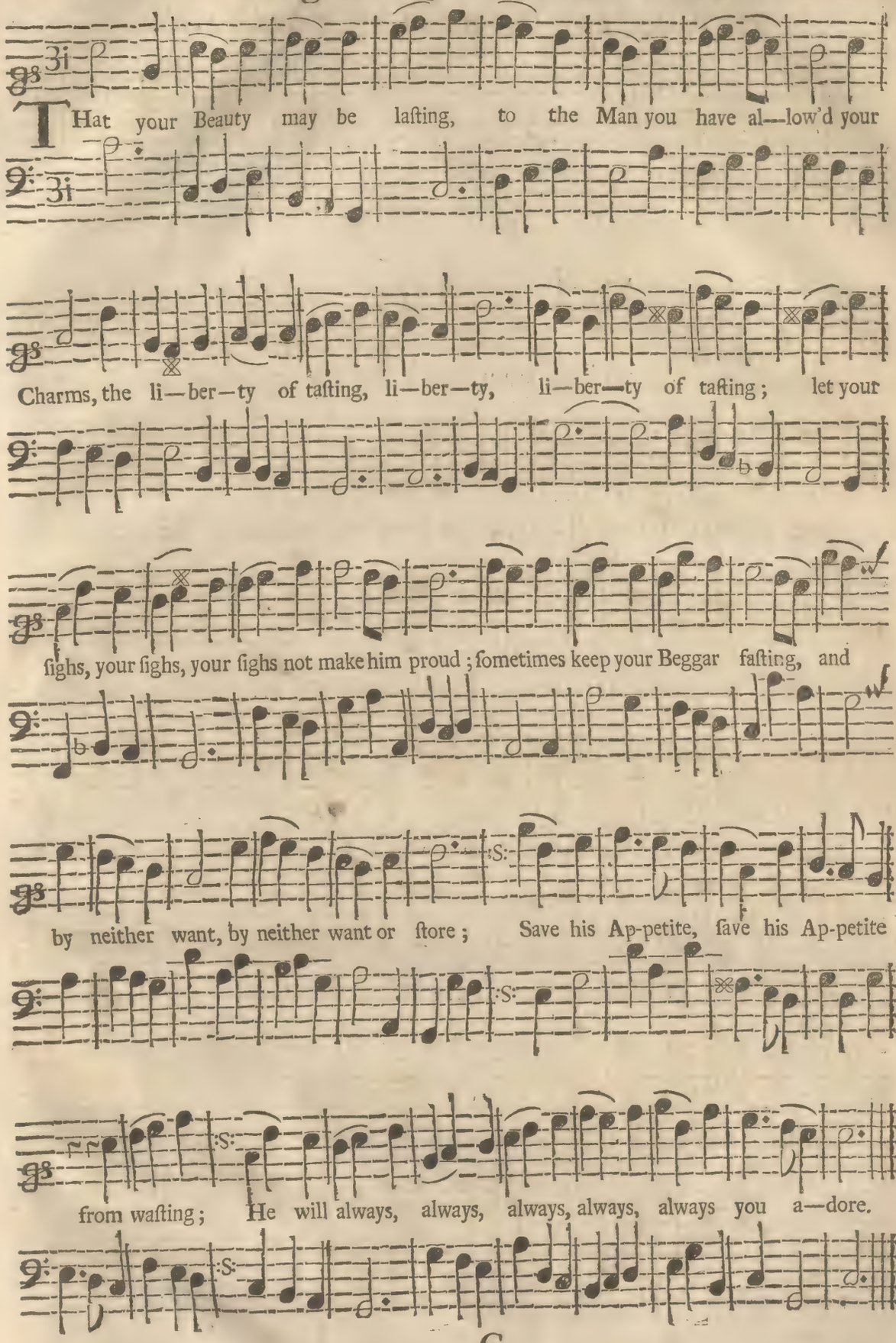
1 2

e———ver, e——ver.

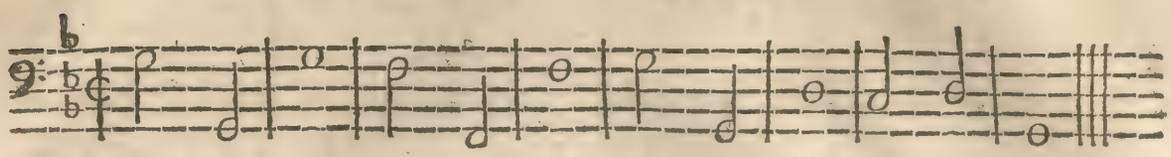
e———ver, e——ver.

1 2

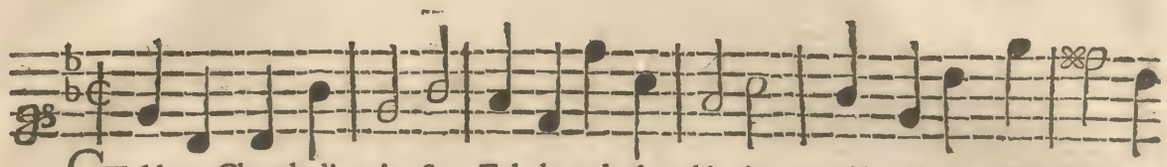
A Song ſet by Collonel *Pack.*



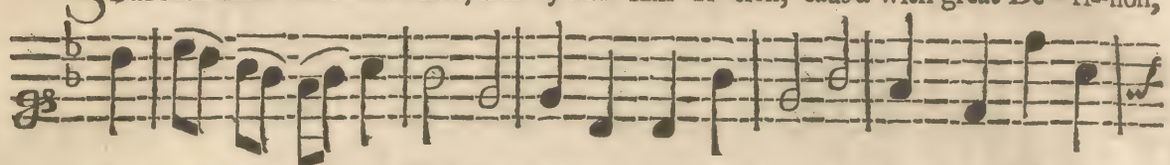
A New Song in the *Richmond-Heiresſ*, the Words by Mr. *Durfey*, to a Ground of Mr. *Solomon Eccles.*



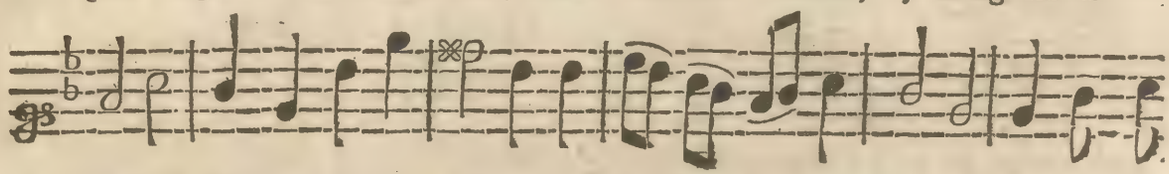
The Ground Baſs.



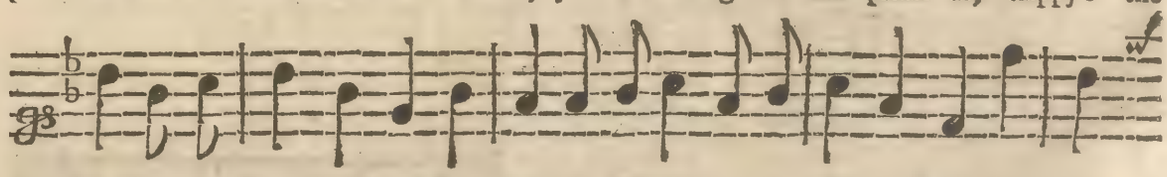
STubborn Church-di—vi—ſion, Fol--ly and Am--bi--tion, caus'd with great De—ri--ſion,



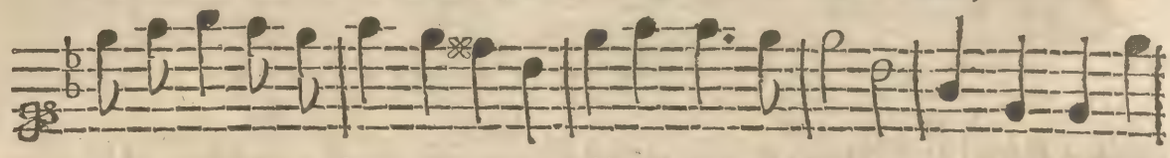
poor *England's* ſad con--di--tion; *Princes* leave their Stations, by ſtrange Ab--di——



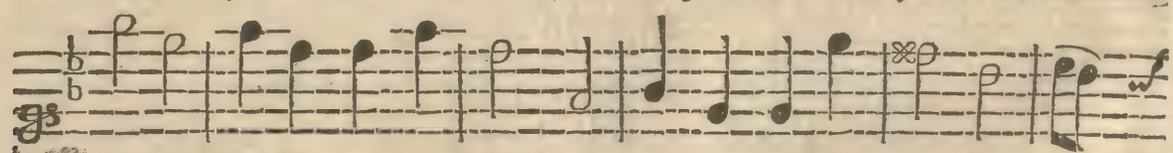
——ca-tions: New ones come to eaſe us, yet no—thing e're can pleaſe us, happy's the



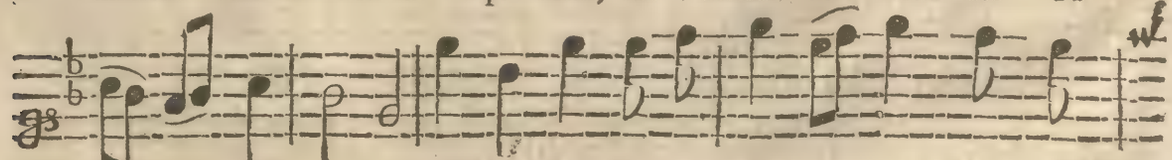
Man then that ſhun's the Great, that pleaſing himſelf in a Ru--ral State, with eaſe



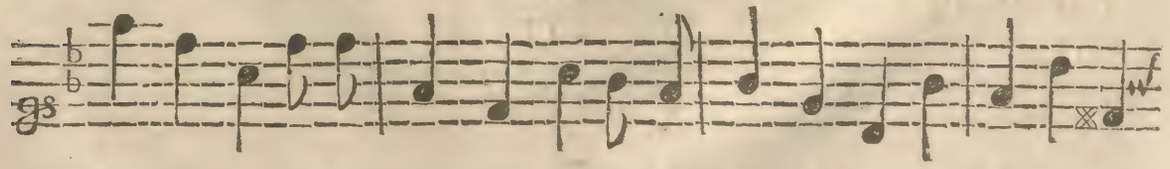
and content; In a ſweet retreat a—voids all Jar's and Faction, in his ſmall Do—



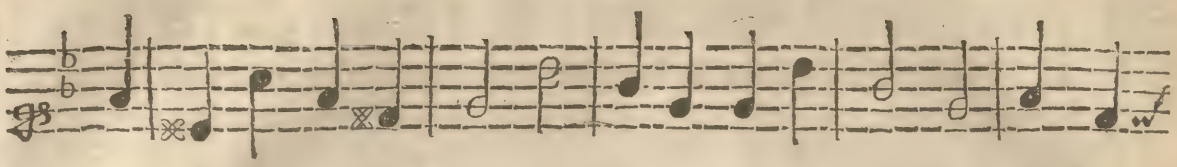
——minions vents no falſe O——pi—nions, nor deſerts the true for *Pa*——



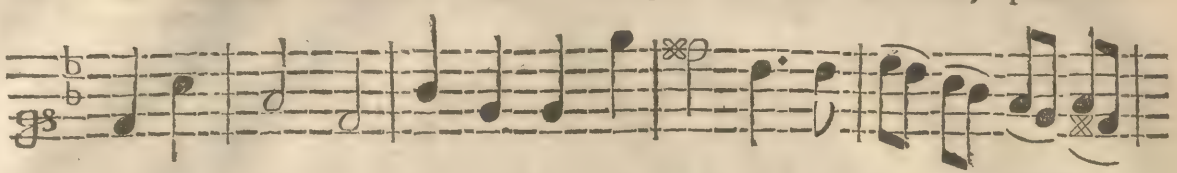
——*piſt* or *So*——*ci--nian*, but ſits down with his Freind's around, whilſt the



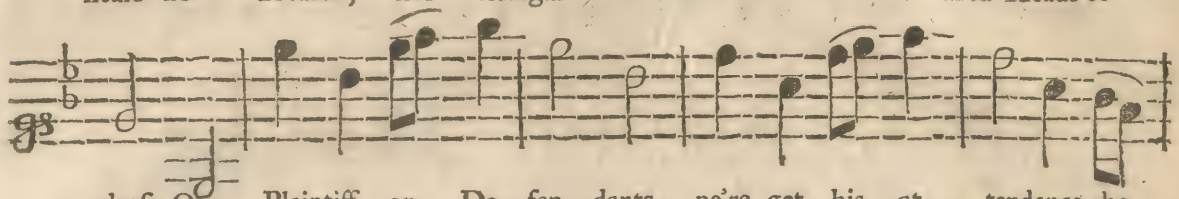
Glaſs is crownd, and the health's a--bound to the King and Queen the beſt in town;



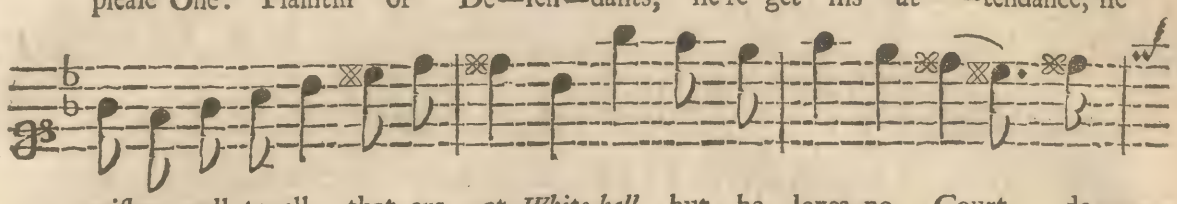
the Fleet or Ar—mies Action, ar--gues ſtill with Rea--ſon, ſpeaks nor



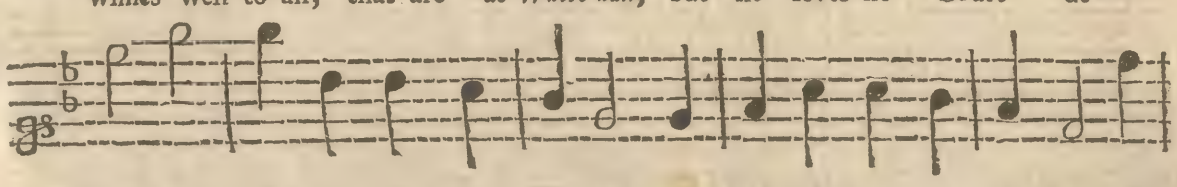
hears no Treaſon, nor arraigns the Senſe of five hun—dred Heads to



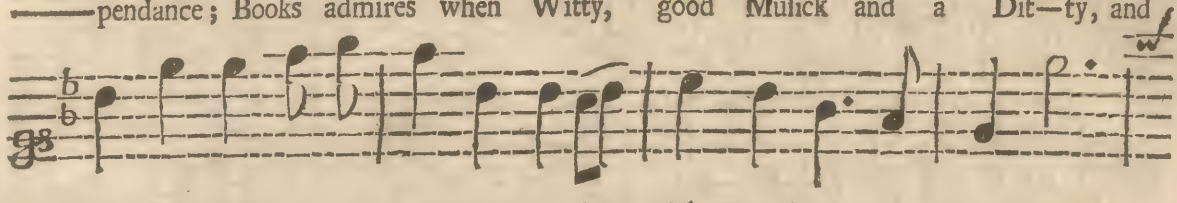
pleaſe One: Plaintiff or De—fen—dants, ne're get his at——tendance, he



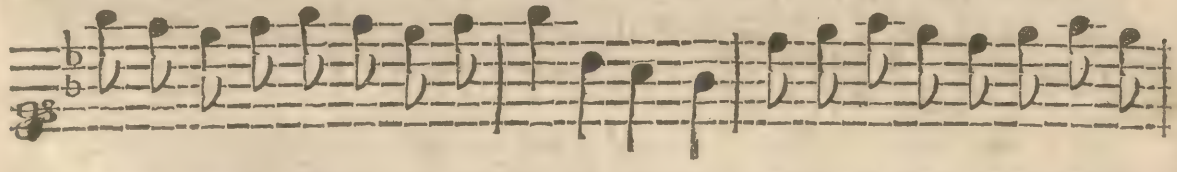
wiſhes well to all, that are at *White-hall*, but he loves no Court de——



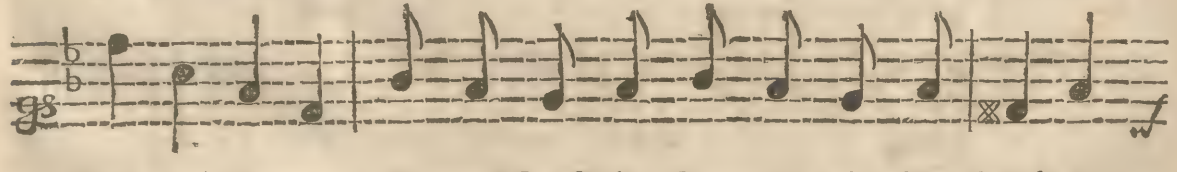
——pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Muſick and a Dit—ty, and



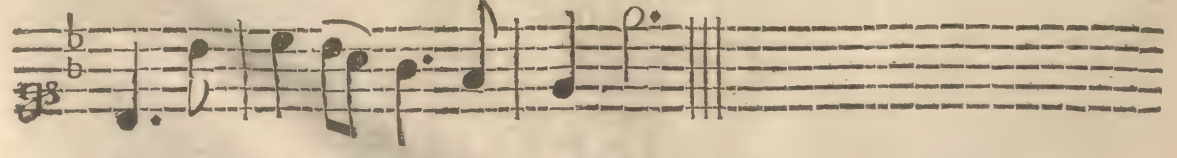
takes a Spouſe to a—dorn his Houſe that's rich and kind, and pret—ty;



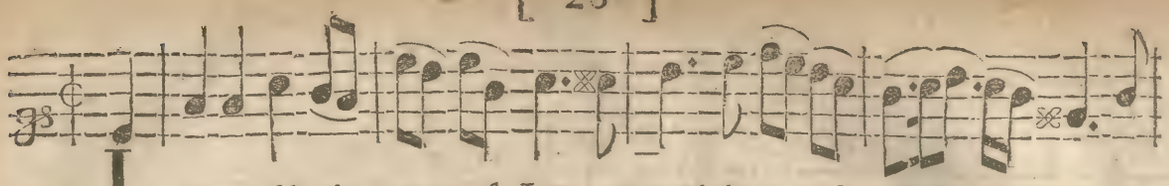
merry, merry, merril—ly diſcards all ſorrow; waril--ly does never, never



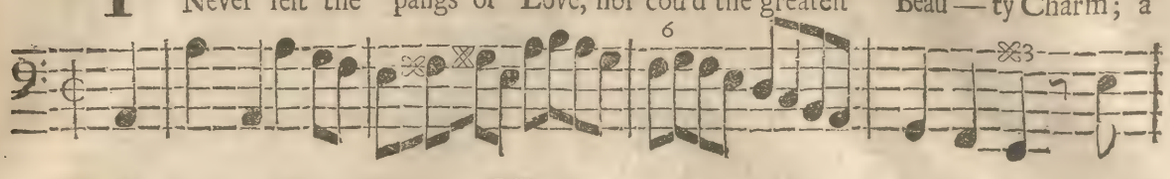
lend nor borrow, ge---ne---rouſ—ly En——tert--ains his Friends to



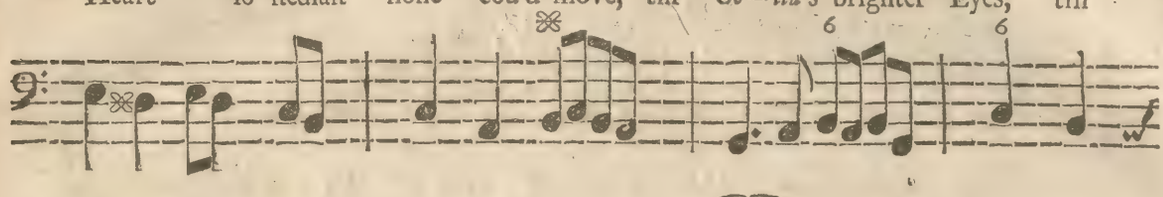
day, and is the ſame to morrow.



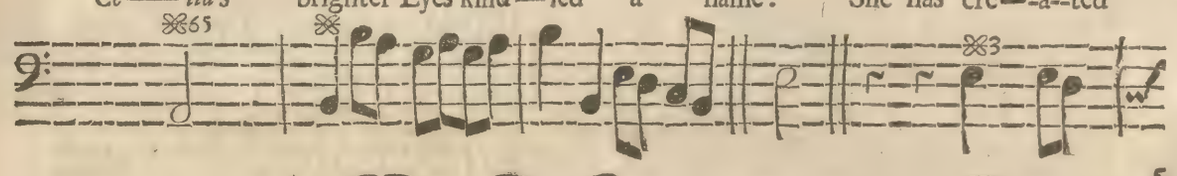
I Never felt the pangs of Love, nor cou'd the greateſt Beau — ty Charm; a



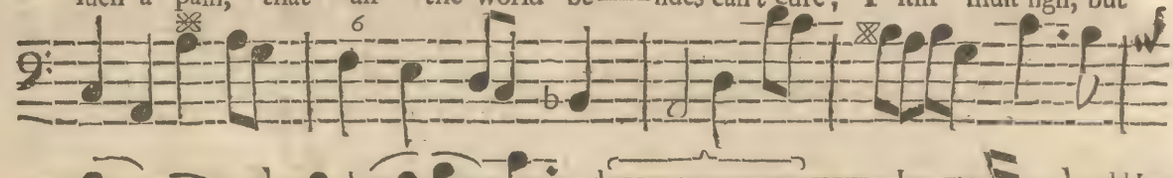
Heart ſo ſtedfaſt none cou'd move, till *Ce—lia's* brighter Eyes, till



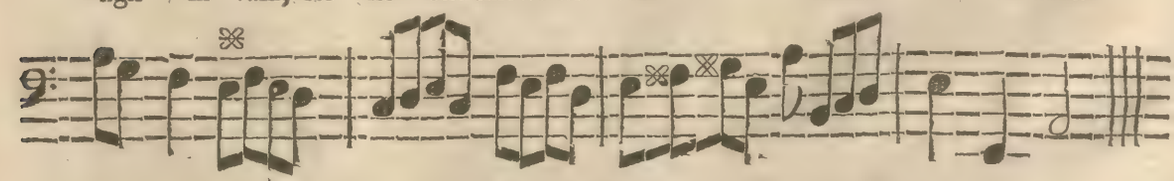
Ce — lia's brighter Eyes kind — led a flame: She has cre—a—ted



ſuch a pain, *that all the world* be — ſides can't cure; I ſtill muſt ſigh, but



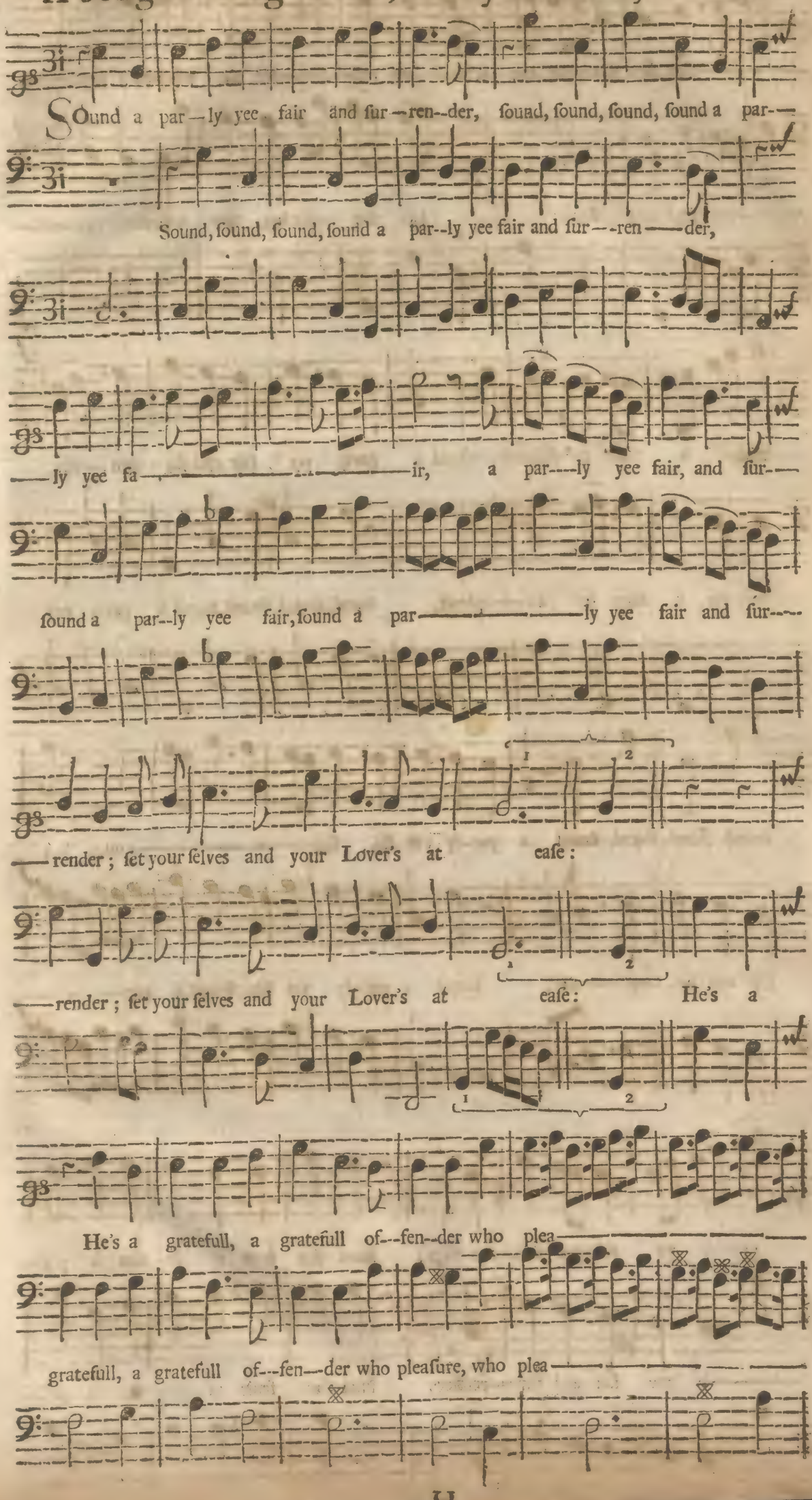
ſigh in vain, for no one knows the tor———ments I en—dure.

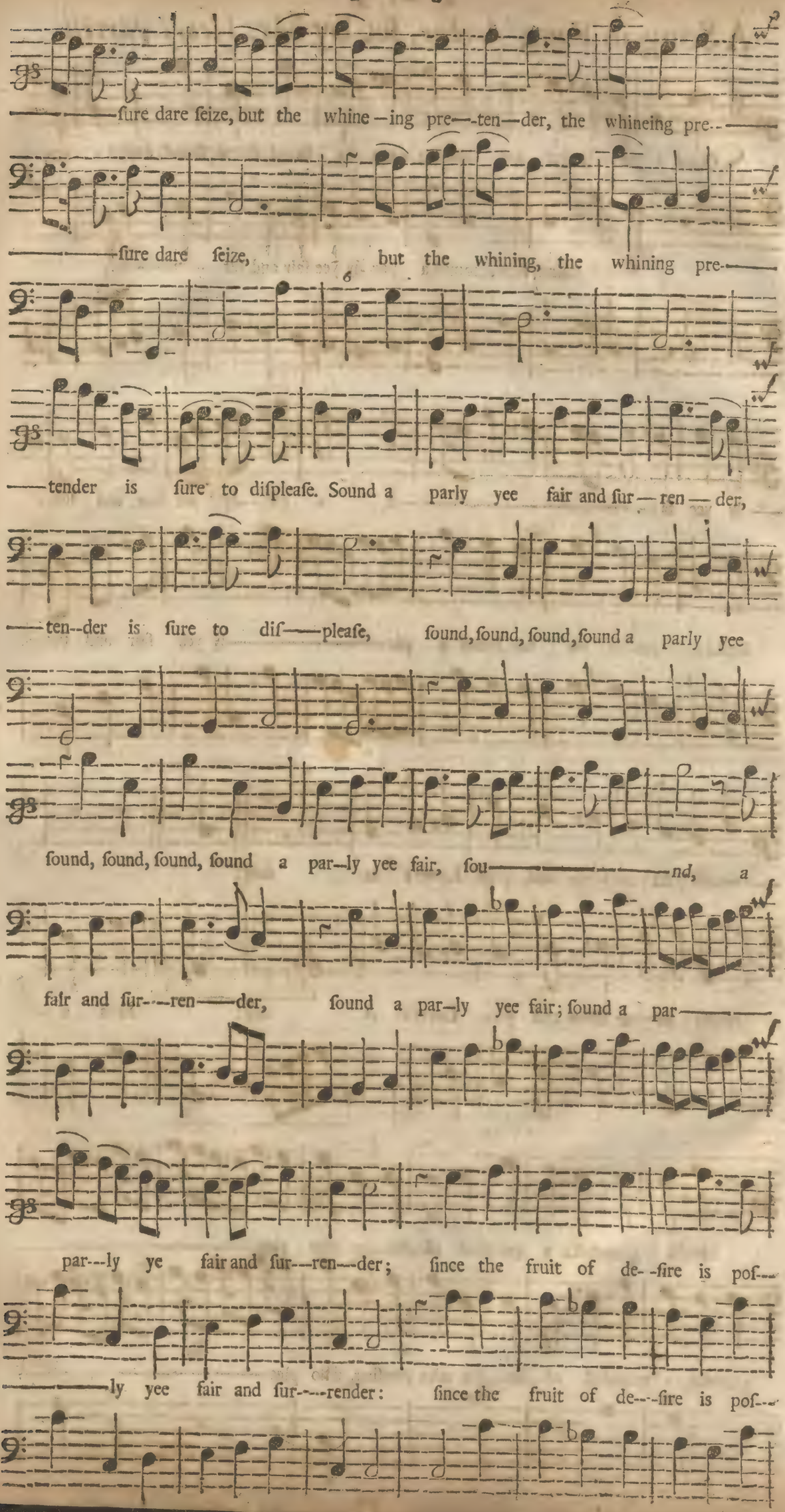


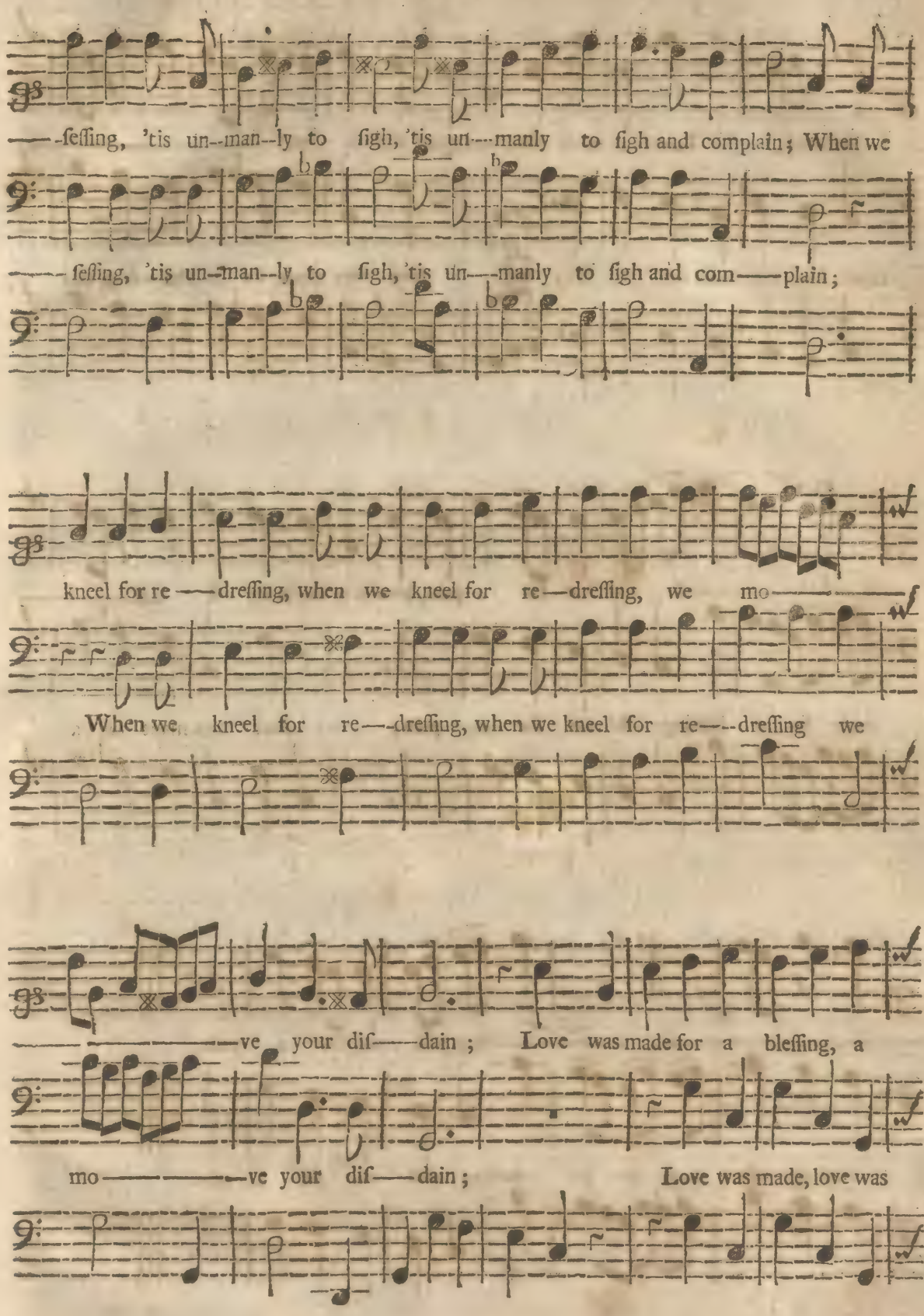
II.

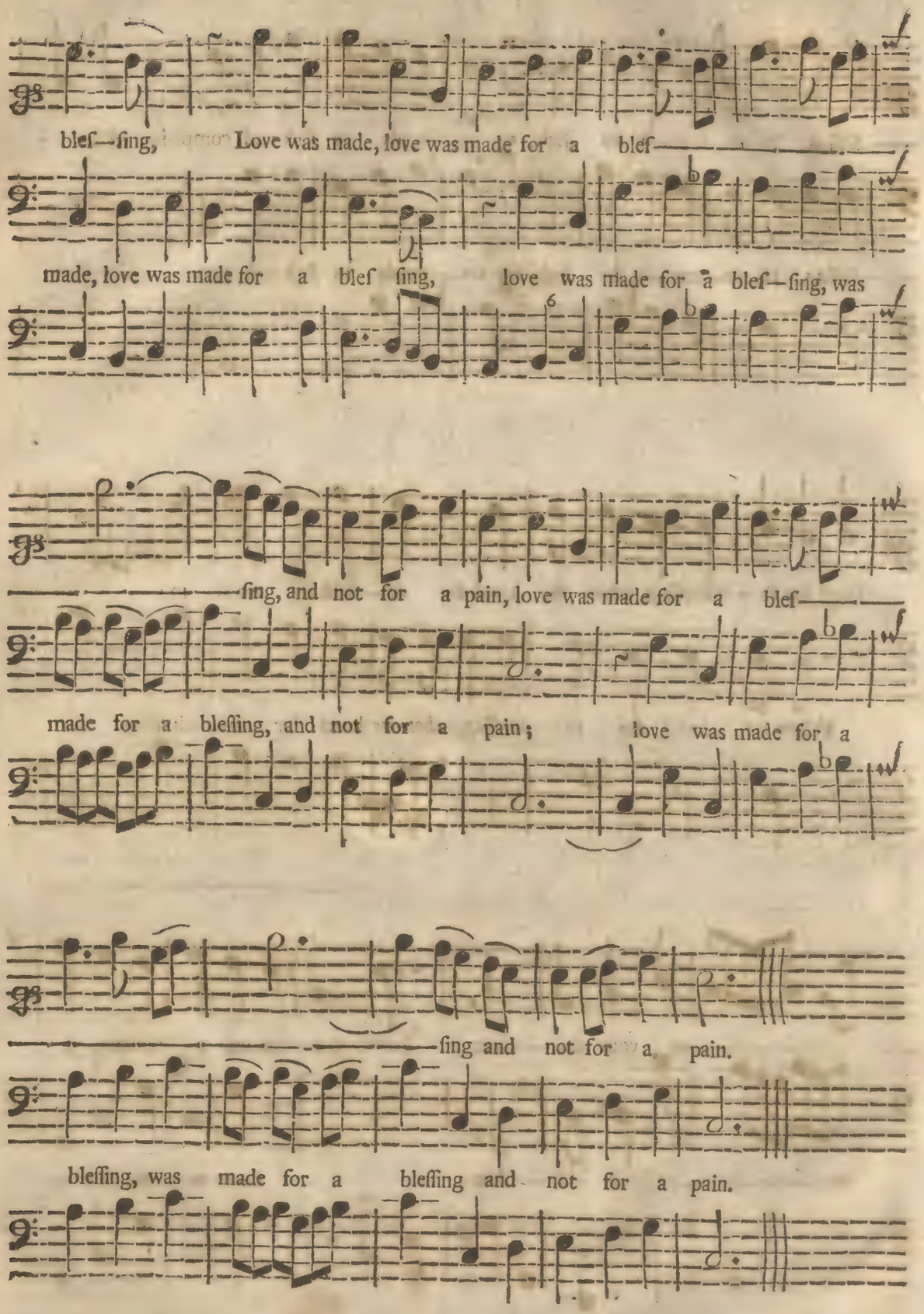
Where e're I go I view the Fair,
But ſtill my *Celia* does excell;
All beauteous Objects pleaſing are,
But ſhe the faireſt, ſhe the faireſt in my heart,
My heart doth dwell:
Since I am wounded with a Dart,
Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;
O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,
Or all my earthly Joys by Death remove.

A Song in King *Arthur*, set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



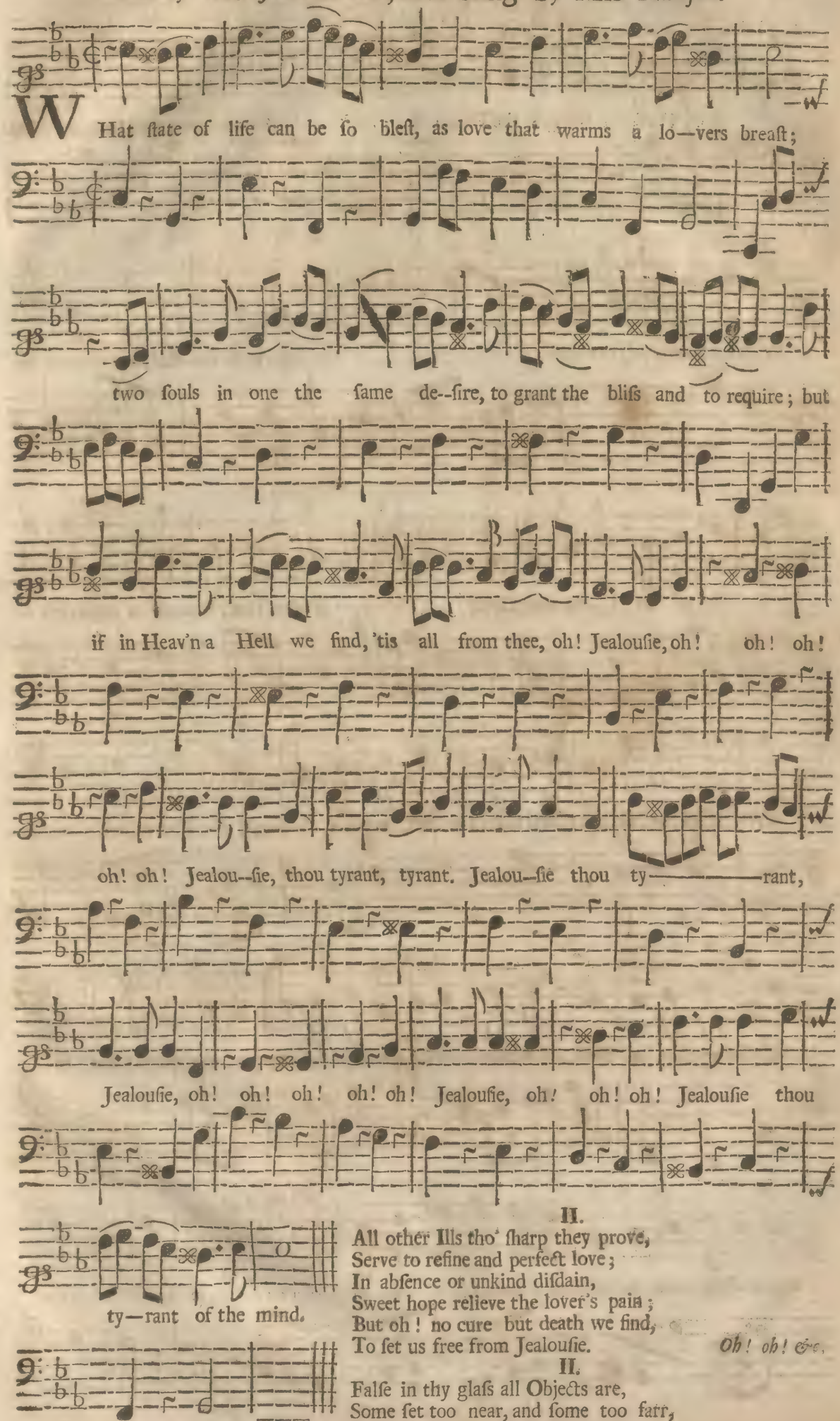

——ſure dare ſeize, but the whine—ing pre—ten—der, the whineing pre——
——ſure dare ſeize, but the whining, the whining pre——
——tender is ſure to diſpleaſe. Sound a parly yee fair and ſur—ren—der,
——ten--der is ſure to diſ——pleaſe, ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound a parly yee
ſound, ſound, ſound, ſound a par--ly yee fair, ſou——————nd, a
fair and ſur---ren——der, ſound a par--ly yee fair; ſound a par——
par---ly ye fair and ſur---ren---der; ſince the fruit of de--ſire is poſ--
——ly yee fair and ſur----render: ſince the fruit of de---ſire is poſ--


——ſeſſing, 'tis un--man--ly to ſigh, 'tis un---manly to ſigh and complain; When we
——ſeſſing, 'tis un--man--ly to ſigh, 'tis un---manly to ſigh and com——plain;
kneel for re——dreſſing, when we kneel for re—dreſſing, we mo——
When we kneel for re——dreſſing, when we kneel for re——dreſſing we
——ve your diſ——dain; Love was made for a bleſſing, a
mo——ve your diſ——dain; Love was made, love was


bles—sing, Love was made, love was made for a bles—
made, love was made for a bles sing, love was made for a bles—sing, was
—sing, and not for a pain, love was made for a bles—
made for a blessing, and not for a pain; love was made for a
—sing and not for a pain.
blessing, was made for a blessing and not for a pain.

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*.



II.

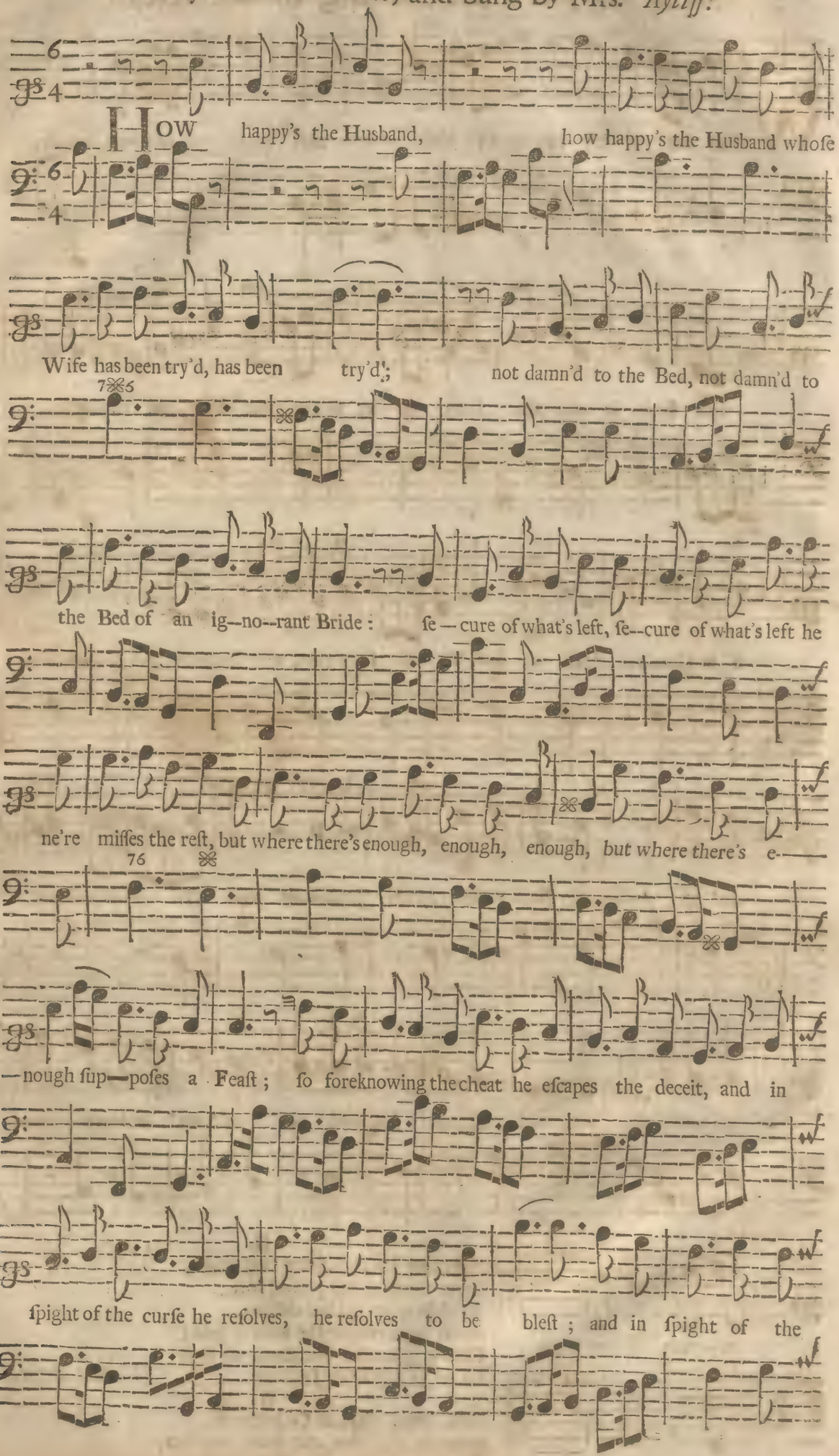
All other Ills tho' ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In abſence or unkind diſdain,
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain;
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To ſet us free from Jealouſie. *Oh! oh! &c.*

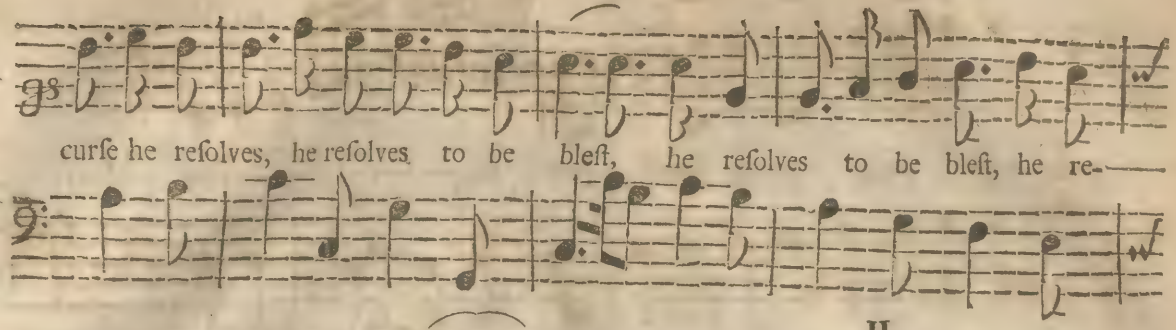
II.

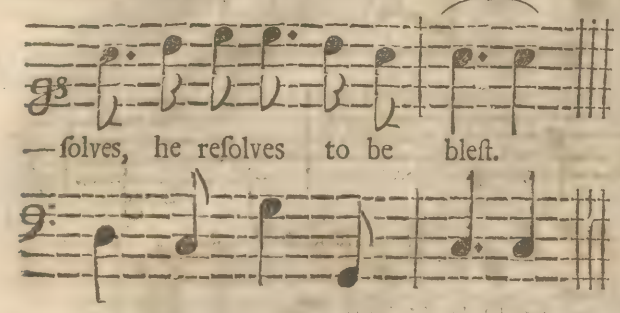
Falſe in thy glaſs all Objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too farr,
Thou art the fire of endleſs night,
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;
All Torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee, oh! Jealouſie

A Song in the laſt new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*, and Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*.



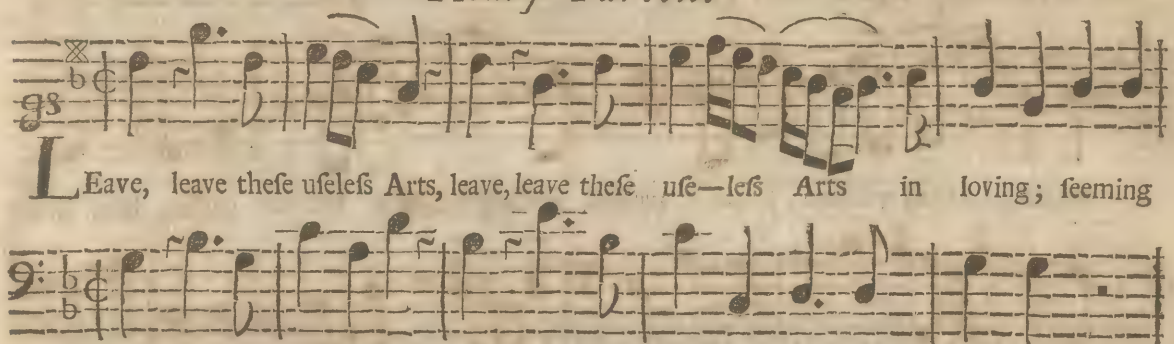


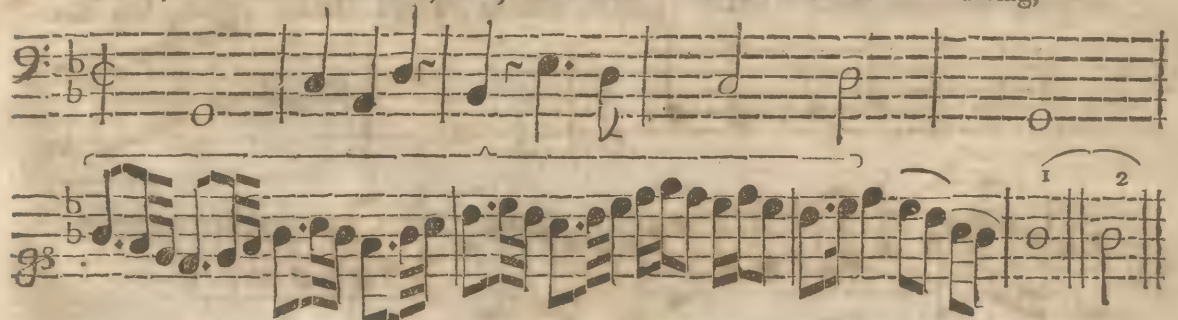


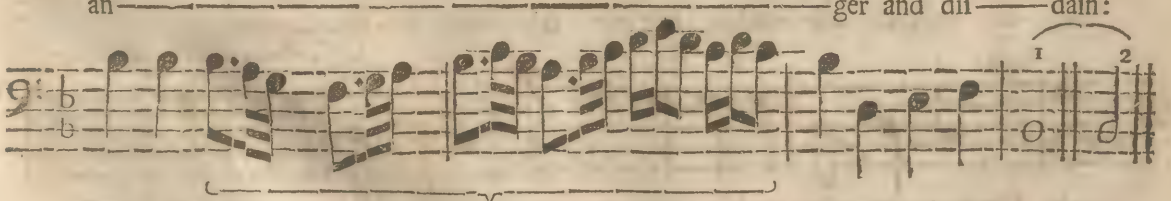
II.

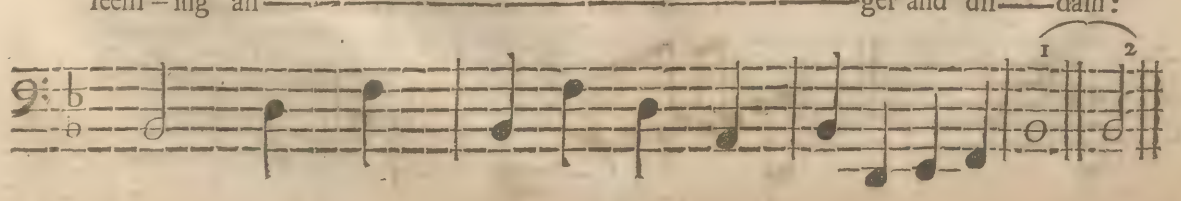
If Children are bleſſings,
His Comfort's the more,
Whoſe Spouſe has been known
To be fruitfull before;
And the Boy that ſhe brings,
Ready made to his Hand,
May ſtand in his ſtead
For an Heir to his Land:
If his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got;
As when e're it is ſo,
If it don't I'le be hang'd.

A New Song in *Epſome-Wells* ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*









Truſt, truſt to nature gently, gently, gently mo——————ving, nature

Truſt, truſt to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo————ving,

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne--ver pleads in vain;

nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne--ver, never, never, ne--ver pleads in vain;

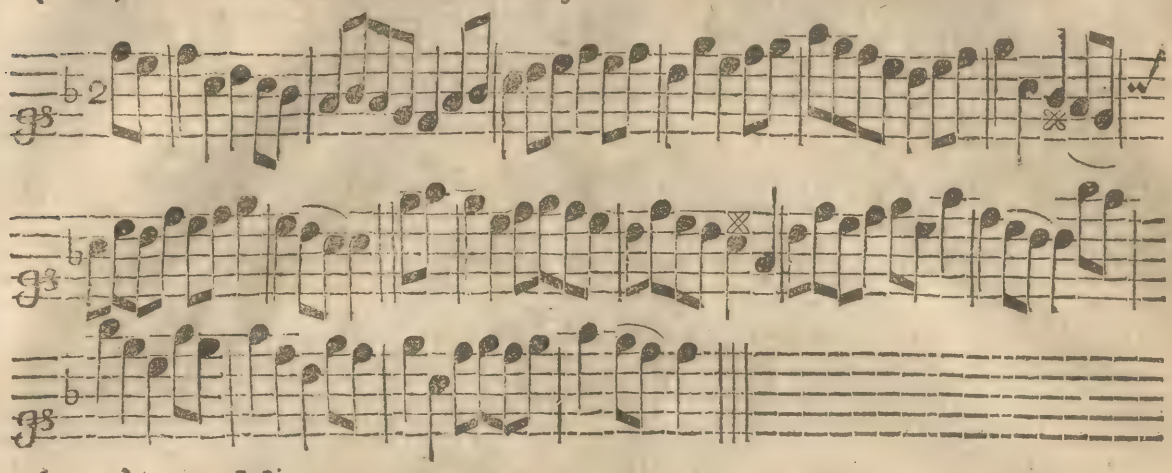
nothing, nothing guides a lo--vers paſſion, nothing guides a lo--vers paſſion, like, like

nothing, nothing guides a lovers paſſion, nothing guides a lovers paſſion, like, like

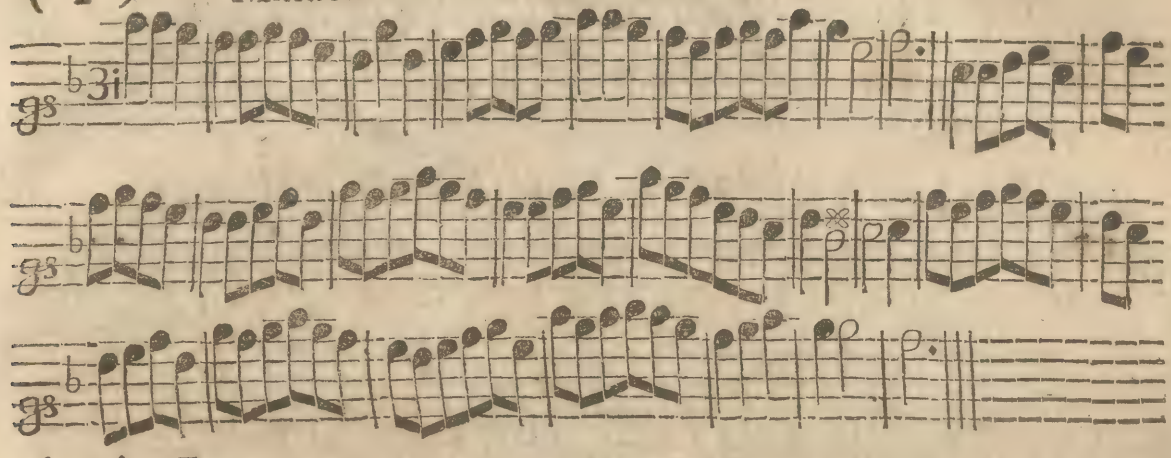
the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli——nation.

the fair ones in--cli--nation, like the fair ones in—cli————nation.

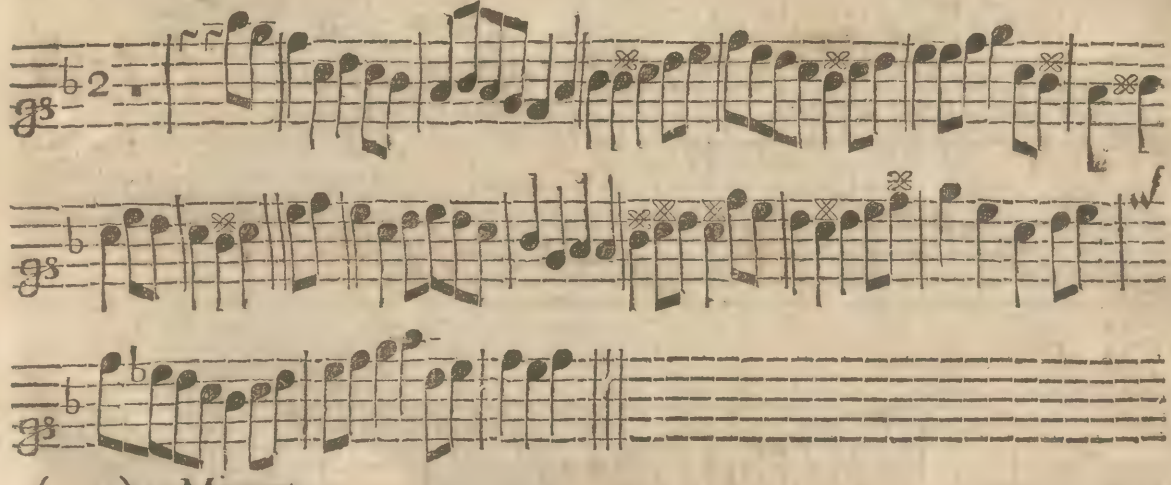
(1) Boree. Mr. *Banisters* First and Second Trebles.



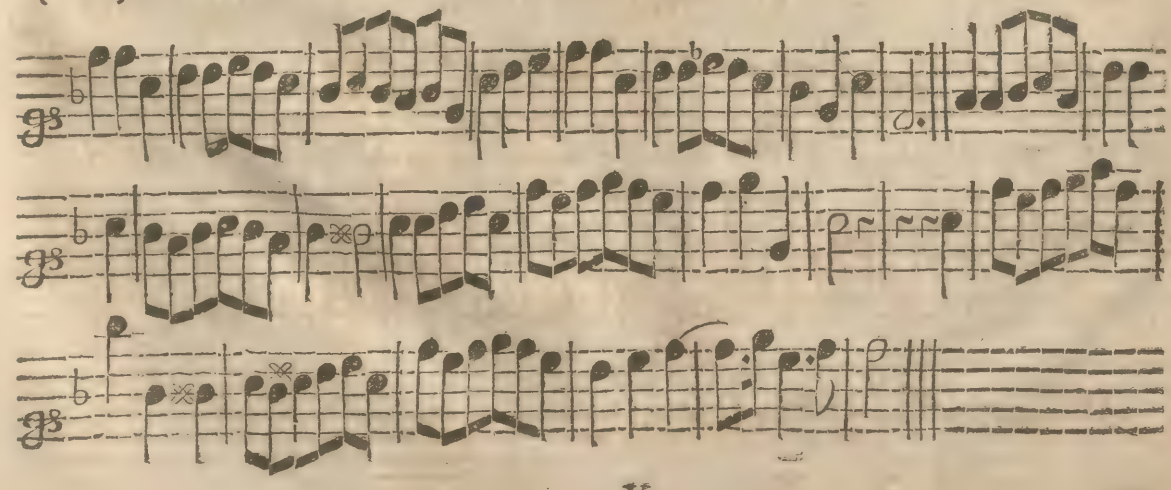
(2) Minuet.



(1) Boree.

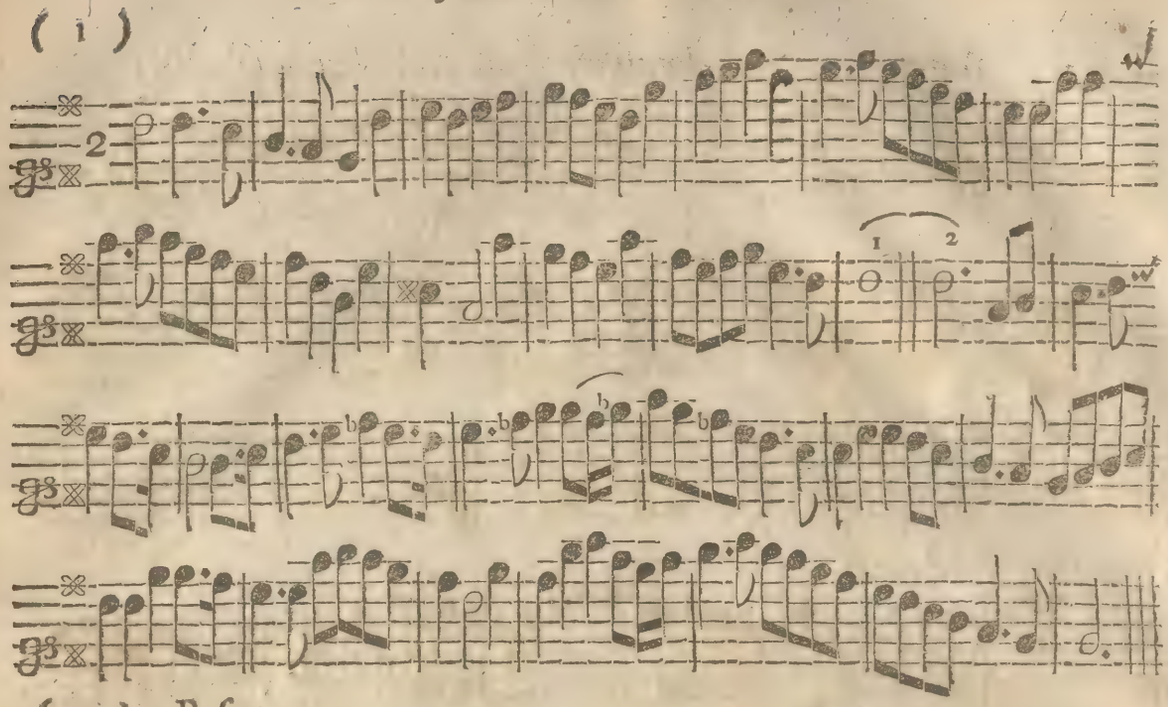


(2) Minuet.

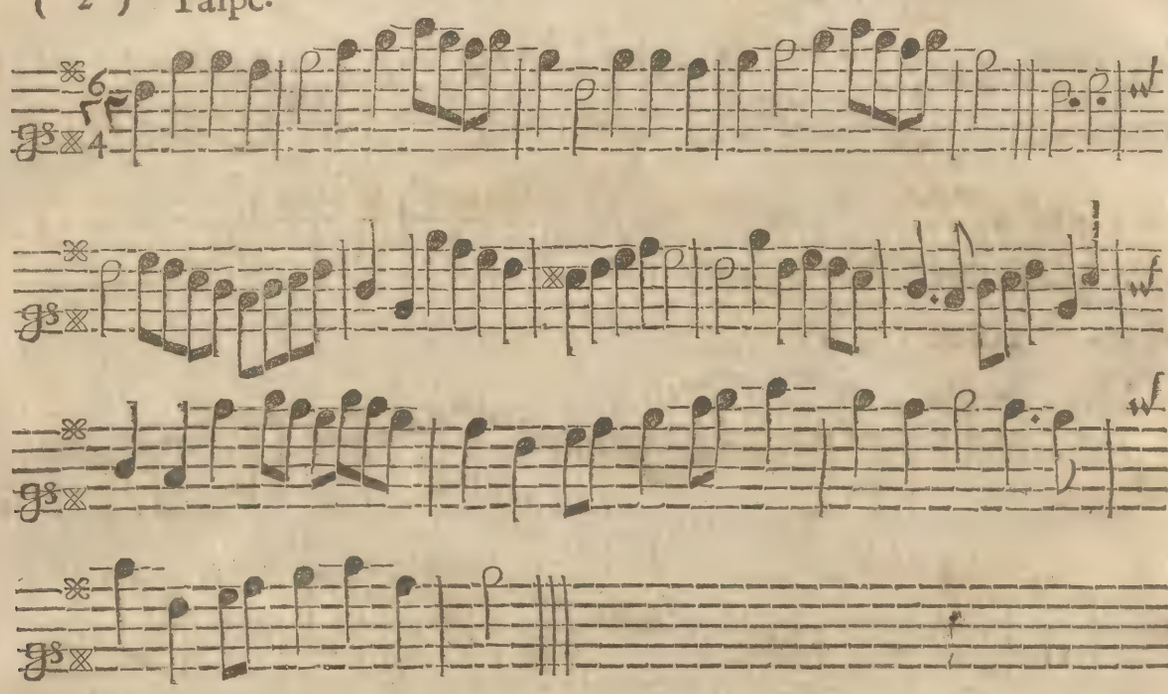


Mr. *Pesable*'s First Trebles.

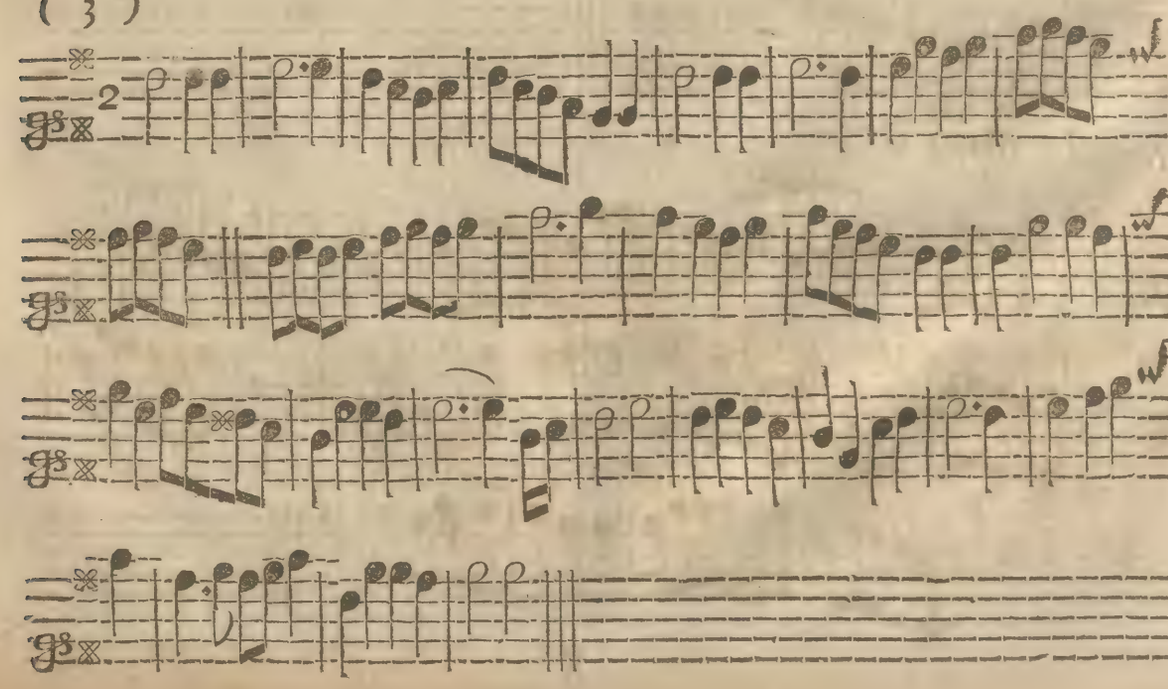
(1)



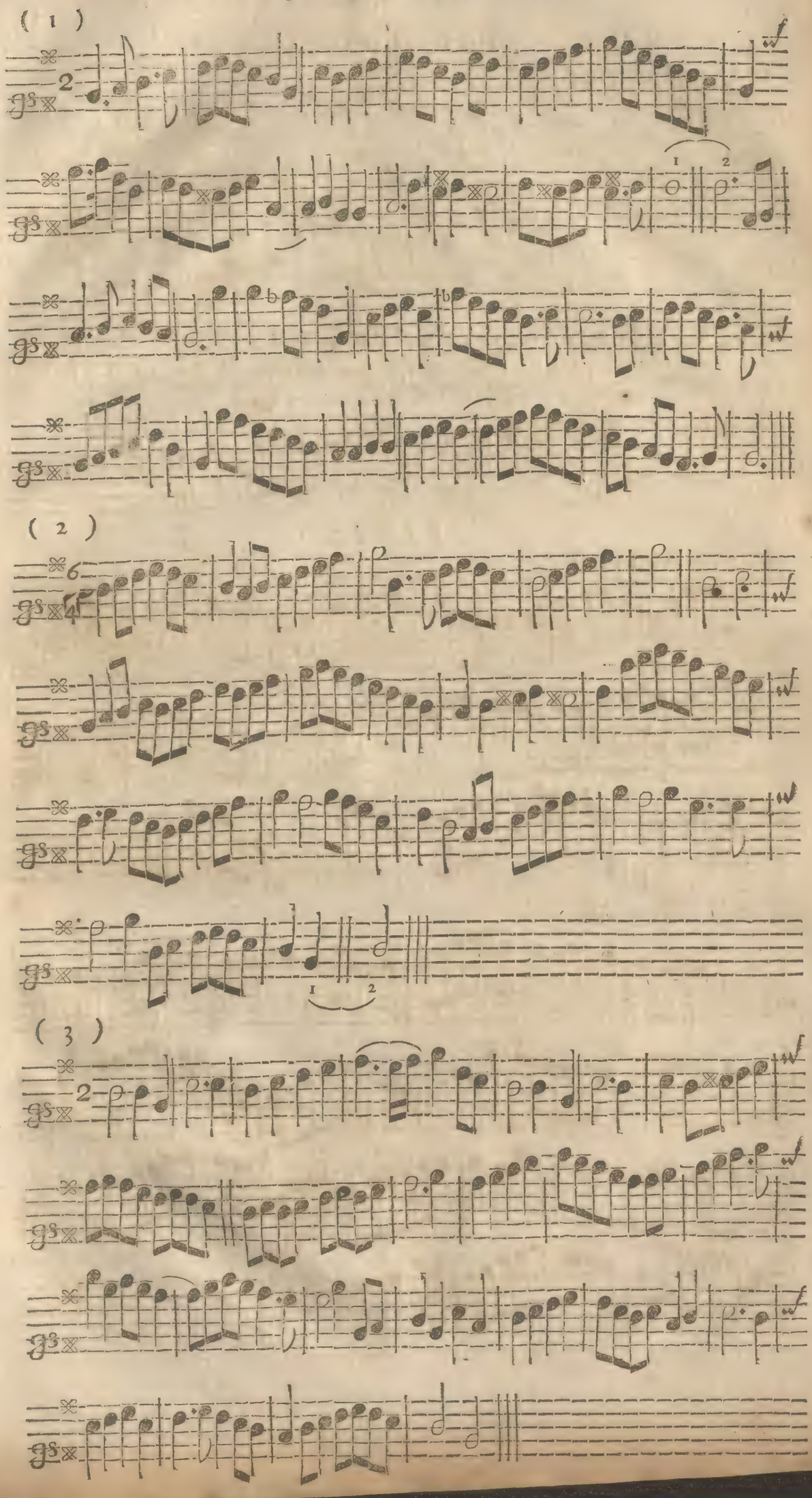
(2) Paspe.



(3)

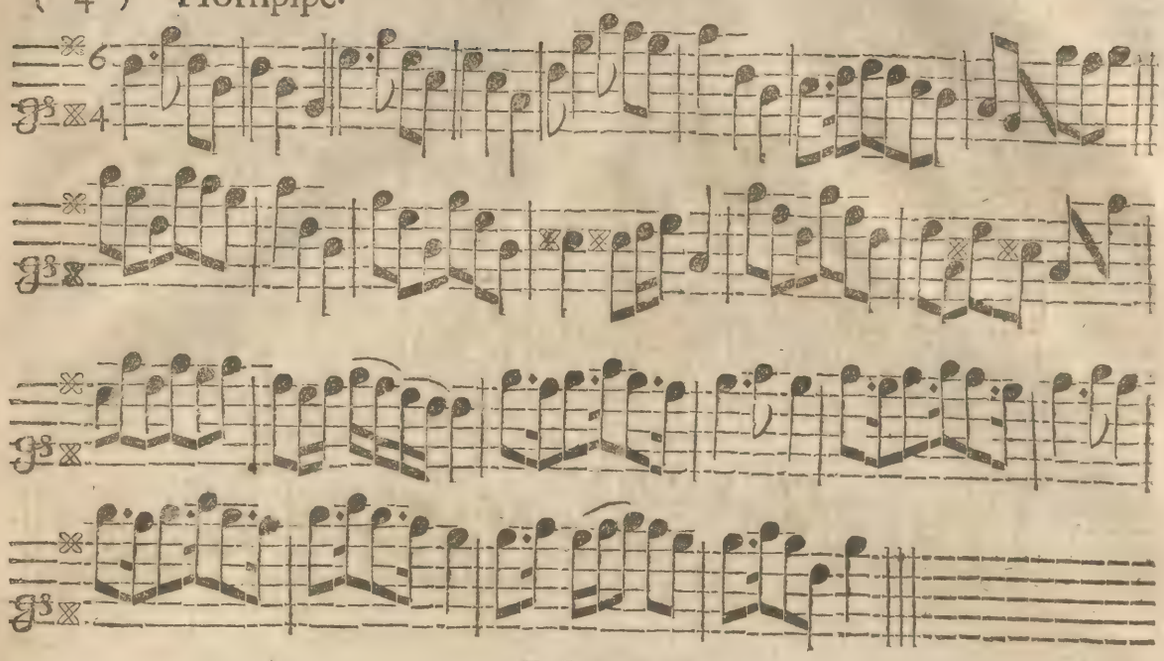


Mr. *Pesable's* Second Trebles.



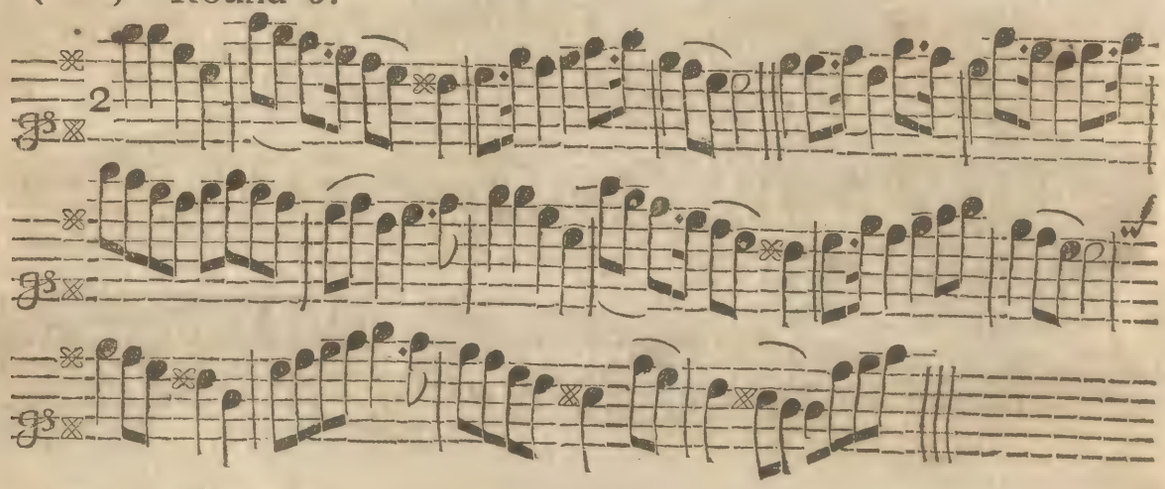
First Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

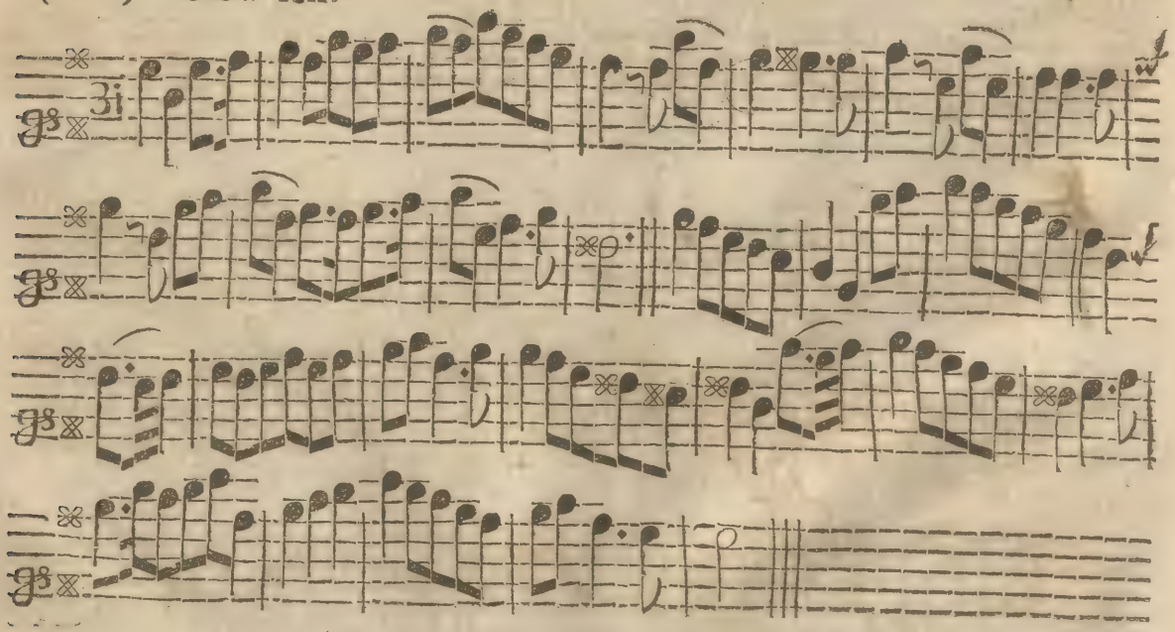


FINIS.

(1) Round *O.*

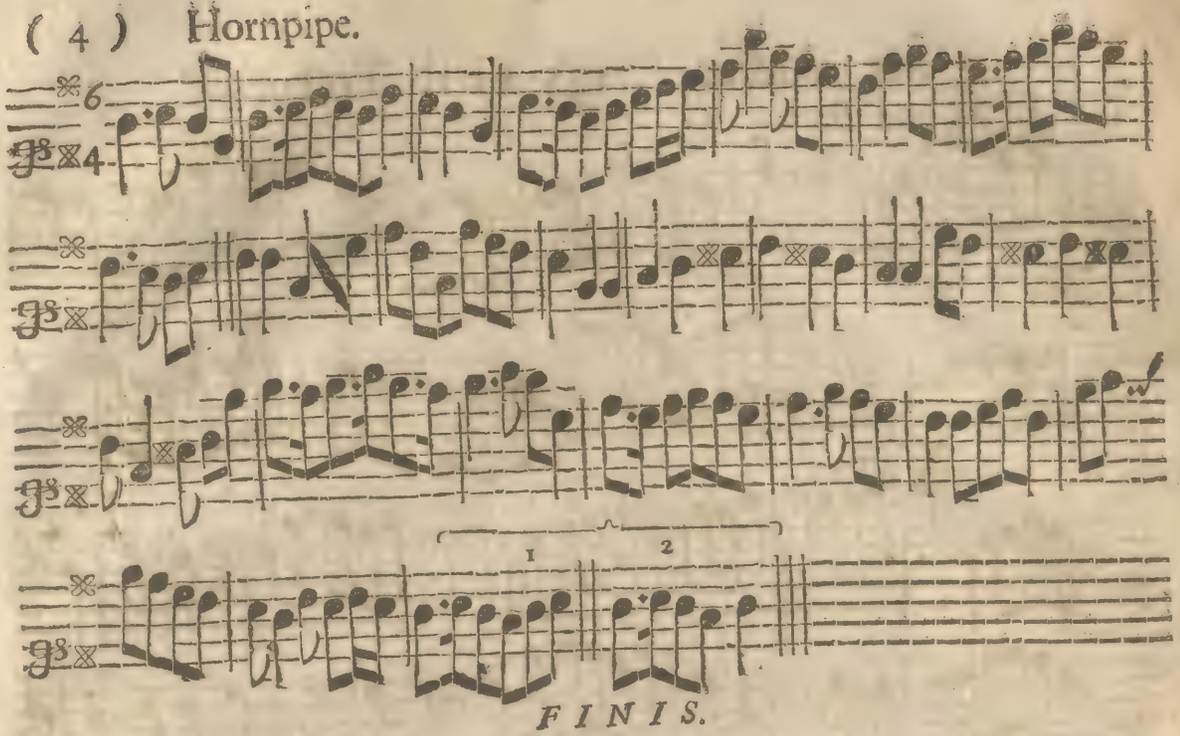


(2) Slow Air.



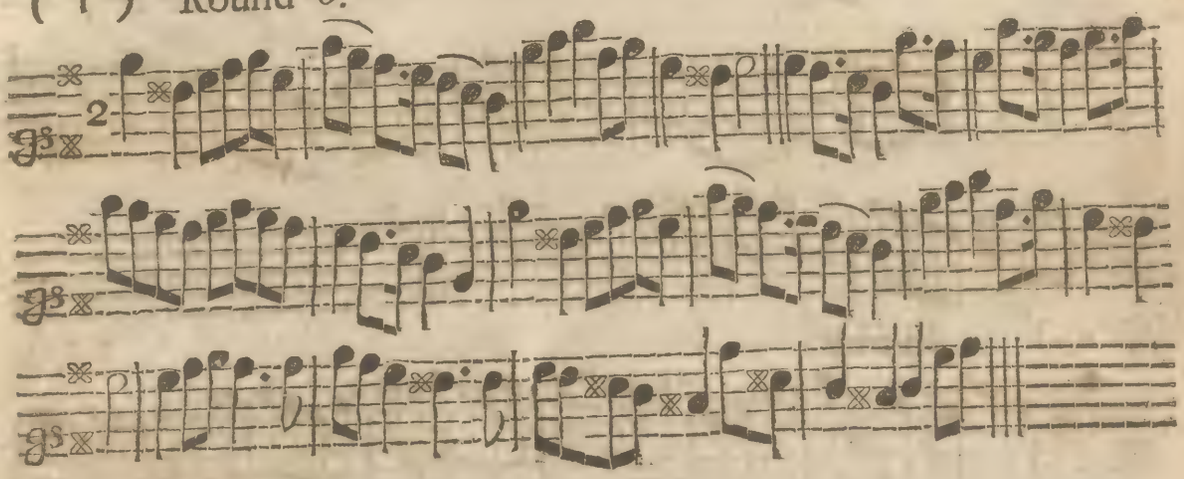
Second Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

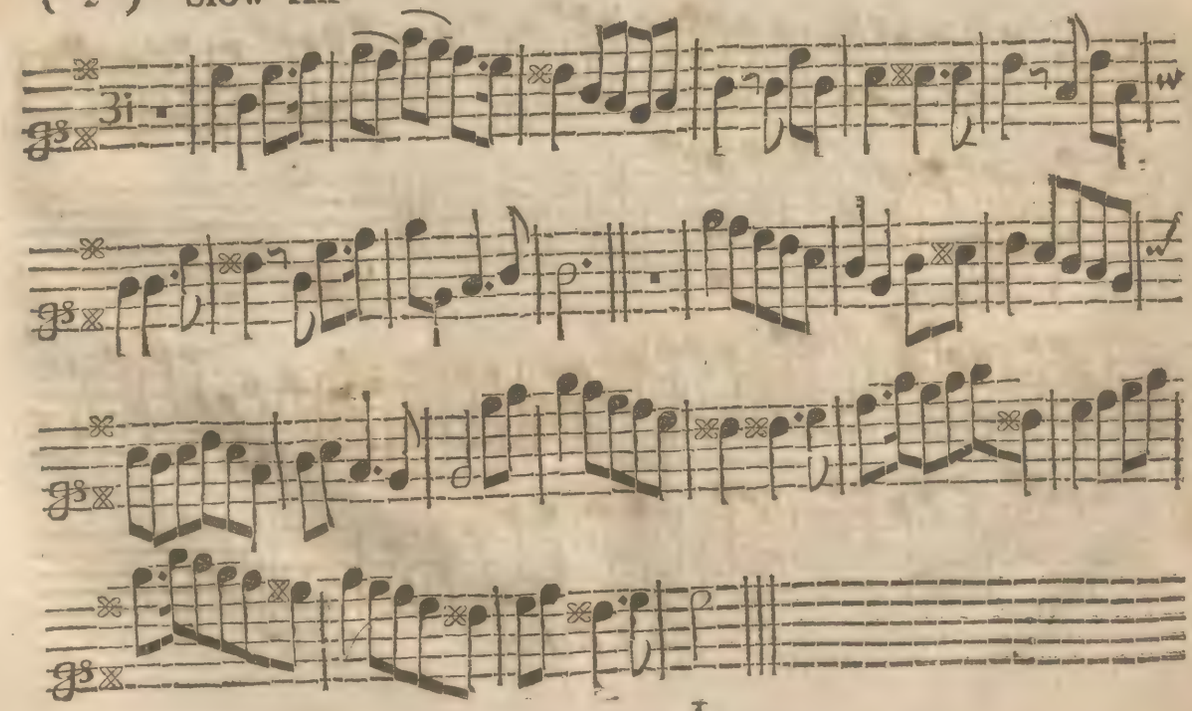


FINIS.

(1) Round *O.*

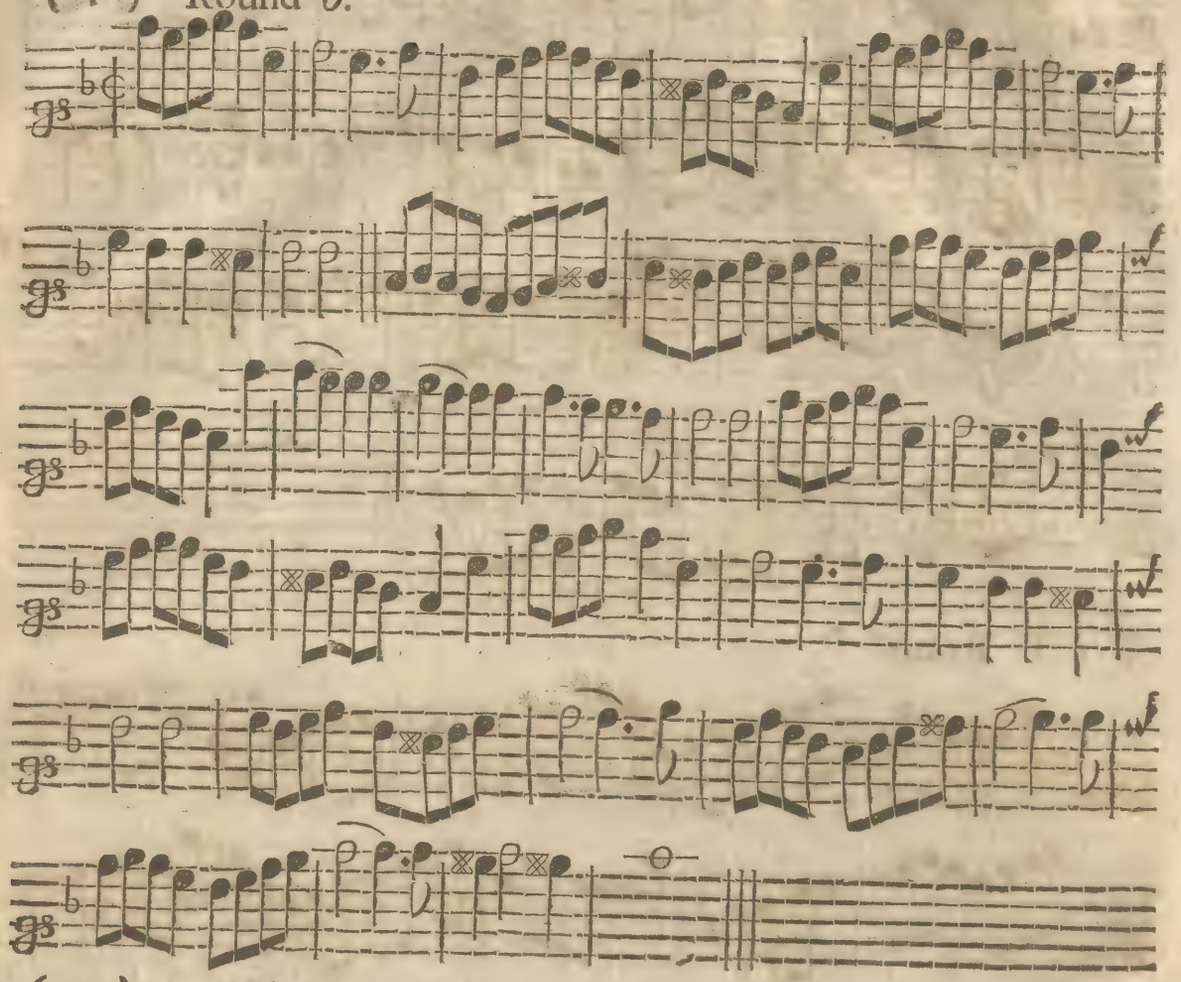


(2) Slow Air.

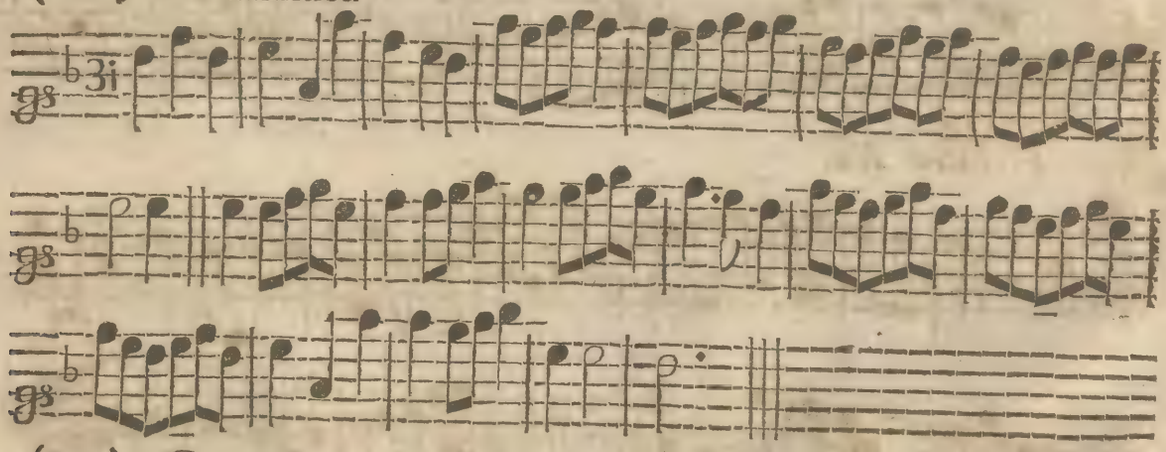


Mr. *Robert King*'s First Trebles.

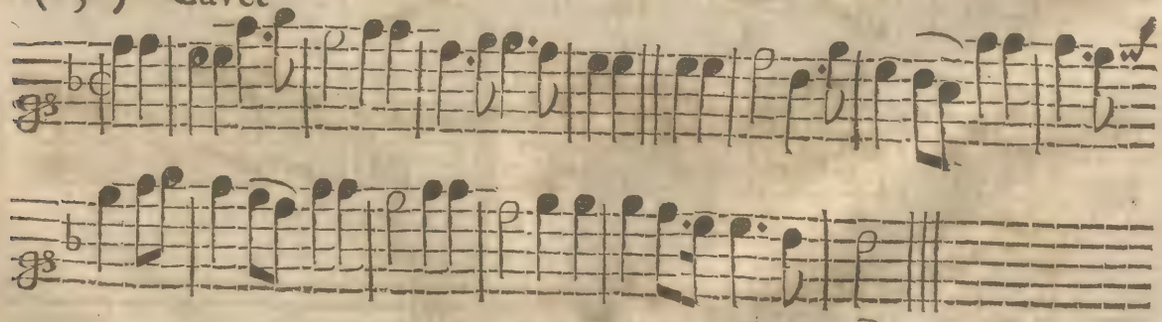
(1) Round *O.*



(2) *Minuet.*



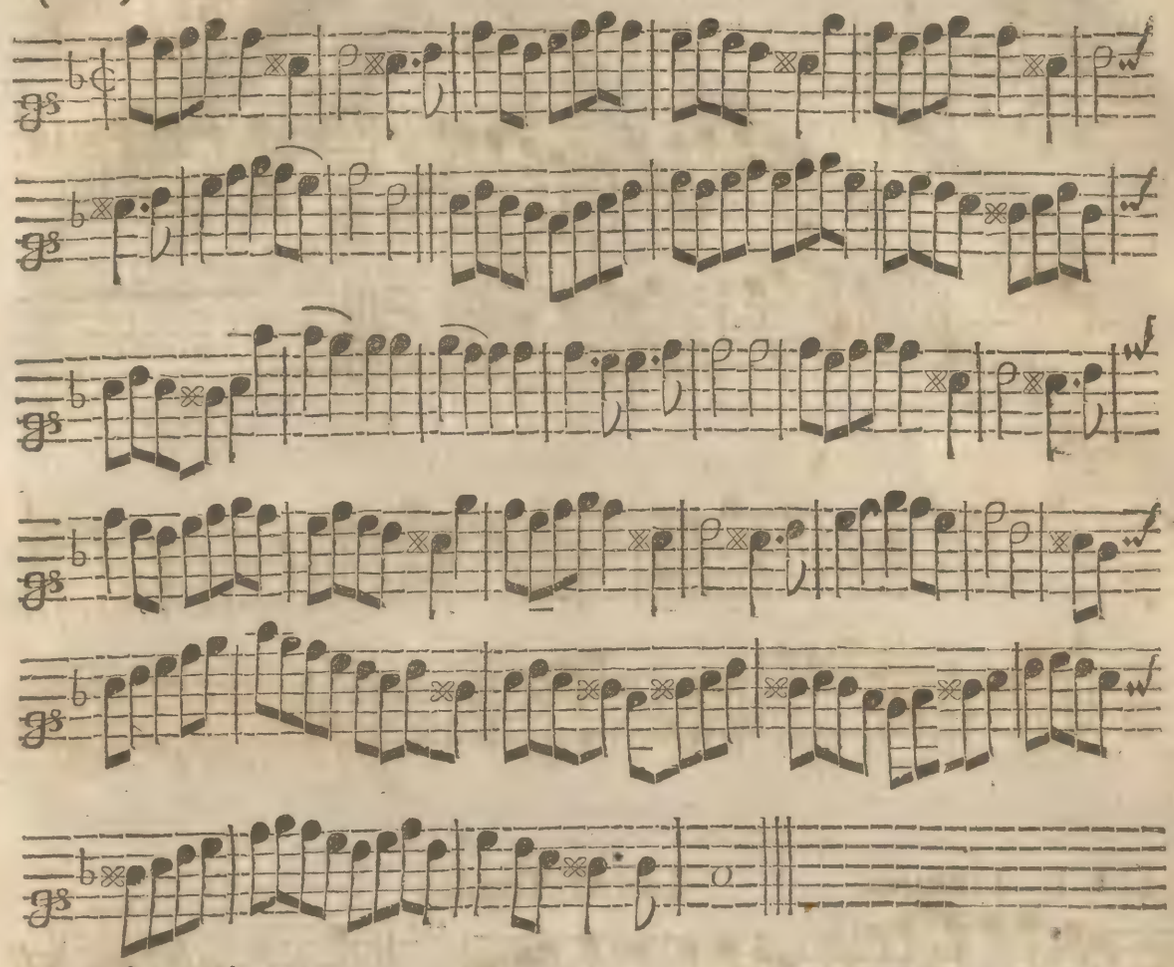
(3) Gavet



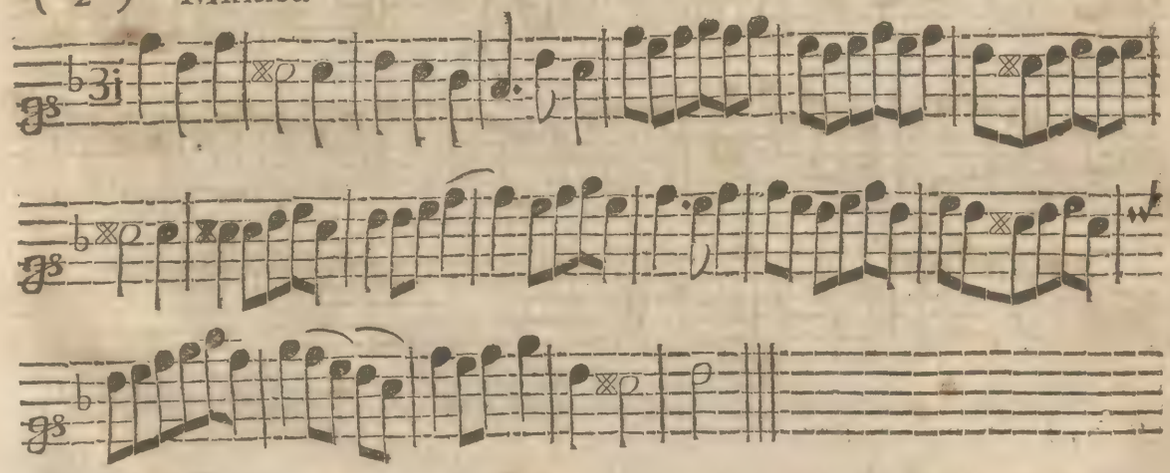
FINIS.

Mr. *Robert King*'s Second Trebles.

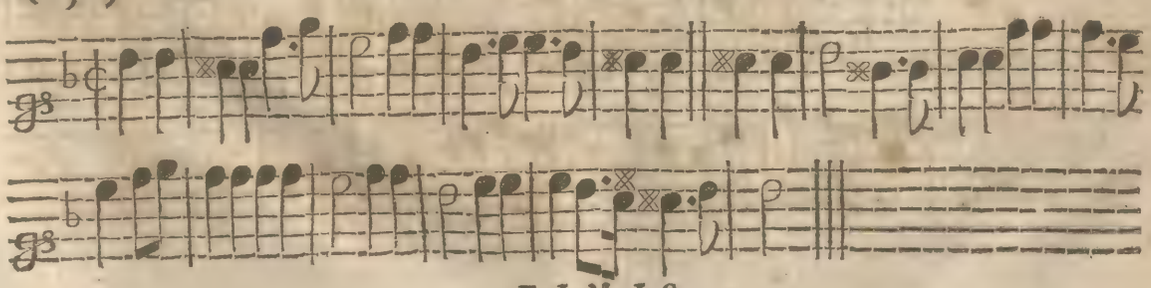
(1) Round *O*.



(2) Minuet.

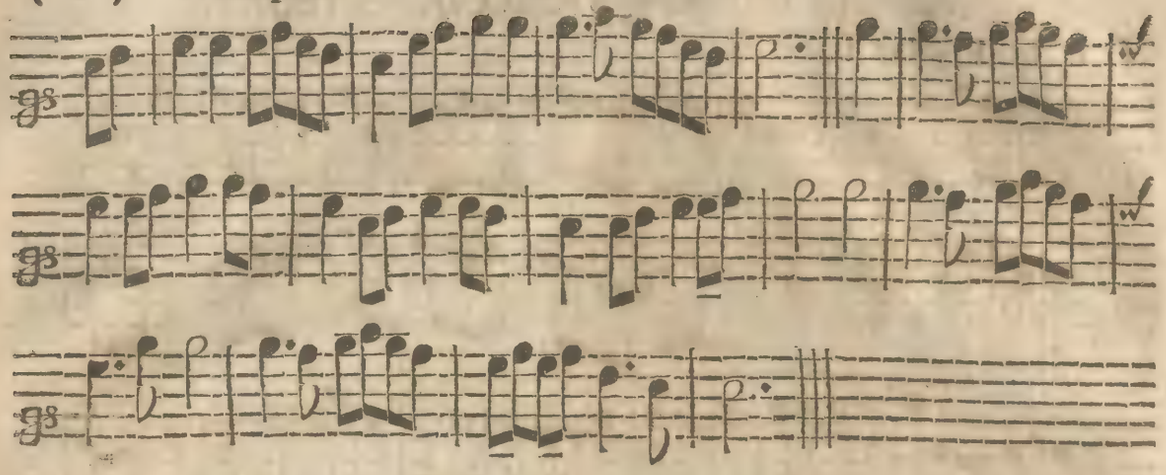


(3) Gavet.

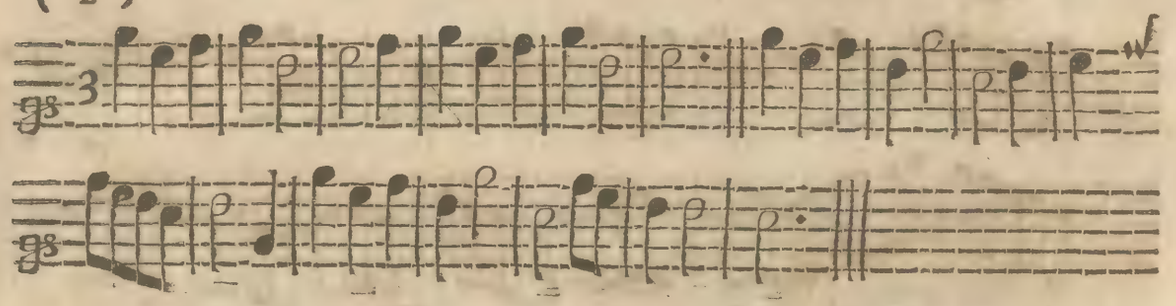


FINIS.

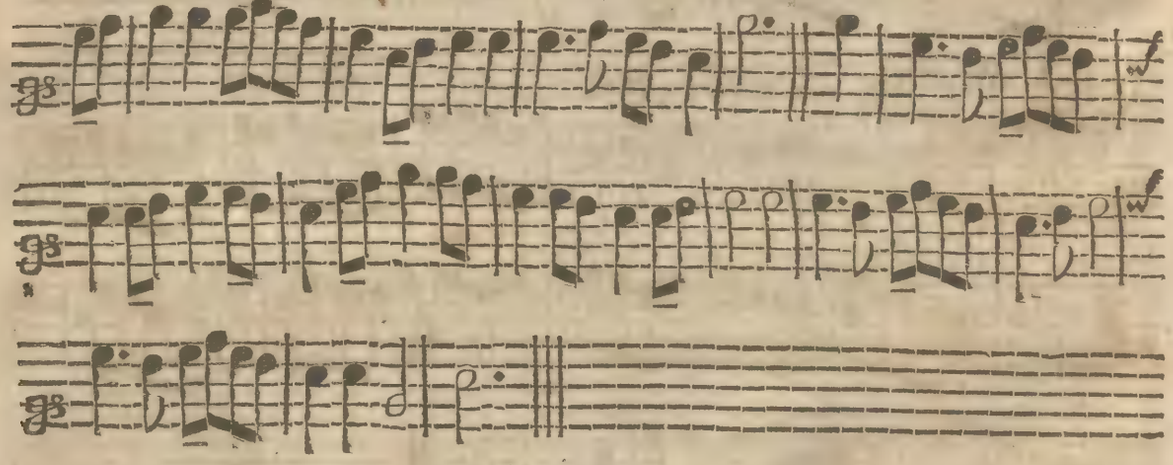
(1) Trumpet. First Trebles.



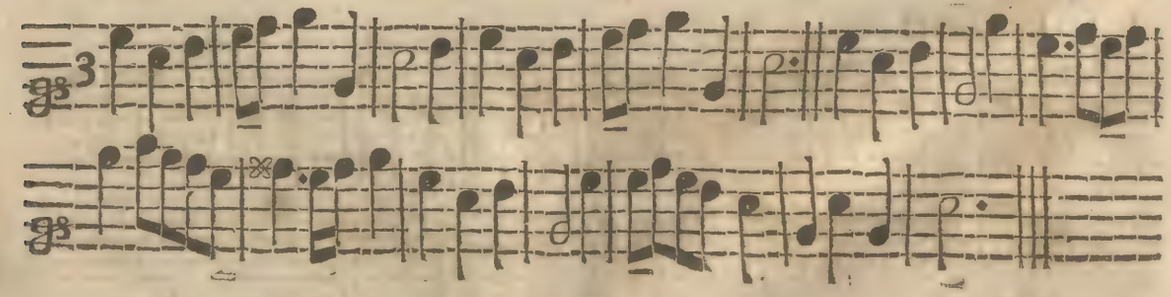
(2)



(1) Trumpet. Second Trebles.



(2)



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PERFORMED

At His *Majesties Theatres*; and at the Consorts in *Viller-street* in York-buildings, and in *Charles-street Covent-Garden.* Most of the Songs being within the Compass of the *Flute.*

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Composed by most of the Ingenious Masters of the Town.

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Comp 161
D63|10

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Thesaurus Musicus the 1*st.* 2*d.* 3*d.* and 4*th.* Books.

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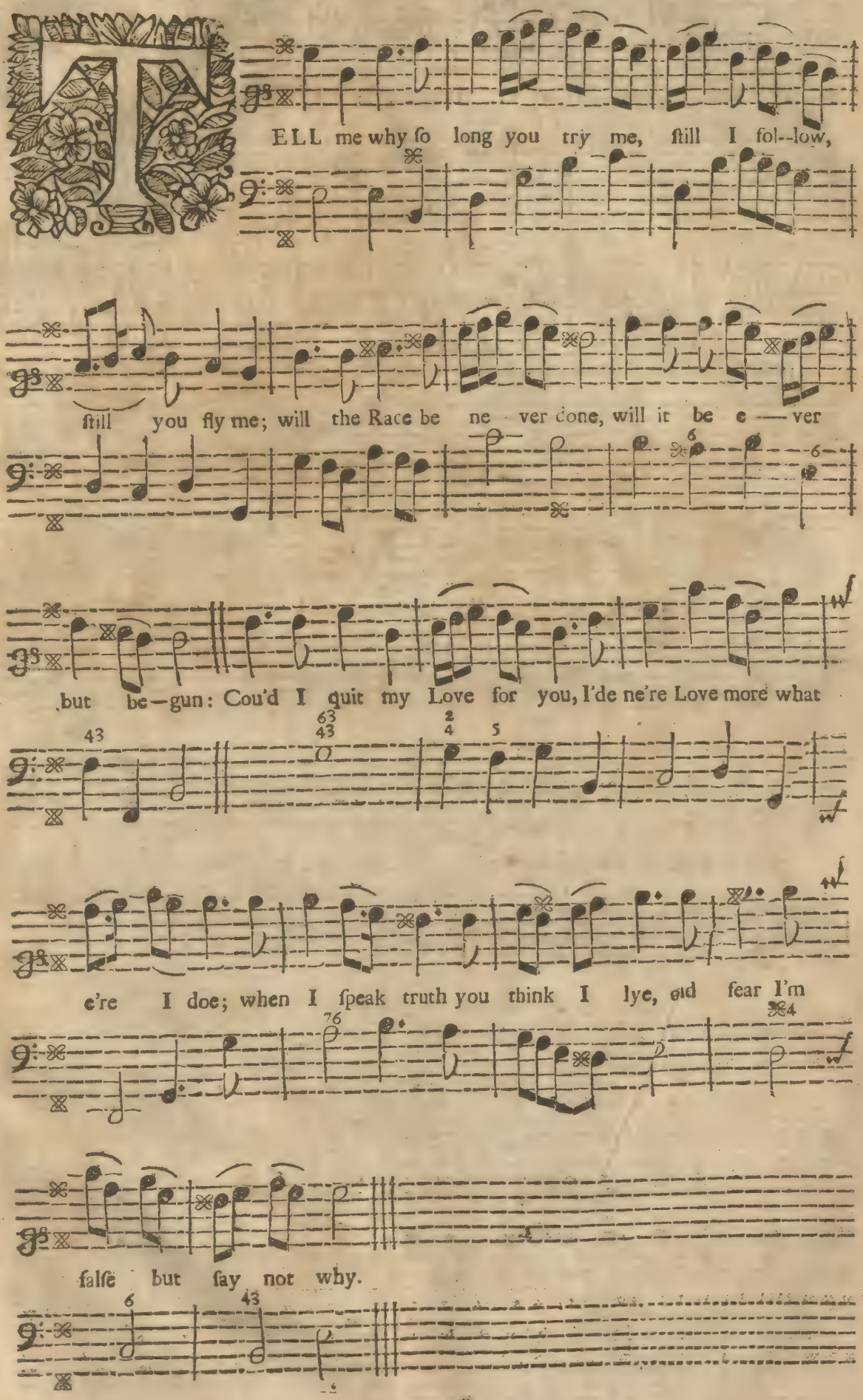
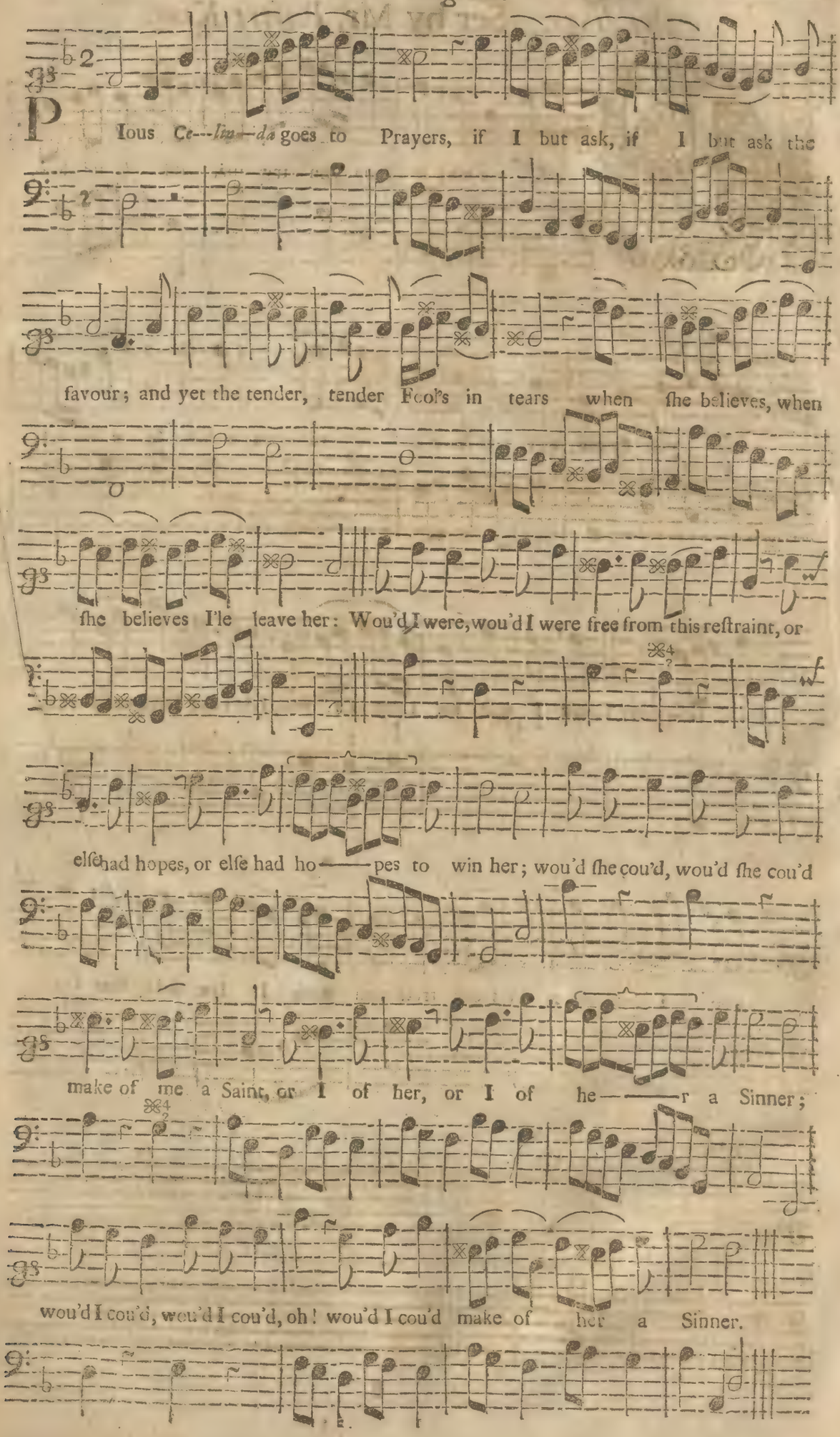
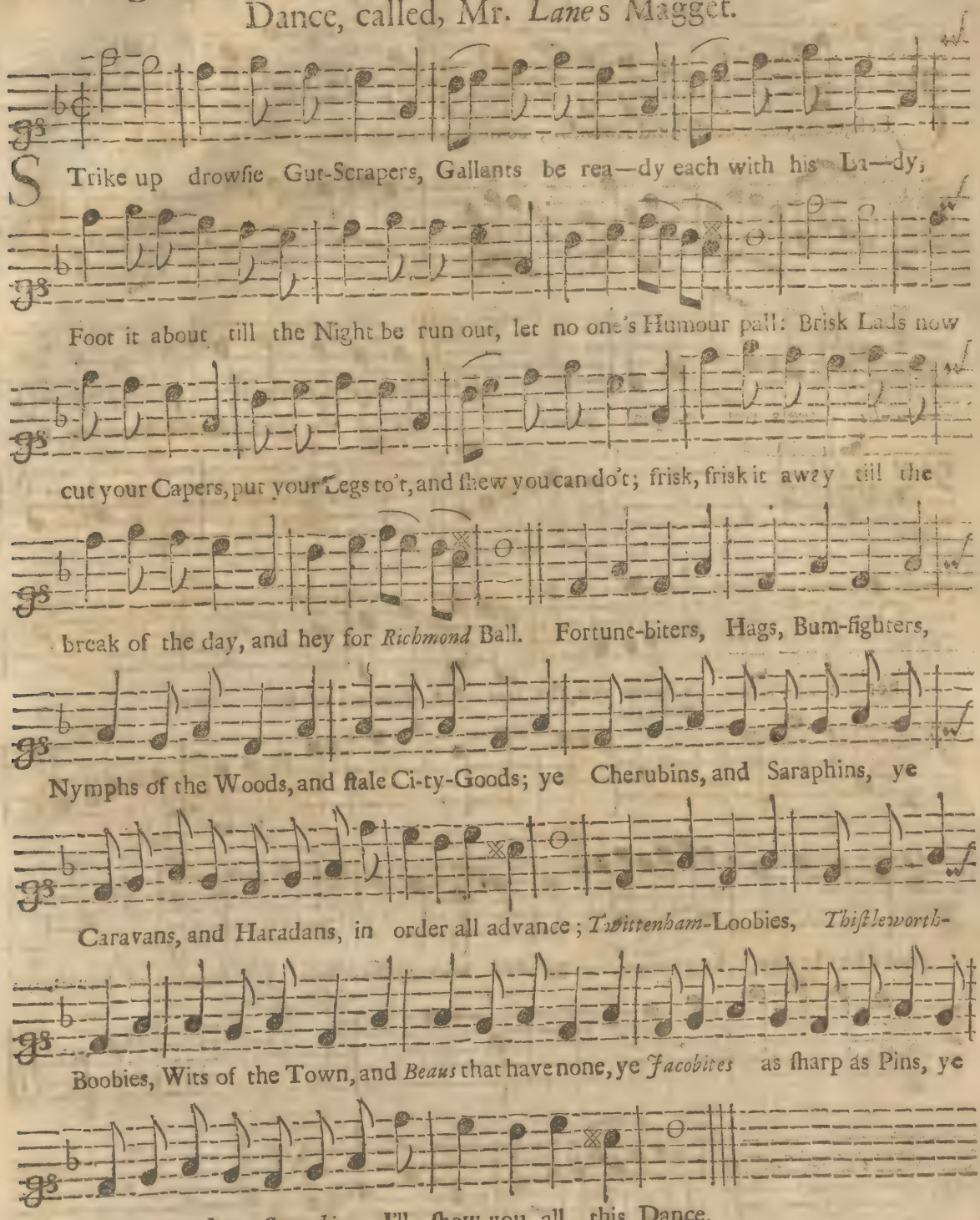
A new Song Sung at the Consort at *York-Buildings*. Set by Mr. *Robert King*.



A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.* The Words by Mr. *Congreve.*



A Song made by Mr. *D'urfey* upon a new Country Dance, called, Mr. *Lane*s Magget.



Cast off, *Tom*, behind *Johnny*,
Do the same *Nanny*,
Eyes are upon you;
Trip it between
Little *Dicky* and *Jane*,
And set in the second Row:
Then, then cast back you must too,
And up the first Row,
Nimbly thrust through;
Then, turn her about,
To the left, or you're out,
And meet with your Love below.

II.

Pass, then cross,
Then *Jack*'s pretty Lass,
Then turn her about, about and about;
And, *Jacky* if you can do so too
With *Betty*, while the Time is true,
We'll all your Ear commend:
Still there's more
To lead all four;
Two by *Nancy* stand,
And give her your Hand,
Then cast her quickly down below,
And meet her in the second Row:
The DANCE is at an End.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King.*

CEaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe fond *Amintas*; ceaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe *Amin-tas* to complain, thy *Phil*—

—*lis* feels not e--qual pain; As if the ſame concern were due, from

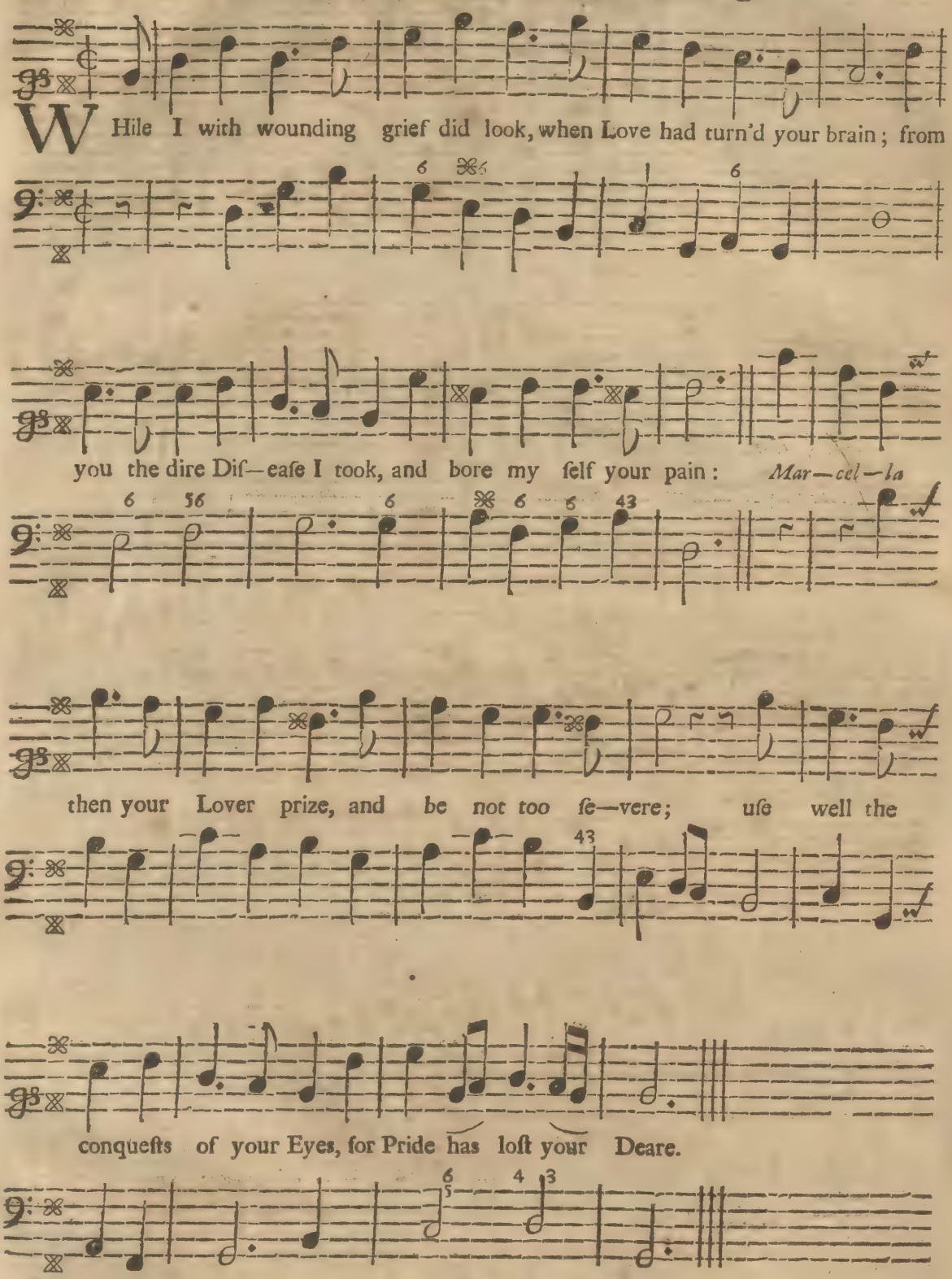
her in ab--ſence as from you, ſhe has ſuf--ficience of her own, to

make her happy, hap——py tho' a-lone; ſhe has ſuf--ficience of her own,

to ma——ke her happy tho' a—lone,

to ma——ke her happy tho' a—lone.

A Song upon Mrs. *Brace-girdle's* Acting *Marcella*, in *Don-Quixote*, Set by Mr. *Godfrey Finger*.



II.

Ambrofio treats your flames with fcorn,
And rakes your tender mind;
Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,
And pay him in his kind.

Yet Smiles again where Smiles are due,
And my true Love efteem;
For I much more doe rage for you
Than you can burn for him.

A new Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, in the Play ca'lld *Abdelazar*. Sung by the Boy.

U — cin — da is be — witch — ing fair, *Lu — cin — da* is be — witch — ing fair,

all o're, all o're in — ga — ging is her

Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in — ga — ging is her Air;

all o're, all o're in — gaging is her Air: In ev'ry Song *Lu* —

da

— *cin-da*, *Lu-cinda*, *Lu-cinda*'s fam'd, She is the Queen of Love pro —

—claim'd, to all, to all, She does, She does, a Flame im—part, ex—pir—ing Victims,

ex—pir--ing, ex—piring Vic—tims feel her Dart; *Lu-* &c. *Strephon* for

Firſt Strain again.

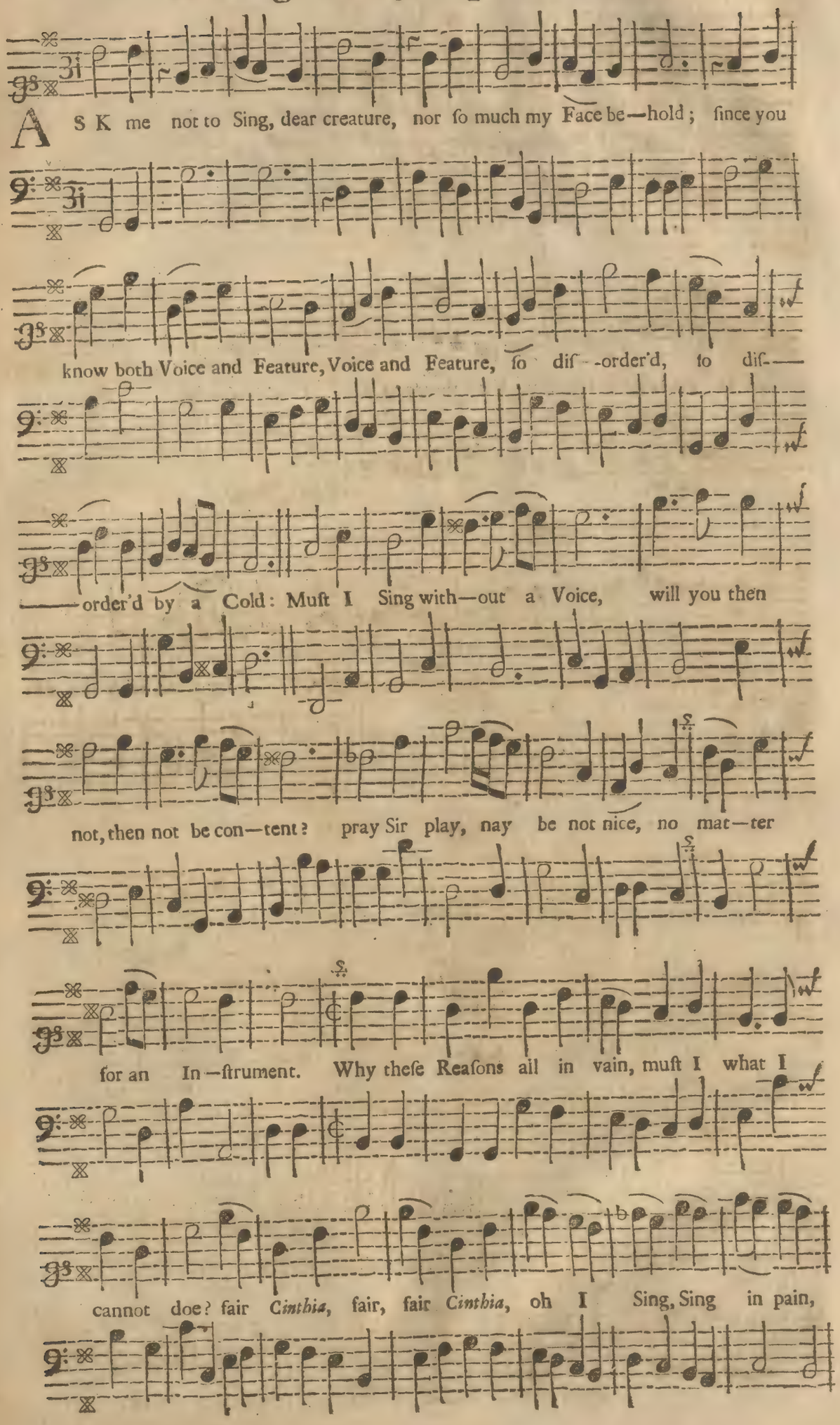
her has Love ex—preſt, *Philan—der* ſighs, ſighs, ſighs to with the reſt;

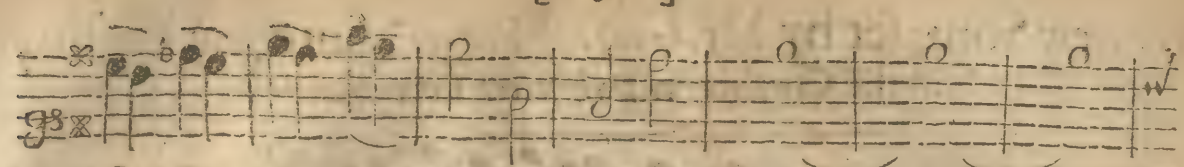
rack't, rack't with deſpair each one complains, un—

mov'd, un—touch't, She all, She all She all, diſ—dains. *Lu-*——

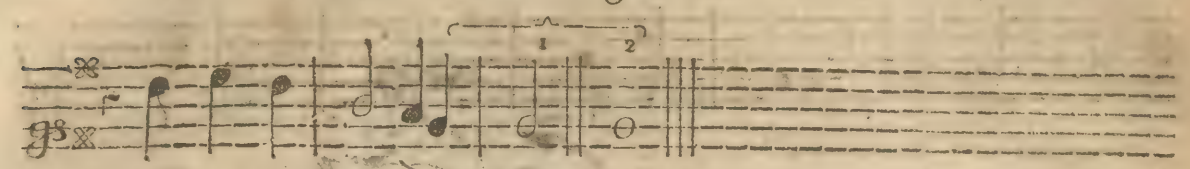
End with the firſt Strain from this mark. :S:

A Song ſet by Captain *Pack*.

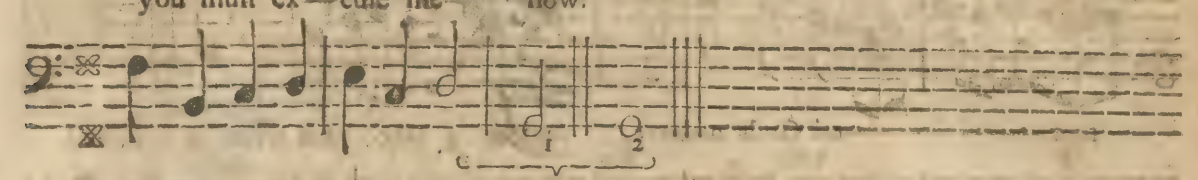


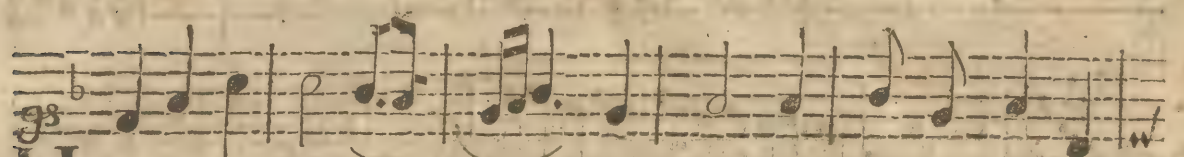


I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow,

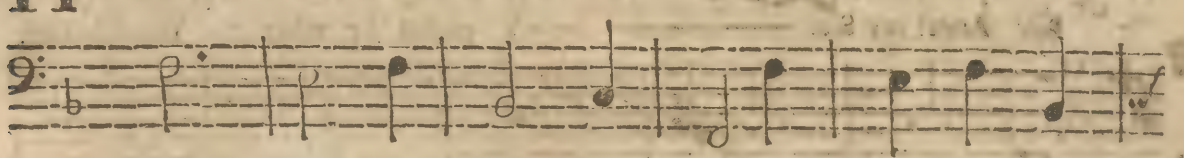


you muſt ex—cuſe me now.

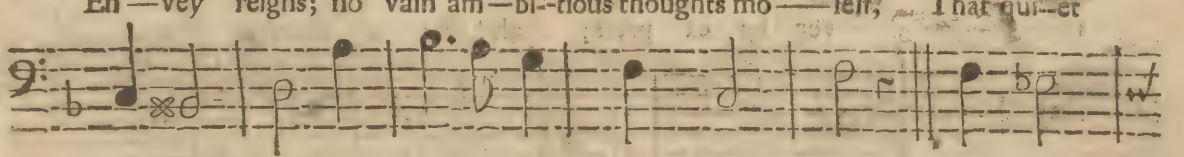




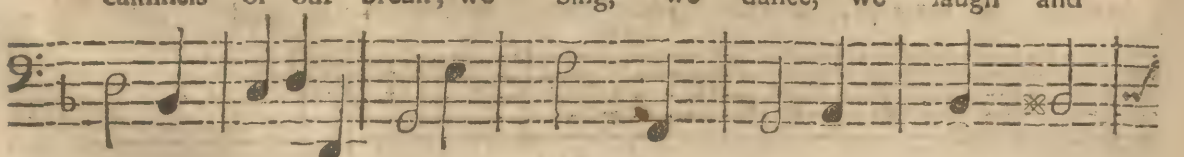
HOw happy are we Nymphs and Swains, here, neither Pride nor



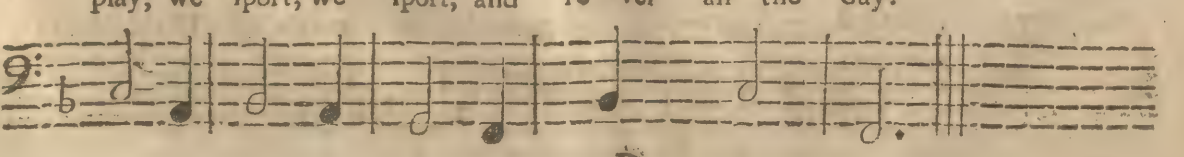
En—vey reigns; no vain am—bi--tious thoughts mo——leſt, That qui--et



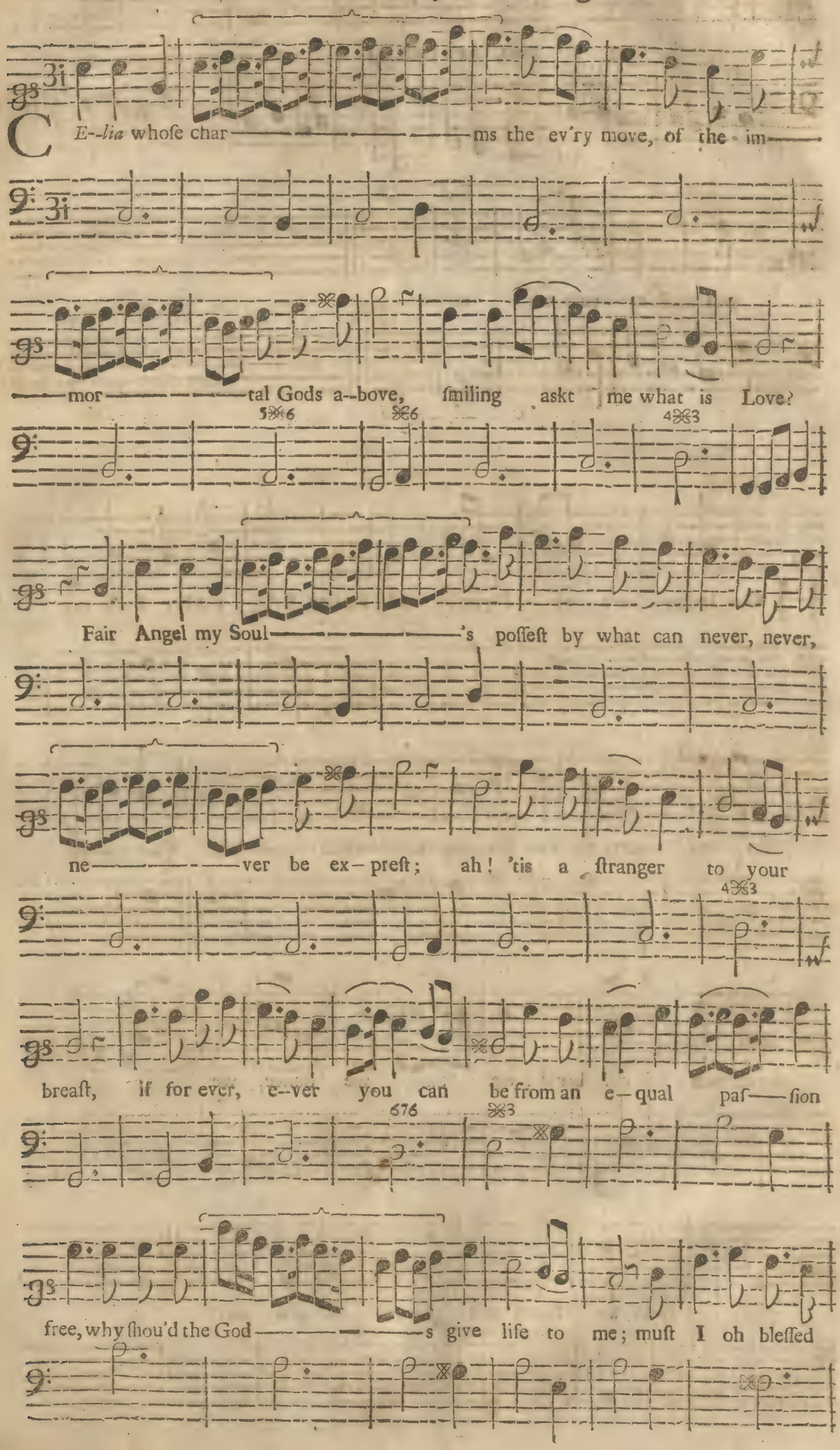
calmneſs of our breaſt; we Sing, we dance, we laugh and



play, we ſport, we ſport, and re—vel all the day.



A new Song ſet by Mr. *Godfrey Finger*, Sung by the Boy at the Conſort in *Dukeſtreet Coventgarden.*



power's in vain, in vai——n, thus of my Being, ſtill, ſtill,

ſtill com-plain, will you never end my pain; never, never end my pain; will you

ne——ver end my pain, ne——ver end my pain.

A New Song.

HAd *Me—la—niſ—ſa* gent—ly ſway'd, gent——ly, gent——ly

ſway'd the Scep—ter that She bore, her ſub—ject I had

ſtill obey'd, and hugg'd, and hugg'd the chain I wore:

Turn over.

But ſince by boundleſs ty—ran—ny ſhe for——————ſit—ted her

right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va—cant

I'm left free, I'm left free, a——no—ther to in—vite: Come

Syl—via then vouch-ſafe to wear the ab—di—ca—ted Crown, thy go—vern—

——ment I'le free—ly bear, and thee, and thee my ſov'reign own.

Ill u-ſage there, did to diſ-cord al——le—giance me com—pell; But

here fu Goodneſs ſtands as guard, no fear, no fear I ſhou'd re—bell.

A New *Scotch* Song.

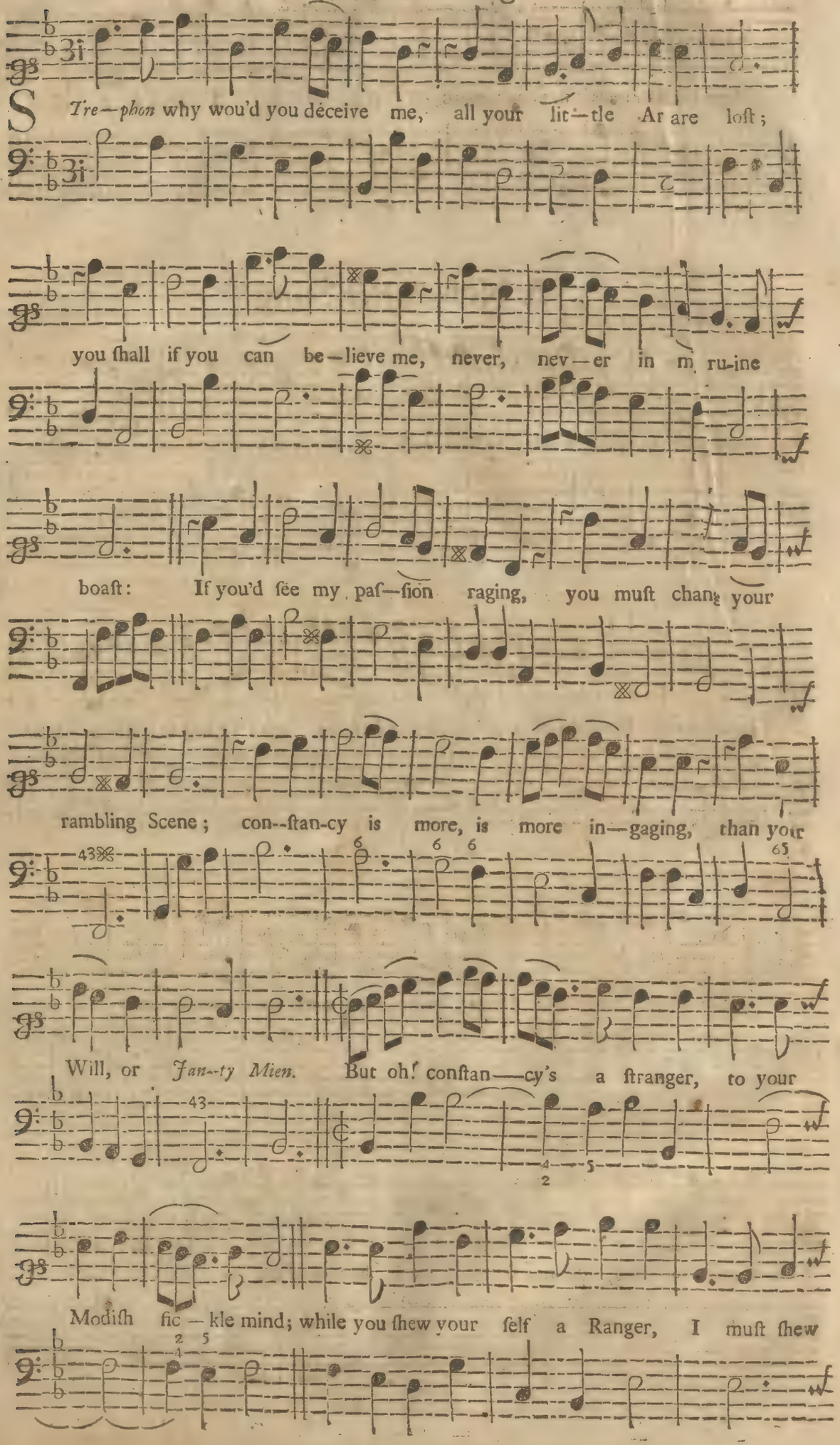
S *Aw-ey*, let us gang a--way, to ſeick with all the beau Valk, and our biſt Cloathes

on, in troth I'ſe make of a bonny, bonny Laſs, as blith a Mate as a – ny one:

I'ſe can tarry now no longer, wilt thou wed me yee or no? if yee

wou not ha me, do not ſay yee Love, it boots not me to dal—ly ſo.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, Sung at t: Conſort in *York-Buildings*.



my ſelf un—kind; while you ſhew your ſelf a Ranger, I muſt

ſhew my ſelf un—kind.

An *Epithalamium*, ſet by Mr. *Robert King*.

THe la—zy Sun withdraws at laſt his too of—ficious light,

The la—zy Sun withdraws at laſt his too officious light, and leaves the

and leaves the Lovers now to taſt the Pleaſures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to taſt the Pleaſures of the Night;

Turn over.

Had *Thetis*, Miſtreſs of the Sun, half *Me — li —*

Had *Thetis* Miſtreſs, had *Thetis* Miſtreſs of the Sun, half *Me — li —*

— o — ra's Charms, the God his Courſe had ſwif — ter run, had

— o — ra's Charms, the God his Courſe had ſwif — ter

ſwif — ter run, and ruſh't in — to her Arms, and

run, had ſwif — ter run, and ruſh't in — to her Arms, and

ruſh't, and ruſh't in — to her Arms.

ruſh't, and ruſh't in — to her Arms.

II.

To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,
The important NOW enjoy;
You'l find a thouſand fond Ways there,
Each minute to employ.

Tranſported with too eager Bliſs,
Love's myſtick ways you'l try;
And in a wonderfull Abyſs
Of Rapturs both will dye.

Chorus.

But oh! ye am--'rous pow'rs a-bove, who still the glitt'ring Court of Jove; *which of you*

But oh! ye am-'rous pw'rs a-bove, who still the glitt'ring Court of Jove;

all, which of you all, which of you all, bleſt as you are,

which of you all, which of you all, all, all, bleſt as you are, wou'd not

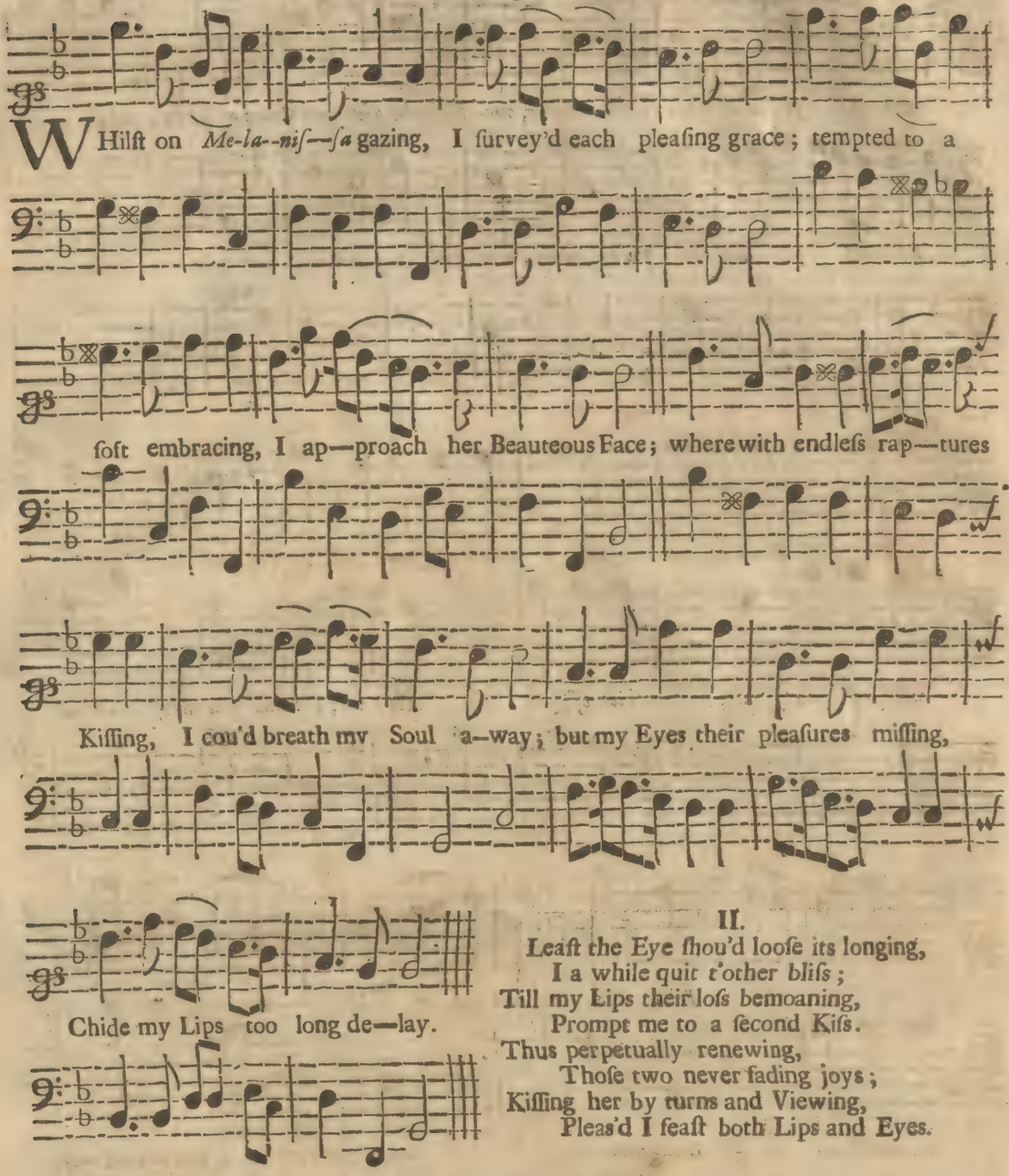
wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I- mor tal-li-ty;

be, wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I-mor-talli-ty;

ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a death to die.

ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a death to die.

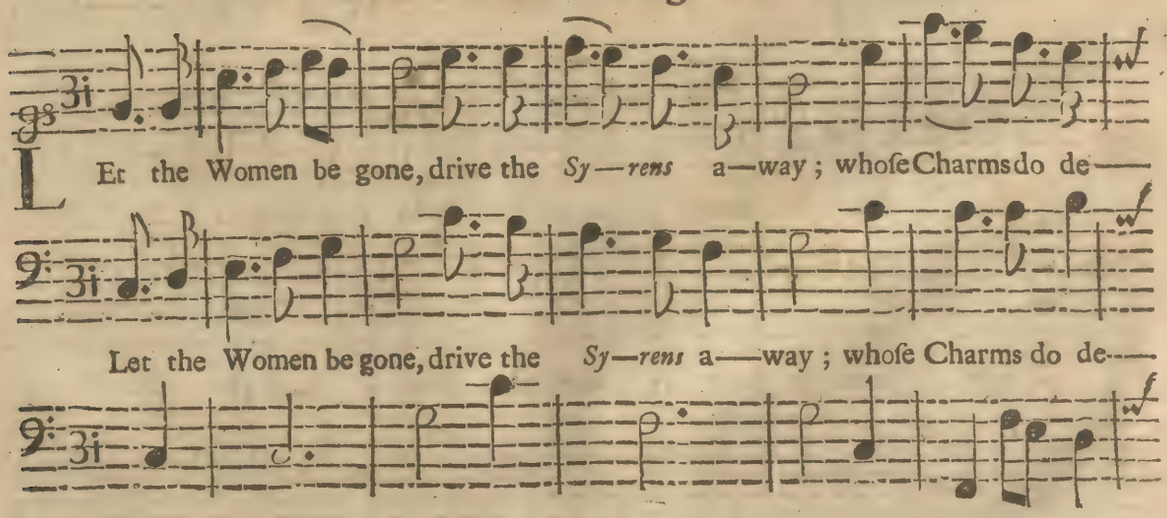
A New Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*.



II.

Leaſt the Eye ſhou'd looſe its longing,
I a while quit t'other bliſs;
Till my Lips their loſs bemoaning,
Prompt me to a ſecond Kiſs.
Thus perpetually renewing,
Thoſe two never fading joys;
Kiſſing her by turns and Viewing,
Pleas'd I feaſt both Lips and Eyes.

A New Song.



—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray; the pleaſure, the plea—ſure they bring proves

—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray; the pleaſure, the plea—ſure they bring proves

of—ten a Curſe, for when once we have took 'em for Better for Worſe, we

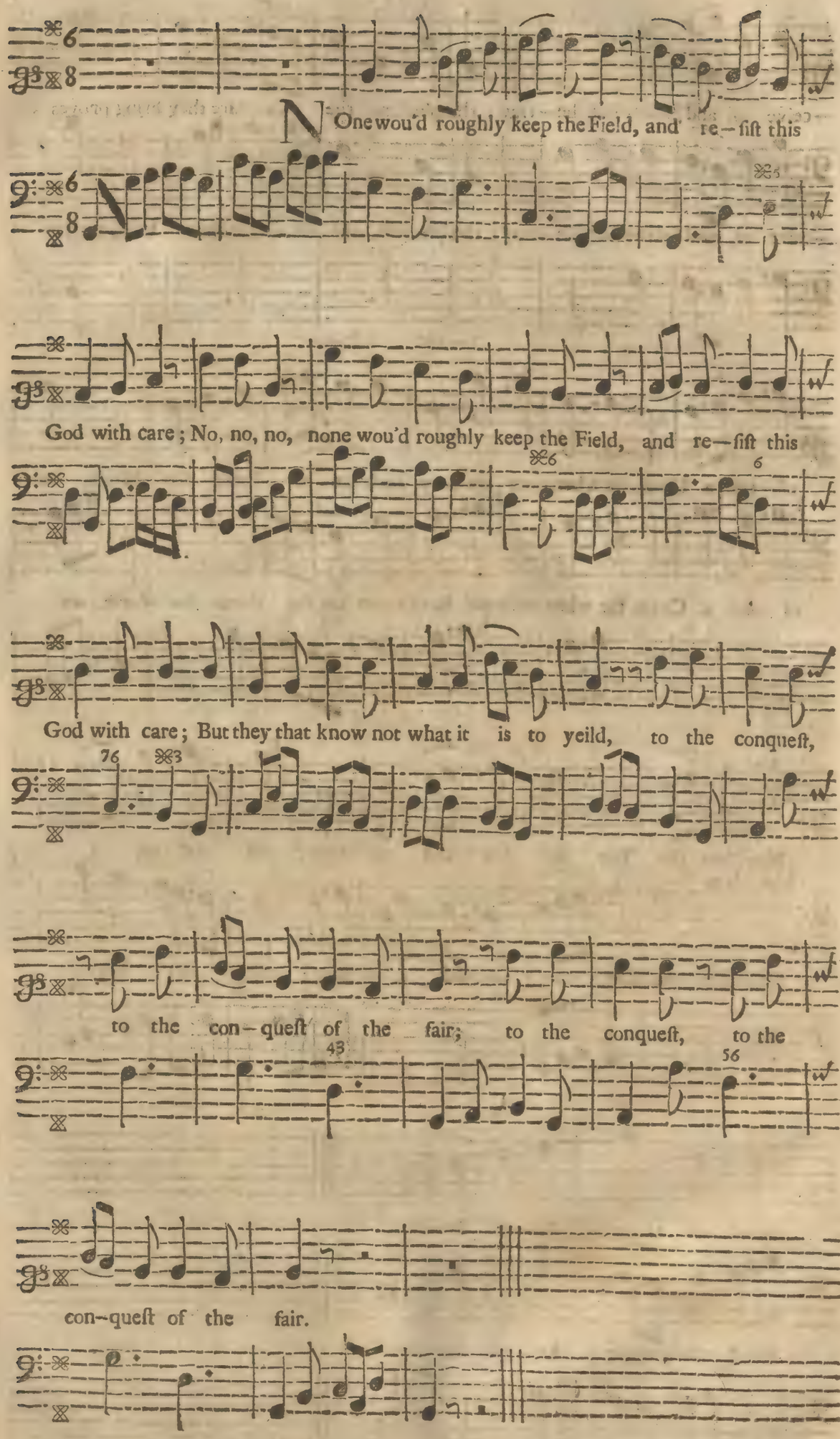
of—ten a Curſe, for when once we have taken 'em for Better for Worſe, we

Nauſc'ate the Toy we late did a—dore; and call her a

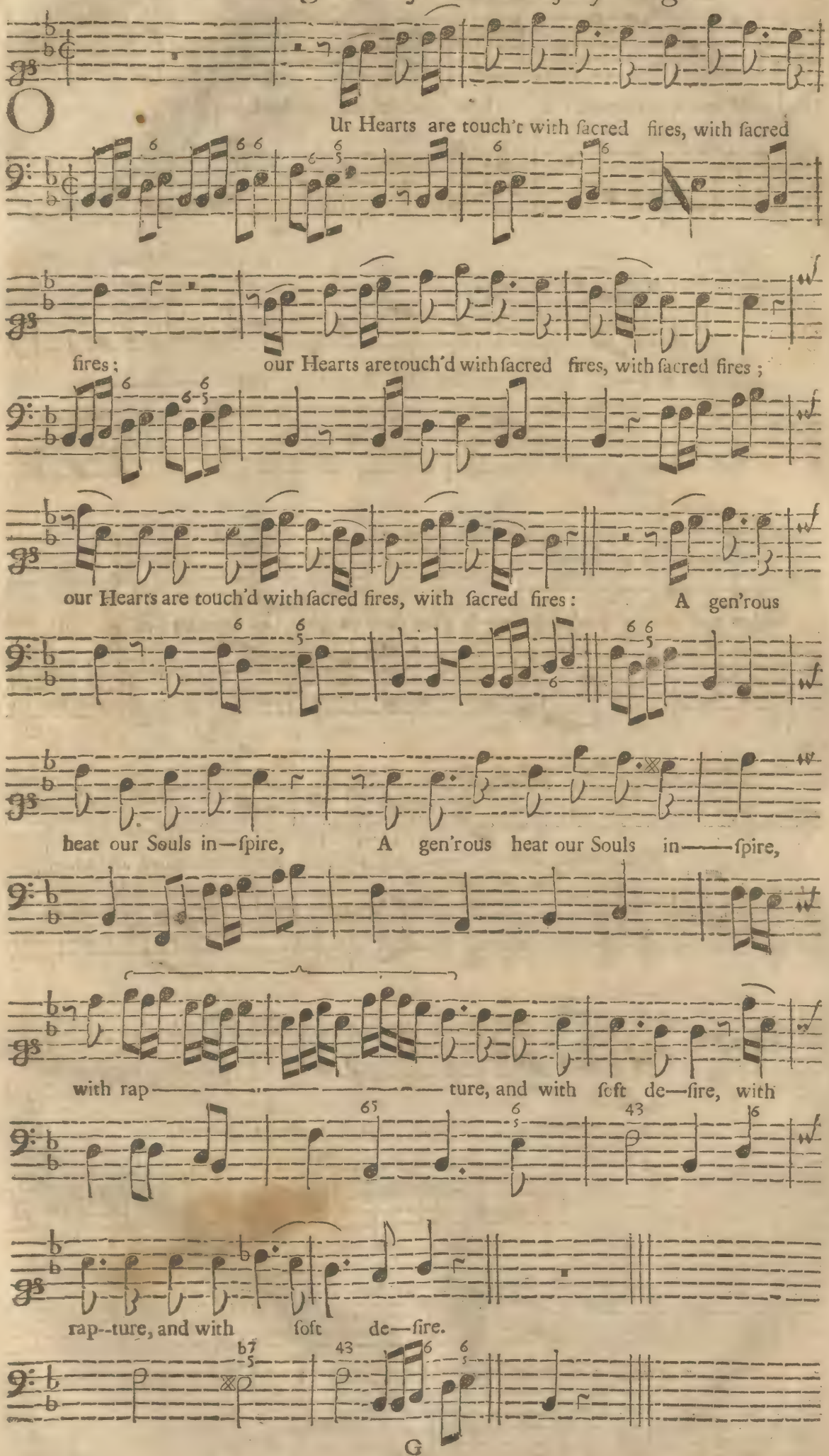
Nauſc'ate the Toy we late did a——dore; and call her a

Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.

Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.


NOne wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re—sist this
God with care; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re—sist this
God with care; But they that know not what it is to yeild, to the conquest,
to the con—quest of the fair; to the conquest, to the
con—quest of the fair.

A New Song ſet by Mr. *Godfrey Finger.*



A New Song ſet by Mr. R. *Courtiville.*

NO more, no more I'le ſeek re-lief, for tender Love and con—ſtant

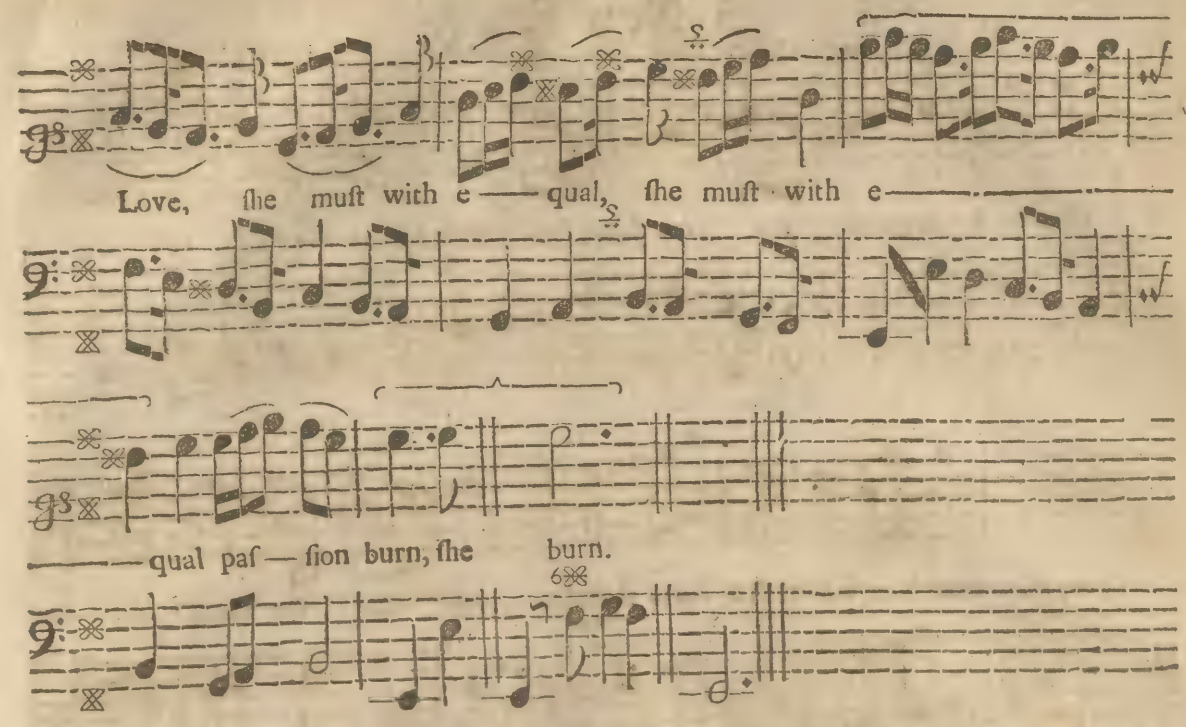
pain; my reſt—leſs Nights, my reſt - leſs Nights, my reſt——————leſs

Nights and dai--ly grief, and dai—ly grief ſure on—ly to increaſe diſ—dain:

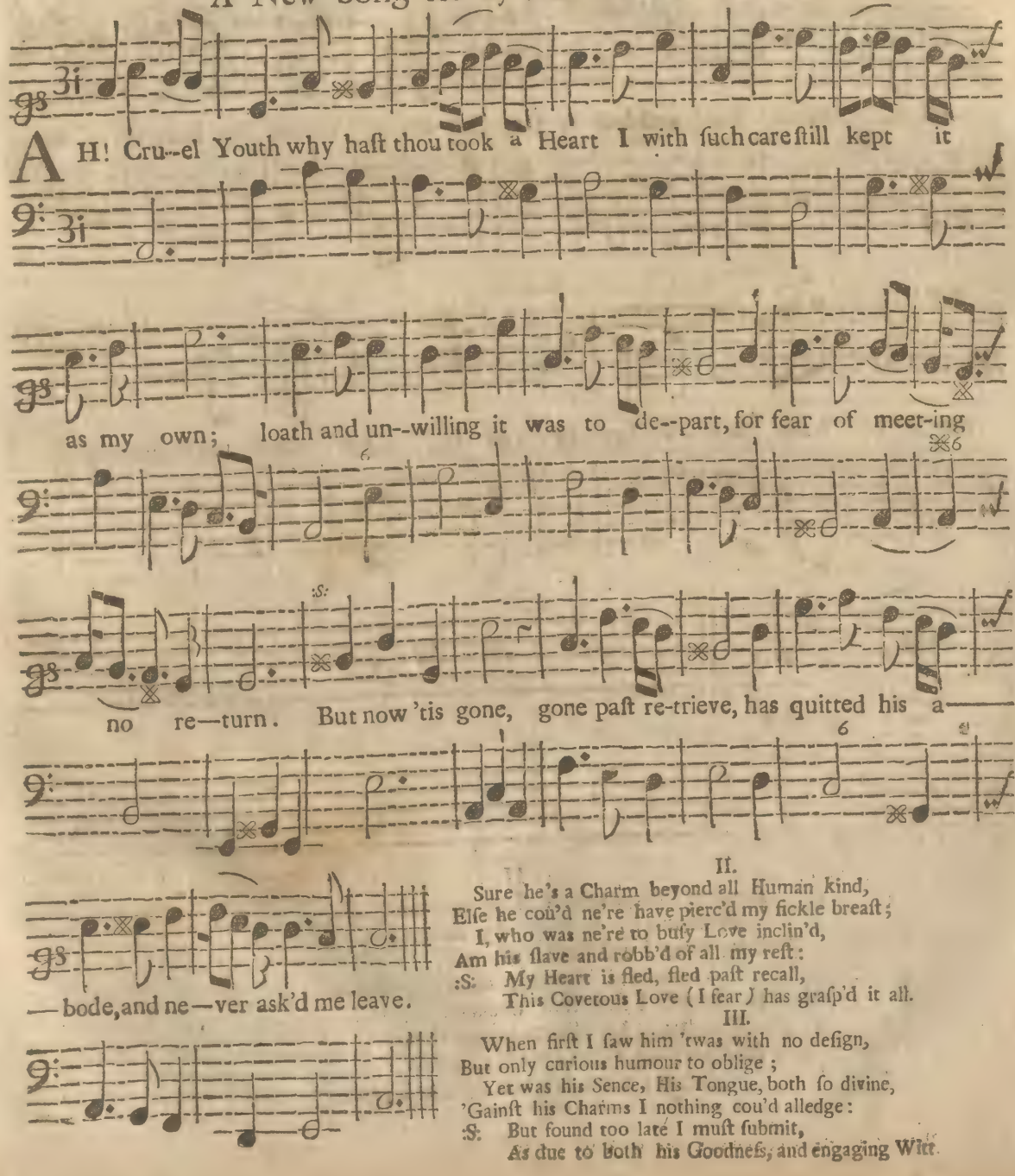
The humble, hum——————ble ſupliant ſcorn does move, and Me-rit,

me——————rit ſeldom, ſeldom meets return; 'tis vain to

think, 'tis vain, 'tis vain to think, becauſe I Love, becauſe I Love,



A New Song ſet by Mr. *William Turner*.



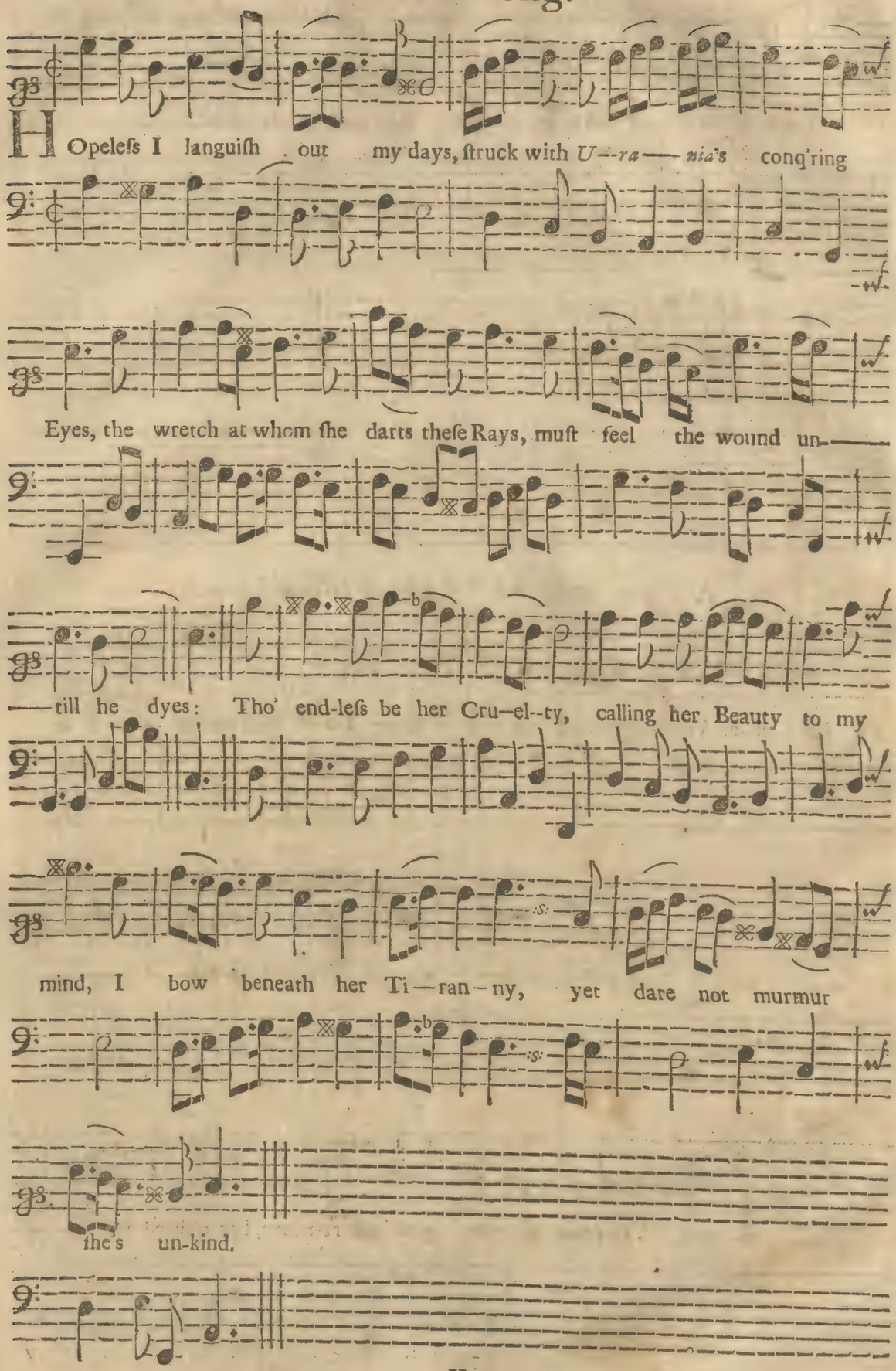
II.

Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human kind,
Elſe he cou'd ne're have pierc'd my fickle breaſt;
I, who was ne're to buſy Love inclin'd,
Am his ſlave and robb'd of all my reſt:
:S: My Heart is fled, fled paſt recall,
This Covetous Love (I fear) has graſp'd it all.

III.

When firſt I ſaw him 'twas with no deſign,
But only curious humour to oblige;
Yet was his Sence, His Tongue, both ſo divine,
'Gainſt his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:
:S: But found too late I muſt ſubmit,
As due to both his Goodneſs, and engaging Witt.

A New Song.

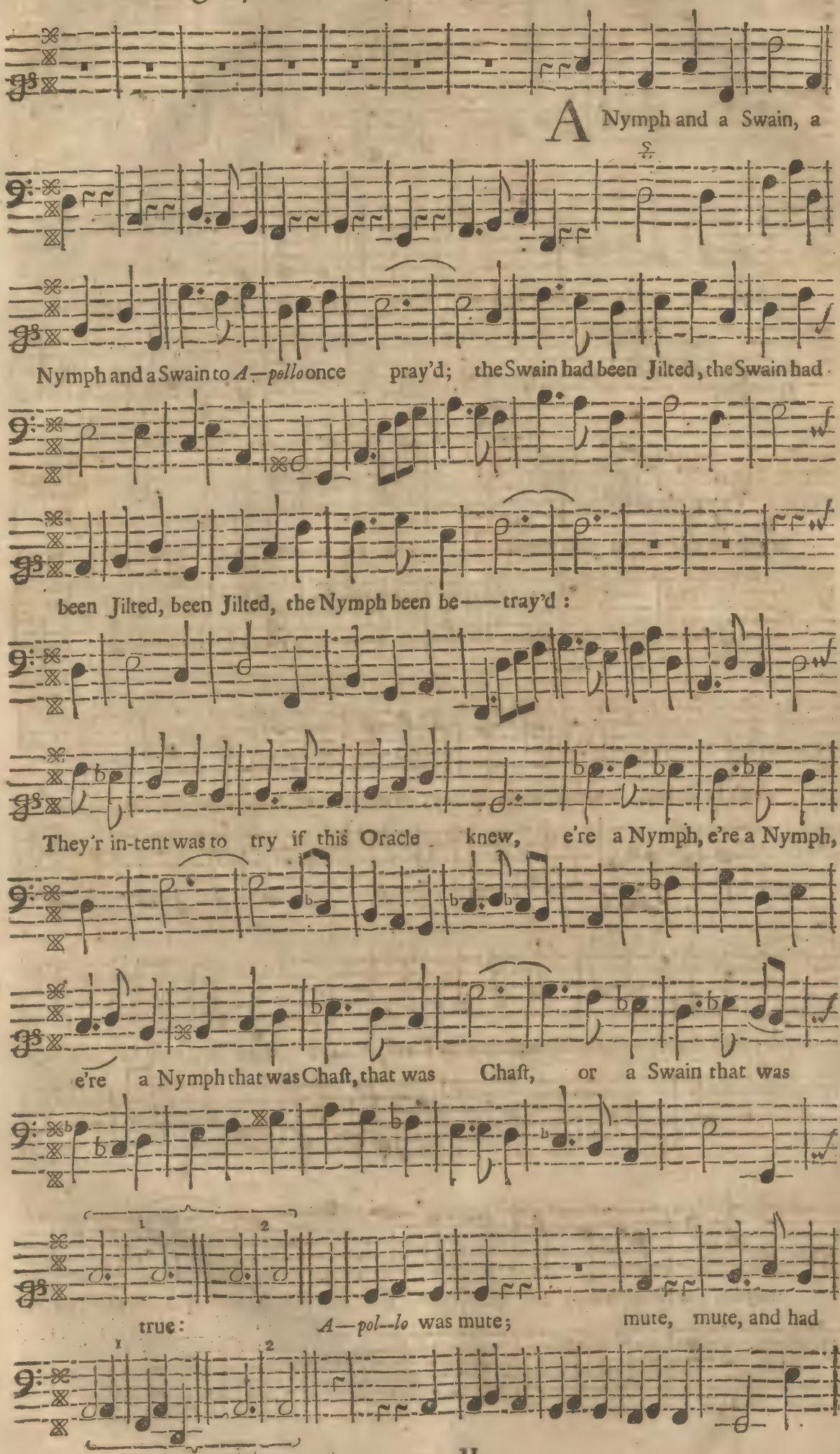


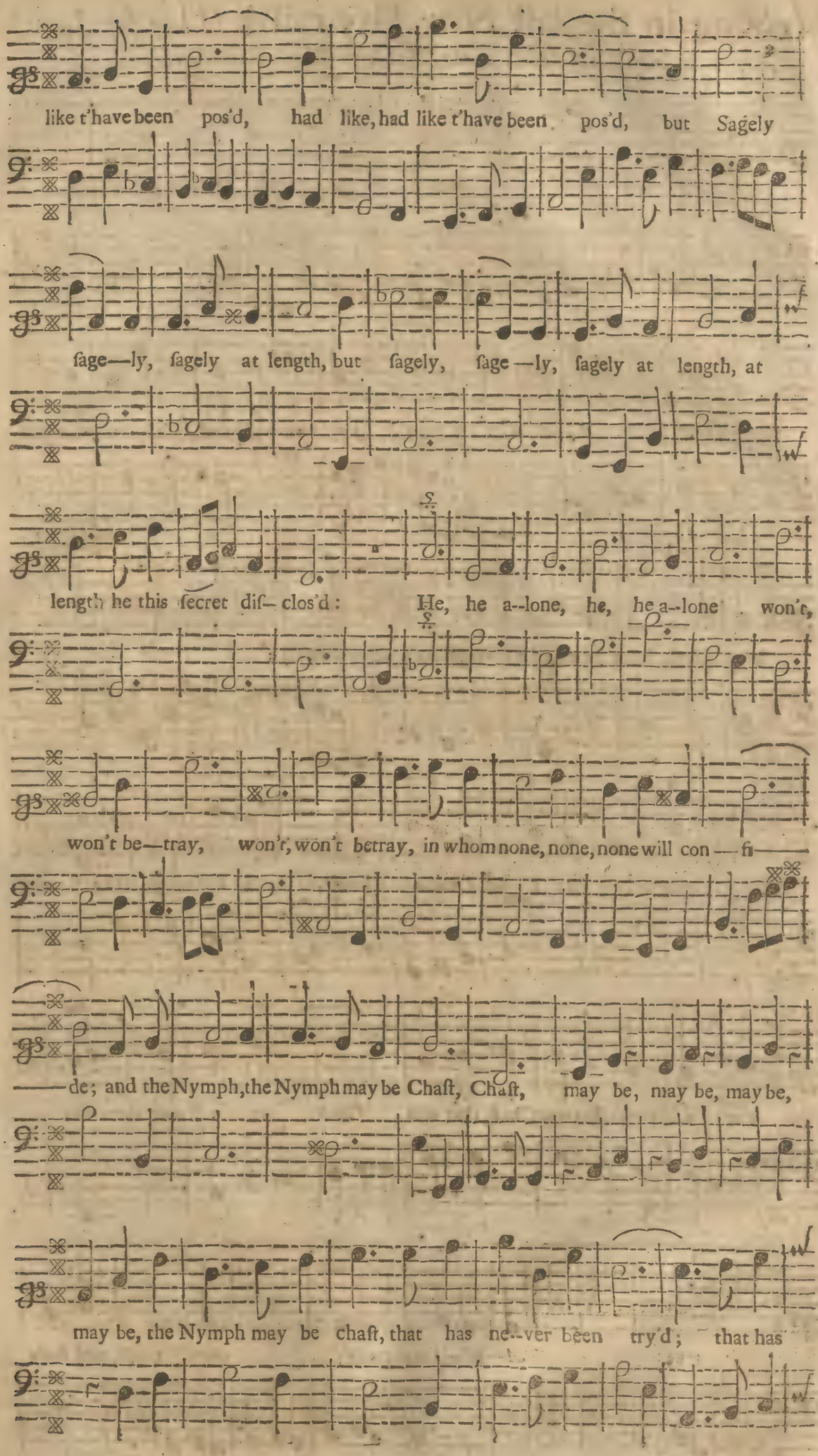
II.

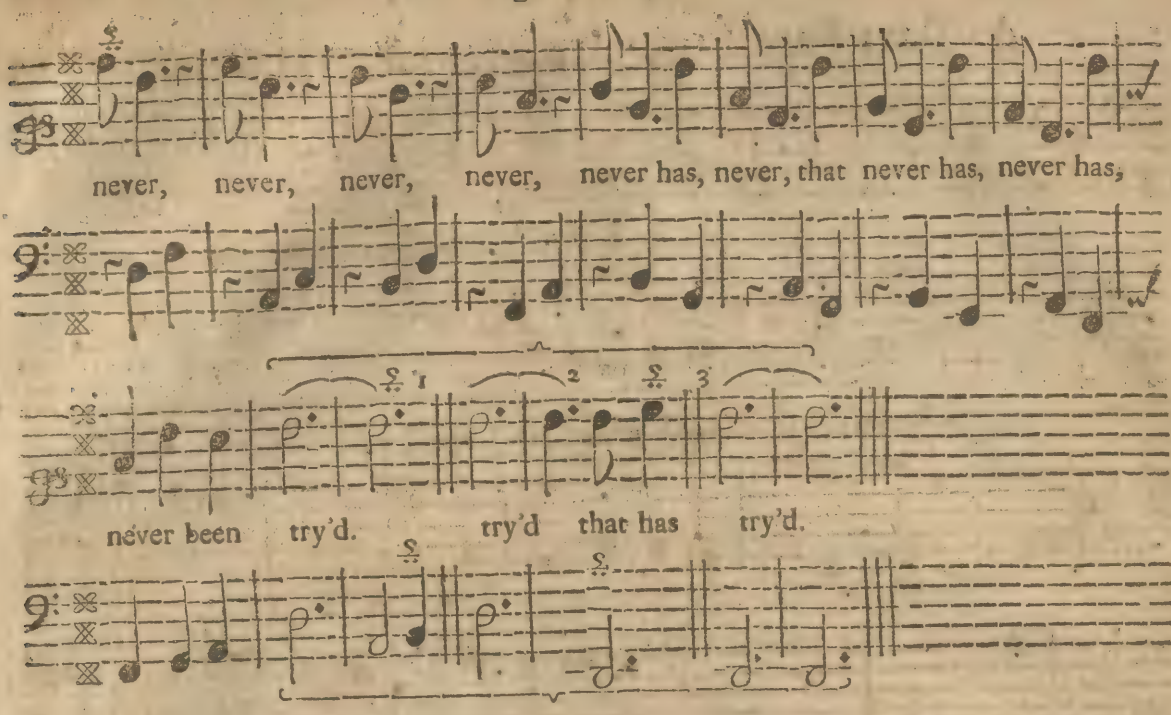
Reaſon this tameneſs does upbraid,
  Proffring to Arm in my defence;
But, when I call her to my aid,
  She's more a Traytor than my Friend:
No ſooner I the War declare,
  But ſtrait her Succour ſhe denies;
And joyning Forces with the Fair,
  Confirms the Conqueſt of her Eyes.

A Song in the laſt New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*)

Sung by Mr. *Pate*, Set by Mr. *John Eccles*

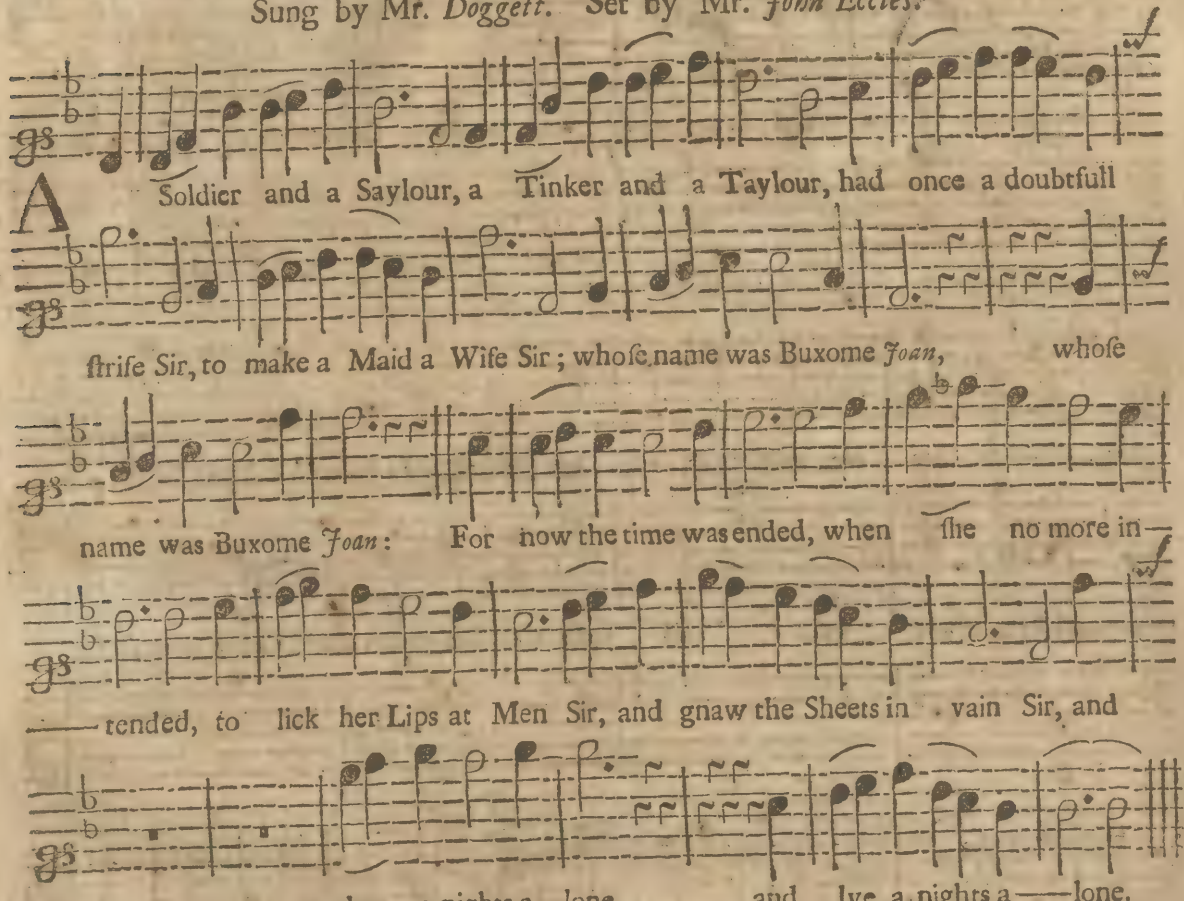



like t'have been pos'd, had like, had like t'have been pos'd, but Sagely
ſage—ly, ſagely at length, but ſagely, ſage—ly, ſagely at length, at
length he this ſecret diſ— clos'd: He, he a--lone, he, he a--lone won't,
won't be—tray, won't, won't betray, in whom none, none, none will con — fi——
——de; and the Nymph, the Nymph may be Chaſt, Chaſt, may be, may be, may be,
may be, the Nymph may be chaſt, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has



The Sailers Song in the laſt new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)

Sung by Mr. *Doggett.* Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*



II.

The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And ſhew'd her many a Scar Sir,
Which he had brought from far Sir,
With Fighting for her ſake.
The Taylour thought to pleaſe her,
With offering her his meaſure;
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Saylour ſlyly waiting;
Thought if it came about Sir,
That they ſhou'd all fall out Sir,
He then might play his part,
And juſt e'n as he meant Sir,
To Loggerheads they went Sir;
And then he let fly at her,
A ſhot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A Two Part Song by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

TWo Daughters of this Aged ſtream are

Two Daughters of this Aged ſtream are we, Two

we, two Daughters of this a-ged ſtrea-

Daughters of this aged ſtream are wee, two Daughters of this a-

m are we, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd, and both our

ged ſtream are we, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for

Sea — green Cocks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come

yee, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for yee; come, come,

bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na — ked in for

bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na — ked in for

we are ſo, what danger, what danger from a na-ked foe;

we are ſo, what danger, from a na—ked foe; come, come,

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and ſhare what plea———

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and ſhare what plea———

———ſures in the Floods ap — pear; we'll beat the Waters-

———ſures in the Floods ap — pear; we'll beat the Waters till they

till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir——

bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir——

——cle roun——d, and cir——cle

——cle roun——d, and cir——cle

roun——d, and cir—cle round.

roun——d, and cir—cle round.

Mr. *Picket's* Song, Sung at St. *Celia's* Feast, by Mr. *Robart*.

THe

The Con——

con——————ſort

——————ſort, the Con——————ſort of the

ſprink——————ling Lute;

the ſprink——————ling, the

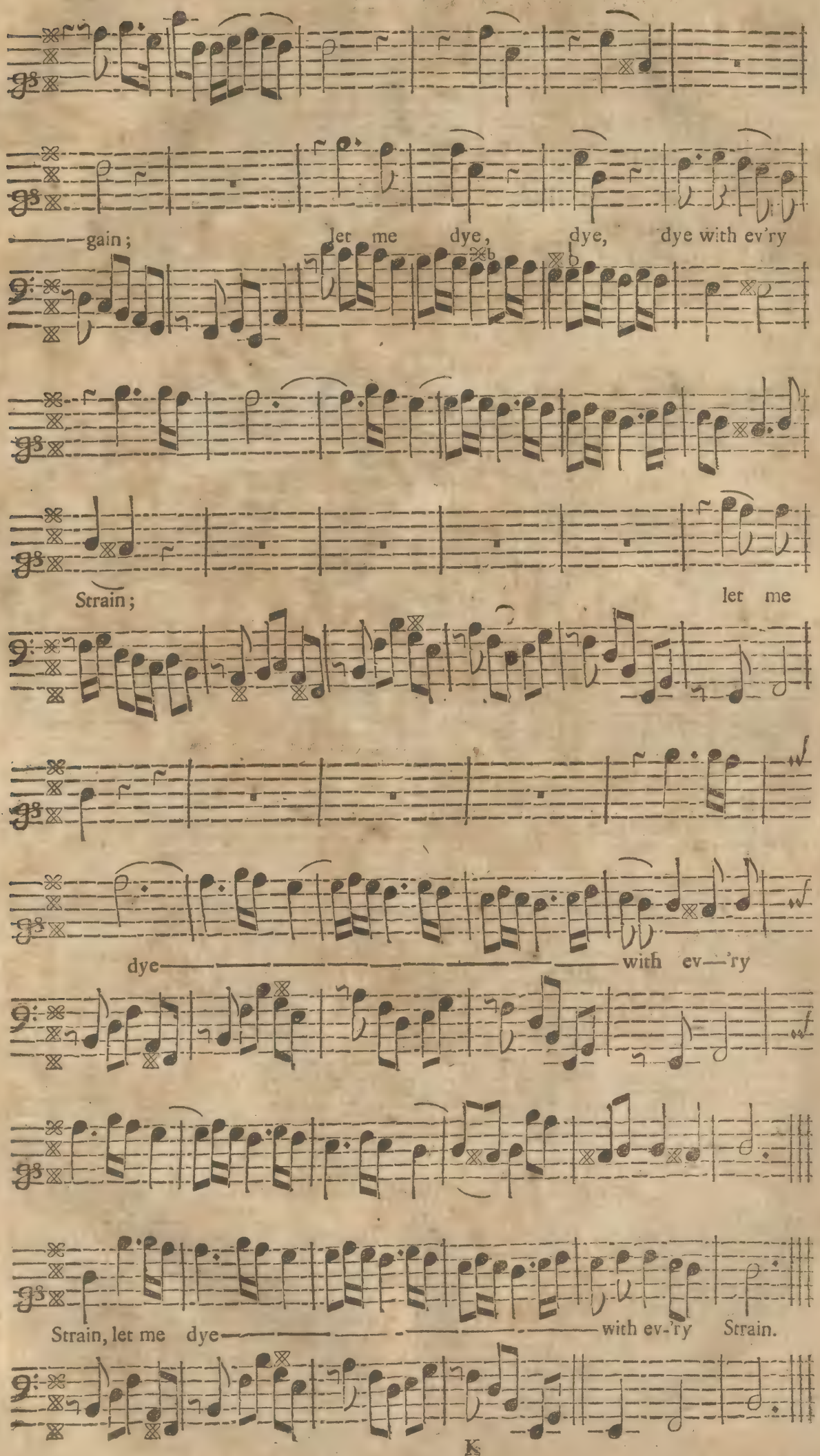
ſprink——ling Lute, has ſtruck the boaſt-ing Conq'uors mute;

Hearts now like it trem——

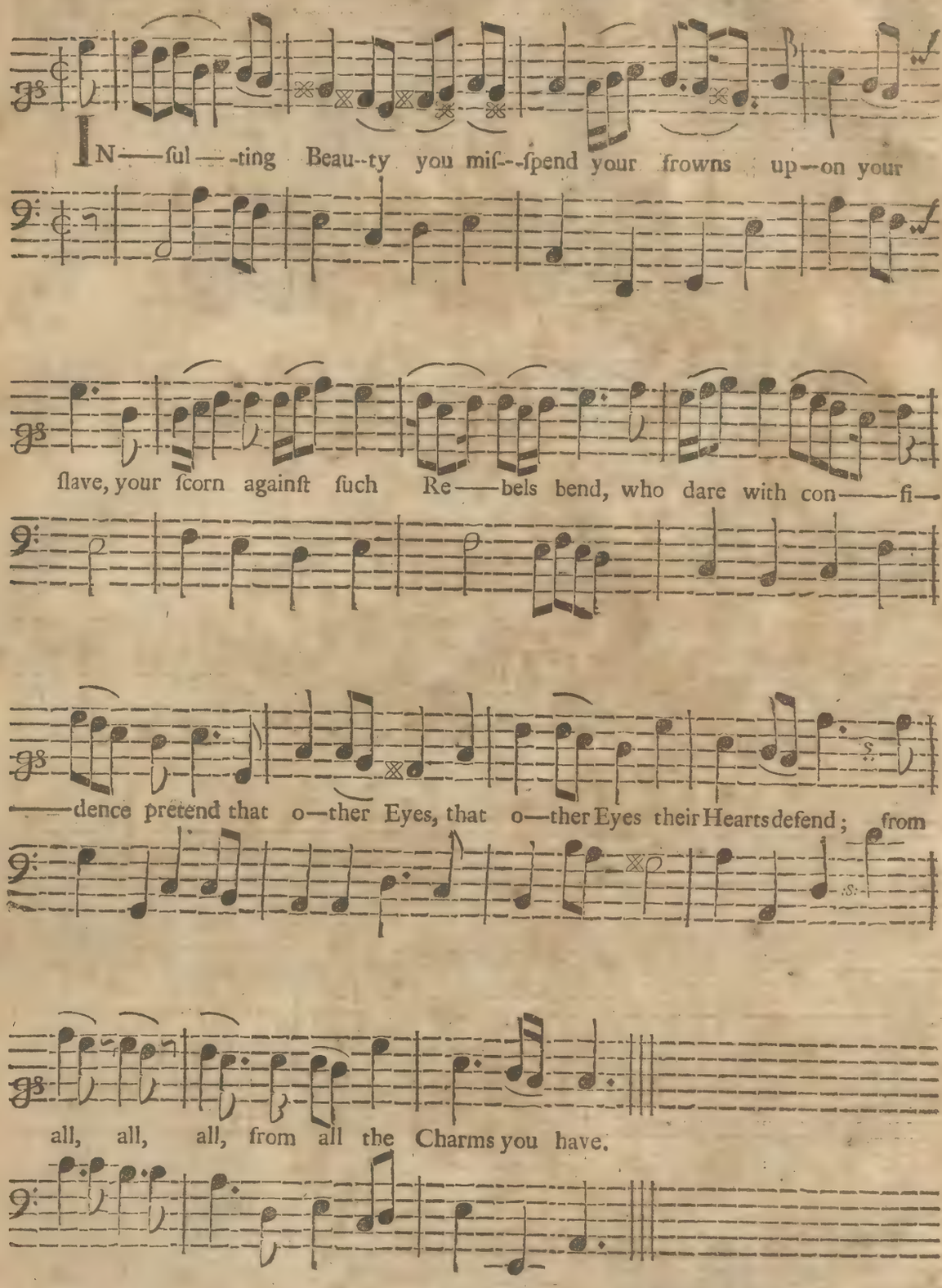
——ble and grieve, Souls like

Sound——s their Man--si——ons touch, touch,

touch, touch, the dan——cing Strings a-


gain; let me dye, dye, dye with ev'ry
Strain; let me
dye with ev-'ry
Strain, let me dye with ev-'ry Strain.

A New Song.



II.

Your conquering Eyes ſo partiall are,
Or Mankind is ſo dull;
That while I Languiſh in deſpair,
Many proud ſenſeleſs Hearts declare,
They find you not :S: ſo killing fair,
To wiſh——you mercifull.

III.

They—an inglorious freedom boaſt,
I Tryumph in my Chain;
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' loſt,
Nor you unpuniſh'd, tho' unjuſt,
When I alone :S: who love you moſt,
Am kill'd——with your diſdain.

FINIS.

THE SONGS TO The New Play OF DON QUIXOTE

As they are Sung at

The Queen's Theatre IN DORSET GARDEN.

Part the First.

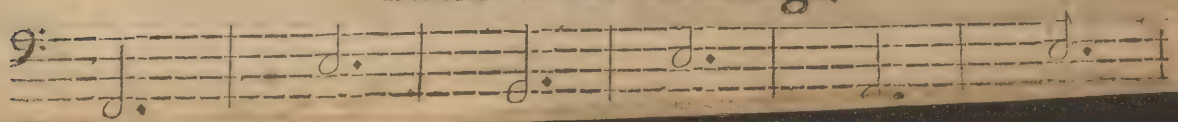
Sett by the most Eminent Masters of the Age.

All Written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

Decies repetita placebunt.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Heptinstall* for *Samuel Briscoe*, at the corner of *Charles-street, Covent-Garden.* 1694.

Price Two Shillings.



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TO MY

Much Honoured and Ingenious Friend

(Lovers of MUSICK)

That frequent the *Rose*, *Chocalate-house*, *Coffee-houses*, and other places of Credit, in and about *Covent-Garden*; and

Particularly,

To the late Worthy Members of the

Witty Club.

These two Books of Songs, Sung in the First and Second Part of *Don Quixote*, are with all Veneration most humbly Dedicated,

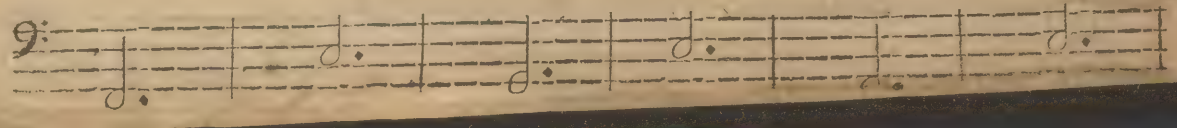
By,

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and most

Humble Servant,

T. D'urfey.



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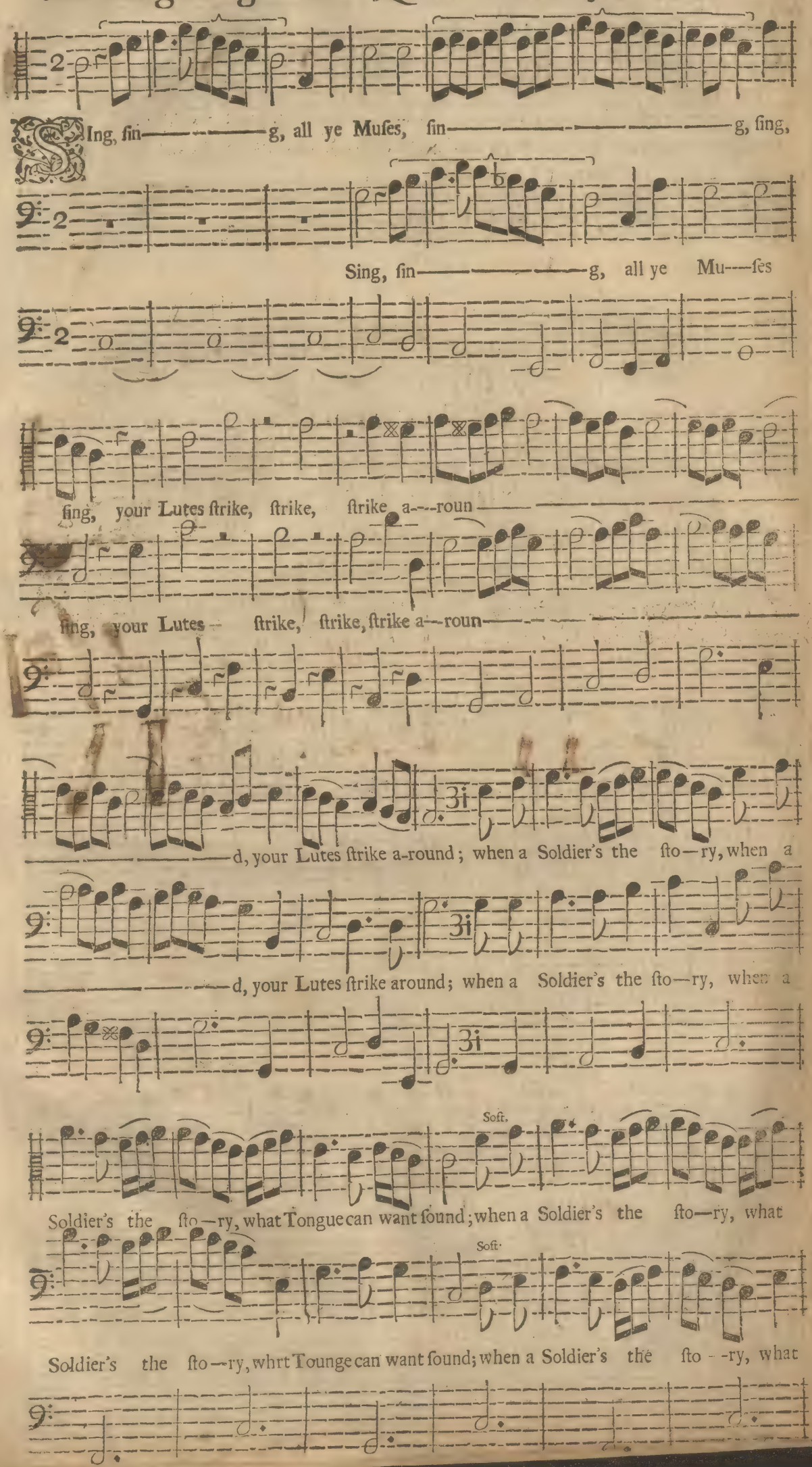
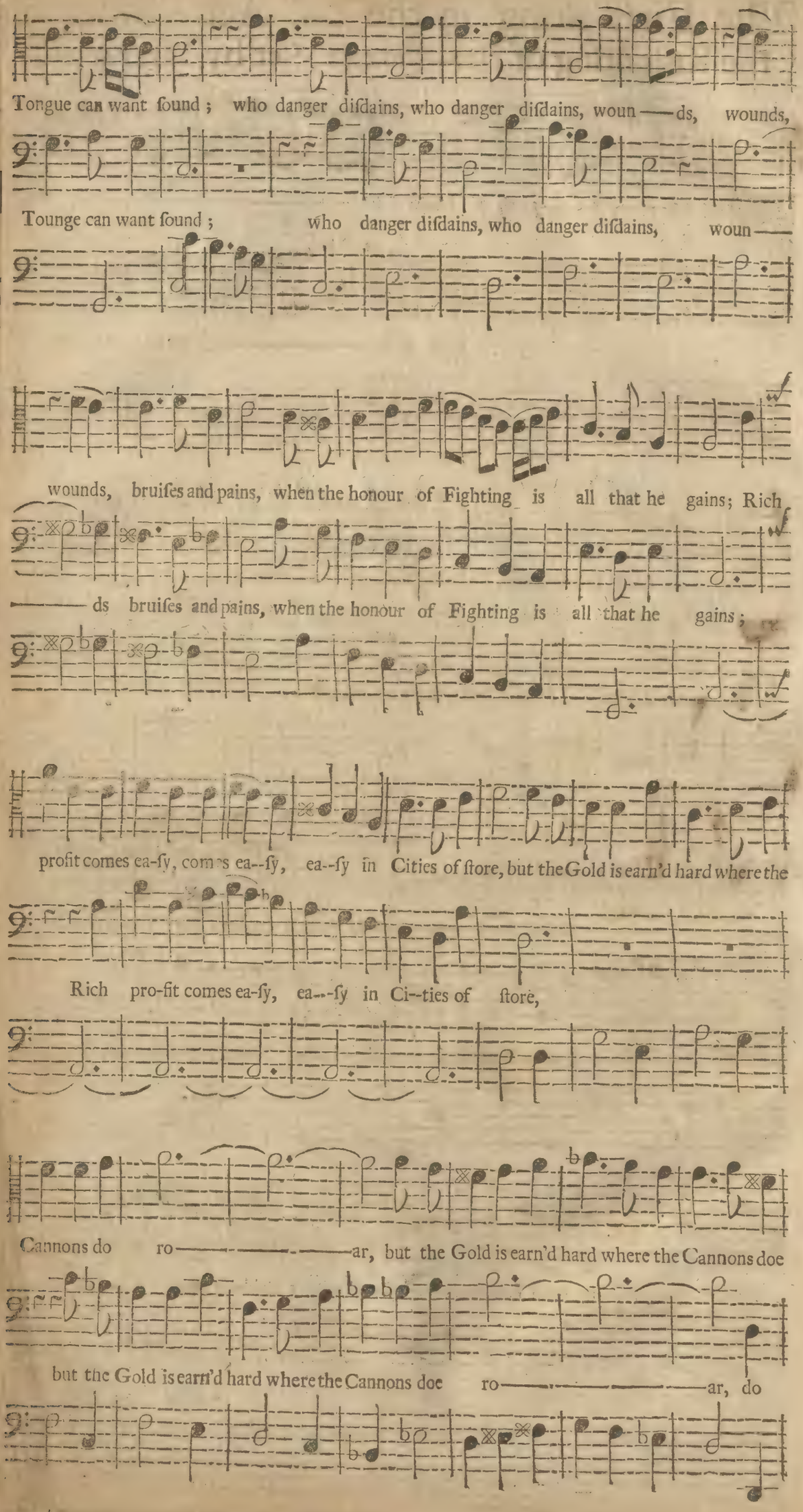
The First Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung at the Knighting of *Don-Quixot*: Set by Mr. *Purcell*.




Tongue can want ſound ; who danger diſdains, who danger diſdains, woun——ds, wounds,
Tounge can want ſound ; who danger diſdains, who danger diſdains, woun——
wounds, bruiſes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich
——ds bruiſes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains ;
profit comes ea-ſy, comes ea--ſy, ea--ſy in Cities of ſtore, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the
Rich pro-fit comes ea-ſy, ea--ſy in Ci--ties of ſtore,
Cannons do ro——————ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe
but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe ro——————ar, do

Brisk-time.

roar ; yet ſee how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the ſtorming, the

roar, yet ſee how they run, how they run, at the ſtorming the

ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire, to

ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to

Soft.

take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon; they

Soft.

take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon;

ſca——le the high Wall, they ſca——le the high

they ſca——le the high Wall, the hig

To Wall, whence they ſee others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they ſee others

T Wall, whence they ſee others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they ſee others

fall; their hearts precious darling, bright glo——ry, bright

fall; their hearts precious darling, bright glo——ry, bright

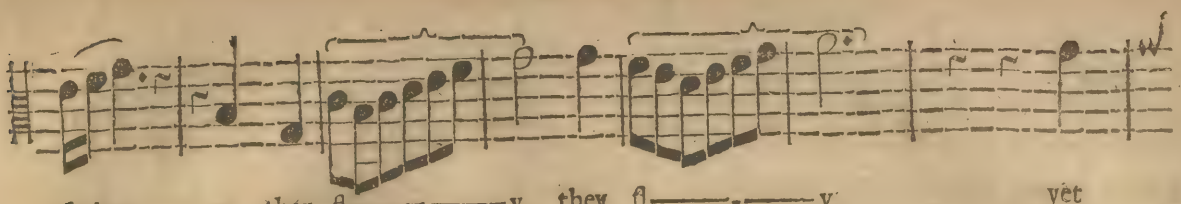
Slow.

glo——ry pur—ſuing, tho' Death's un—der Foot and the

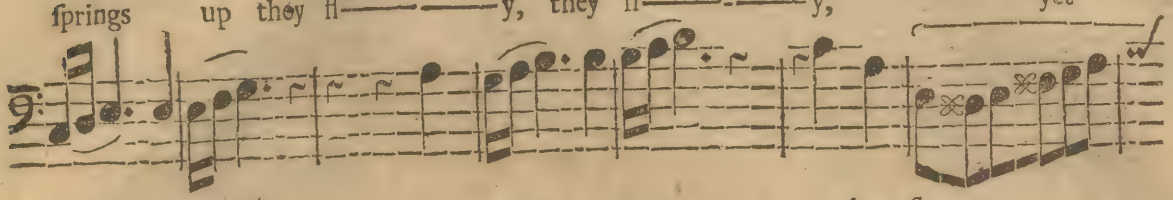
glo——ry pur—ſuing, tho' Death's un—der Foot and the

Mine is juſt blowing. It ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, it

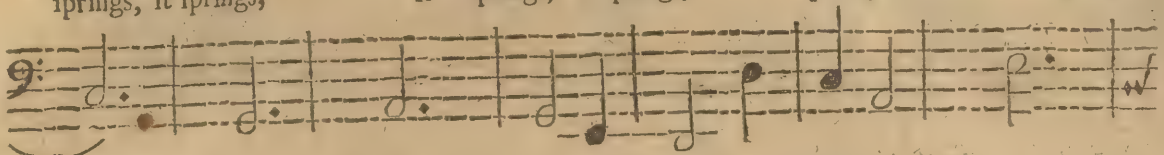
Mine is juſt blowing, up they Fl——y,



ſprings up they fl——y, they fl——y, yet

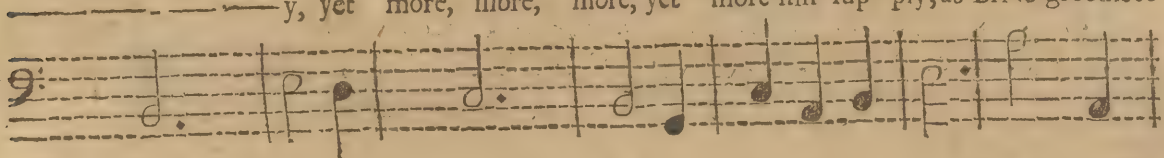


ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, up they fl——

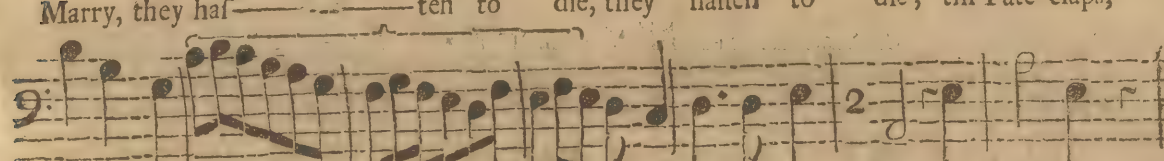


more, more, more, more, more, yet more ſtill ſup-ply, as Bride-grooms to

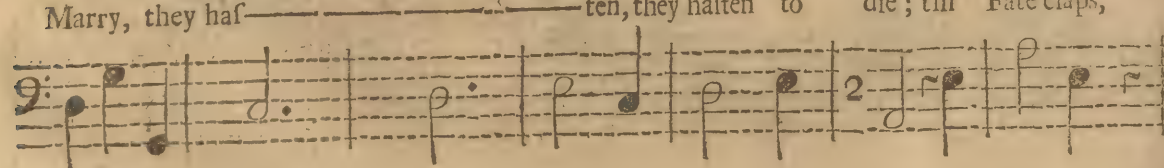
——y, yet more, more, more, yet more ſtill ſup--ply, as Bride-grooms to



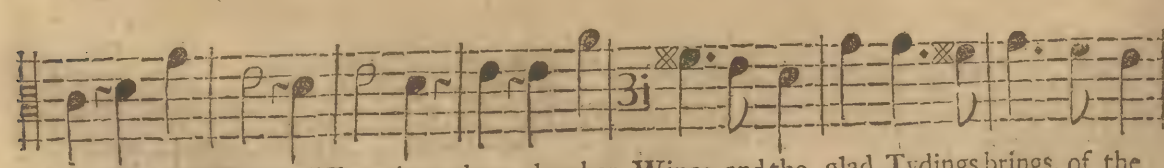
Marry, they haſ——ten to die, they haſten to die; till Fate claps,



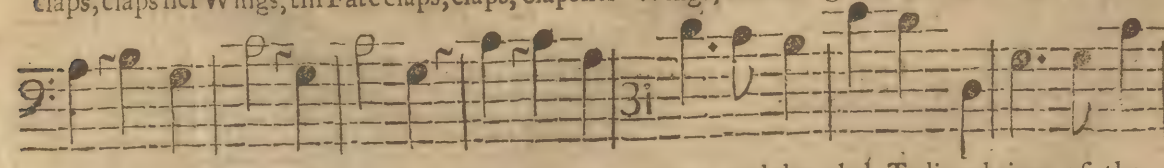
Marry, they haſ——ten, they haſten to die; till Fate claps,



claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the



claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the



Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings: Then

Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings:

happy's She whoſe Face can win, then hap-py's She whoſe Face can win, can win a

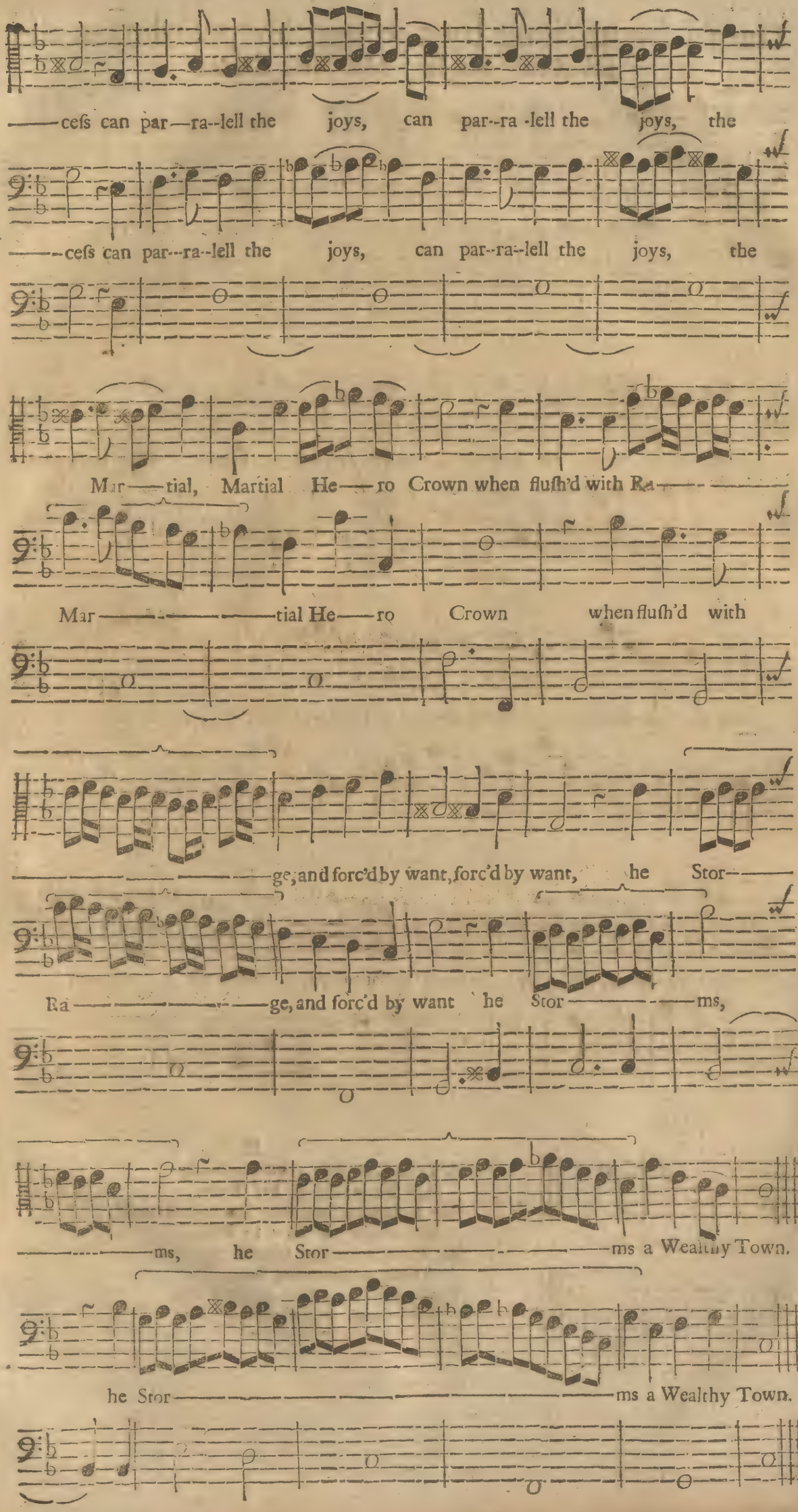
Then happp's She, then happy's She whoſe Face can win, can win a

Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

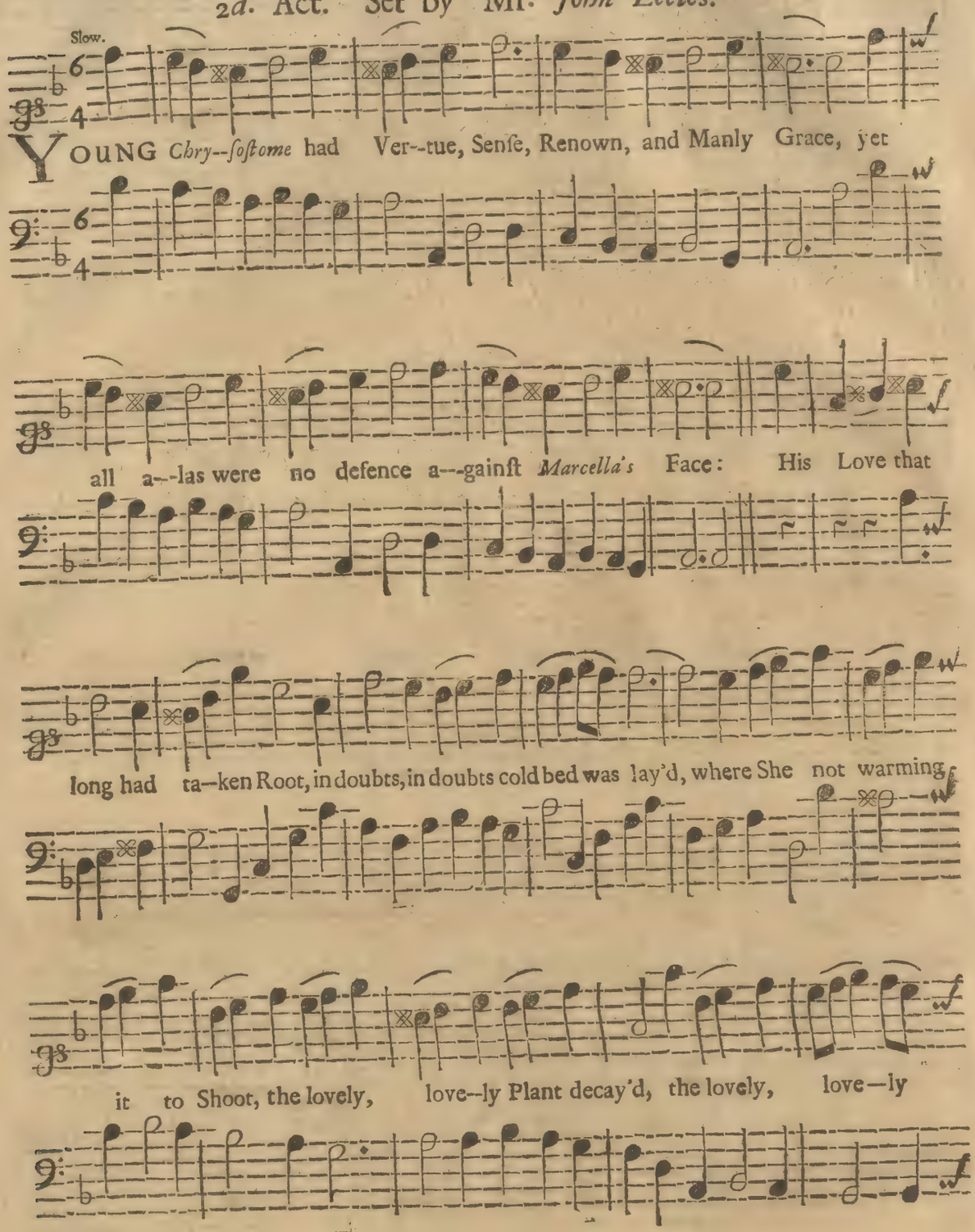
Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

Gods diſ--poſing Fate; no Lux-u--ry in Peace, nor pleaſure in ex——

Gods diſ--poſing Fate; no Lux--u---ry in Peace, nor pleaſure in ex——


——ceſs can par—ra--lell the joys, can par--ra -lell the joys, the
——ceſs can par---ra--lell the joys, can par--ra--lell the joys, the
Mar——tial, Martial He——ro Crown when fluſh'd with Ra——
Mar——tial He——ro Crown when fluſh'd with
——ge, and forc'd by want, forc'd by want, he Stor——
Ra——ge, and forc'd by want he Stor——ms,
——ms, he Stor——ms a Wealthy Town.
he Stor——ms a Wealthy Town.

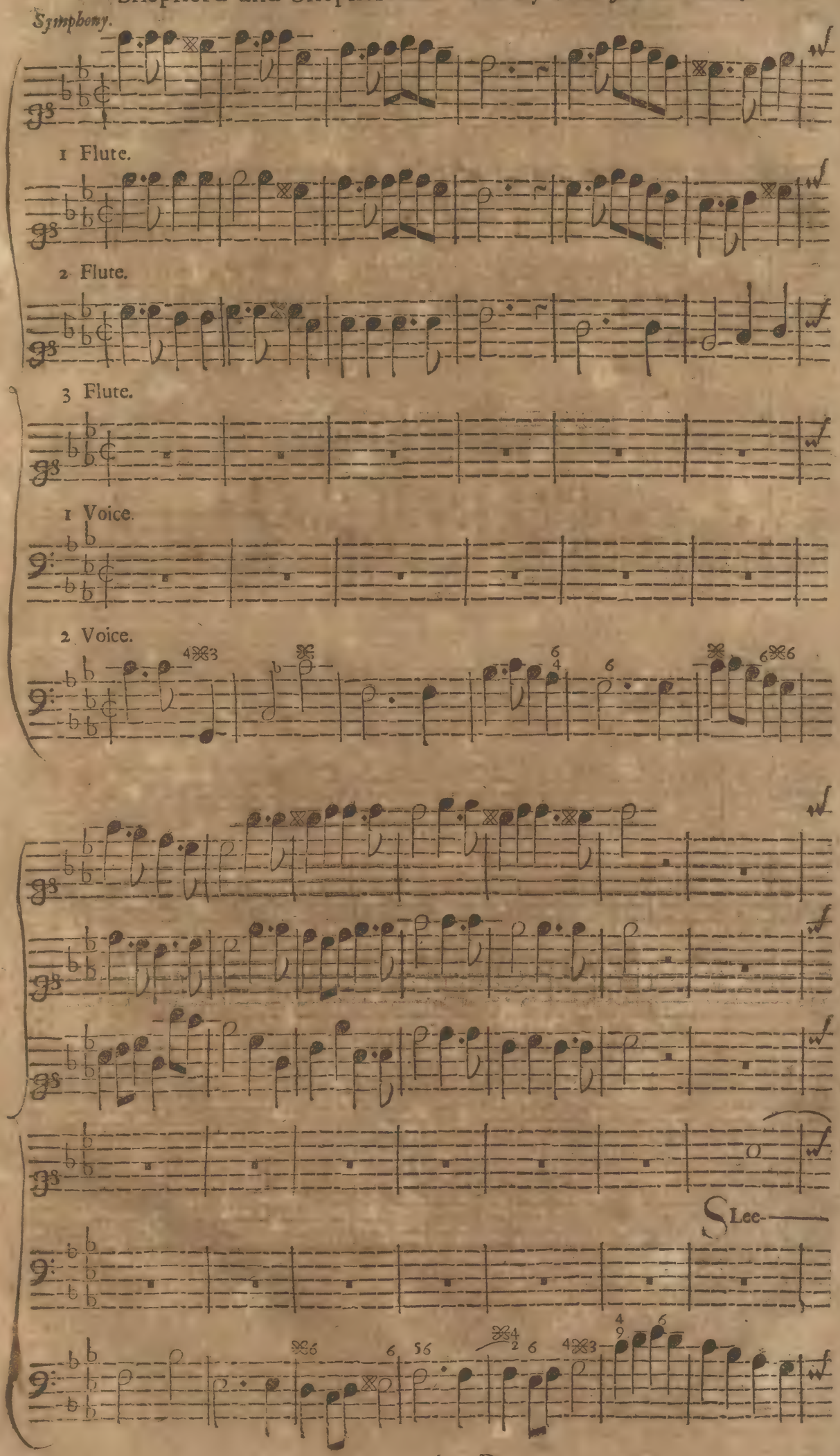
The 2*d*. Song, Sung by a young Shephardess in the 2*d*. Act. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

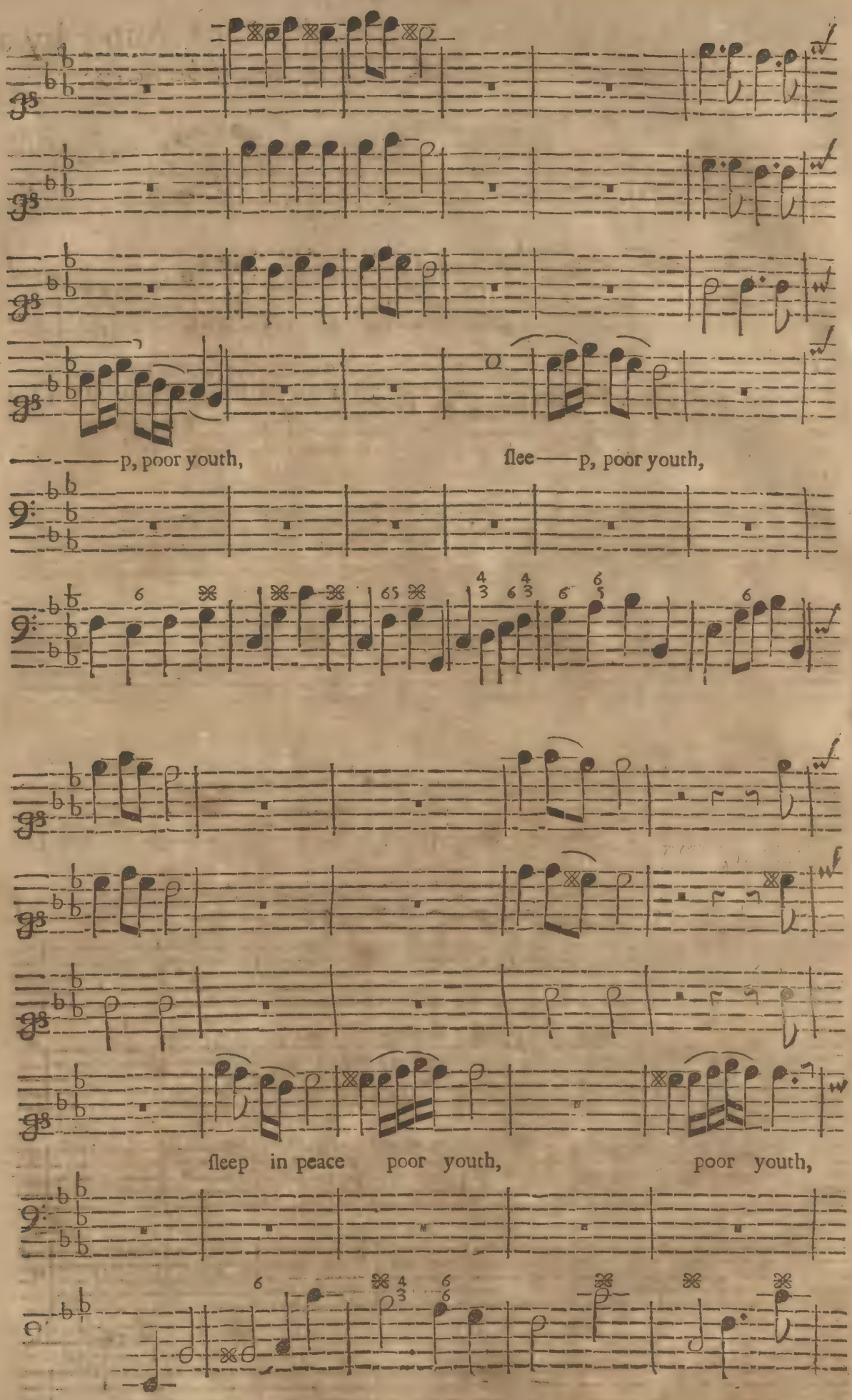


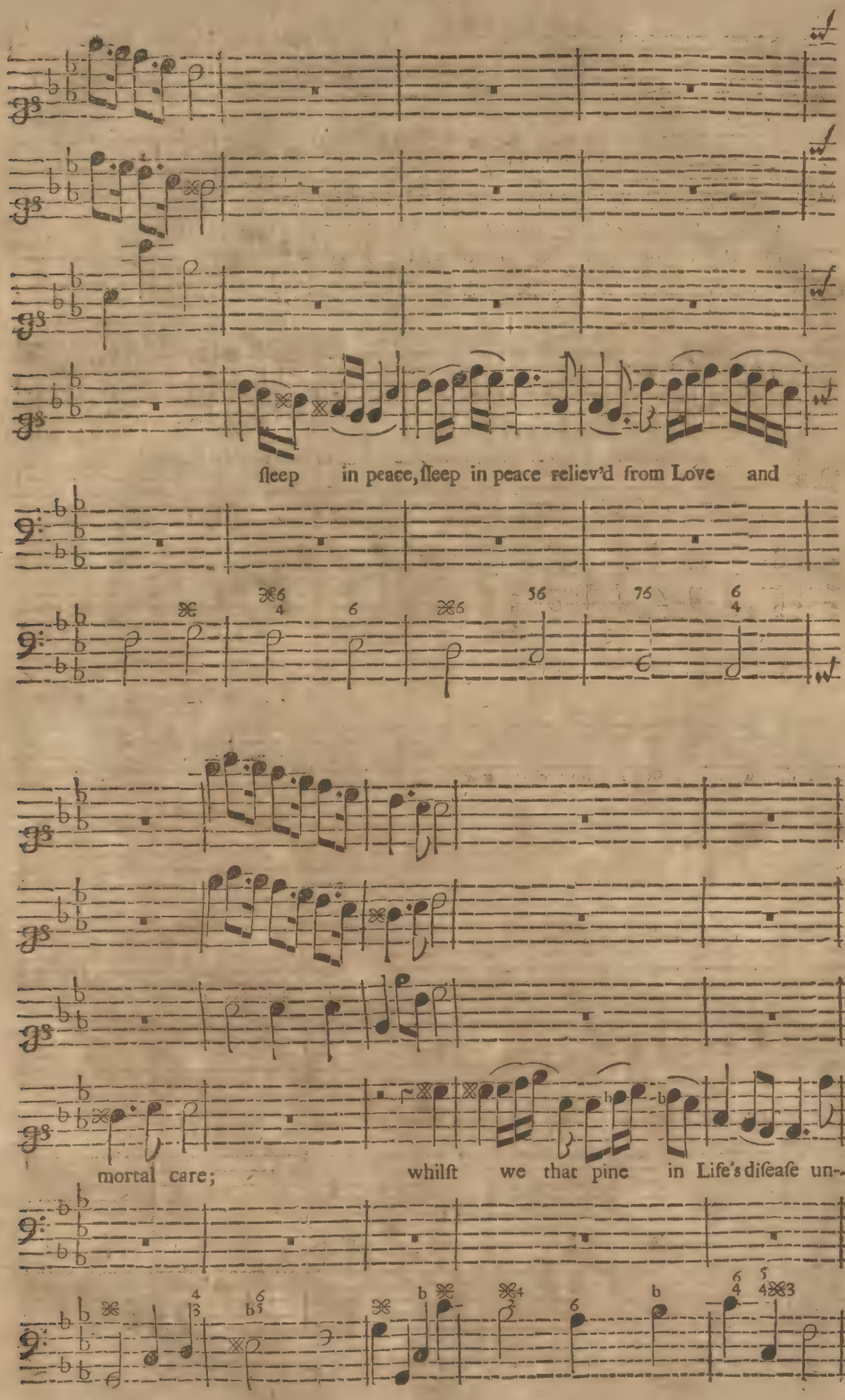
II.

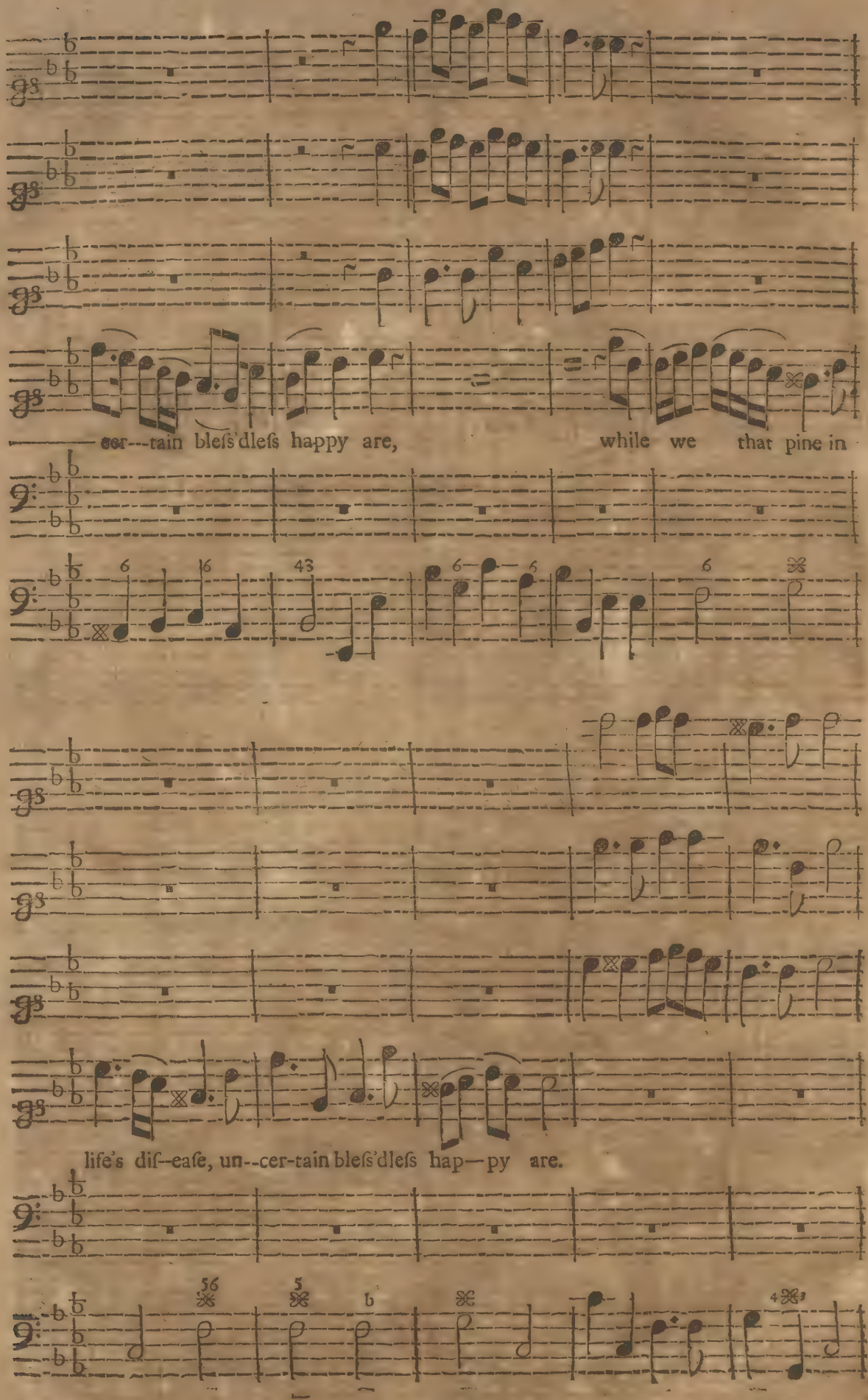
Had Coy *Marcella* own'd a Soul,
Half Beauteous as her Eyes;
Her Judgment had her Scorn controul'd,
And taught her how to Prize:
But Providence that form'd the Fair,
In such a charming Skin,
Their outside made their only care,
And never look'd within.

The Dirge, or 3*d*. Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung by a Shepherd and Shepherdess. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.




p, poor youth,
flee p, poor youth,
sleep in peace poor youth,
poor youth,


ſleep in peace, ſleep in peace reliev'd from Love and
mortal care; whilſt we that pine in Life's diſeaſe un-


cer---tain bleſs'dleſs happy are, while we that pine in
life's diſ--eaſe, un--cer-tain bleſs'dleſs hap—py are.

Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave,

Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave, no ills of Fate,

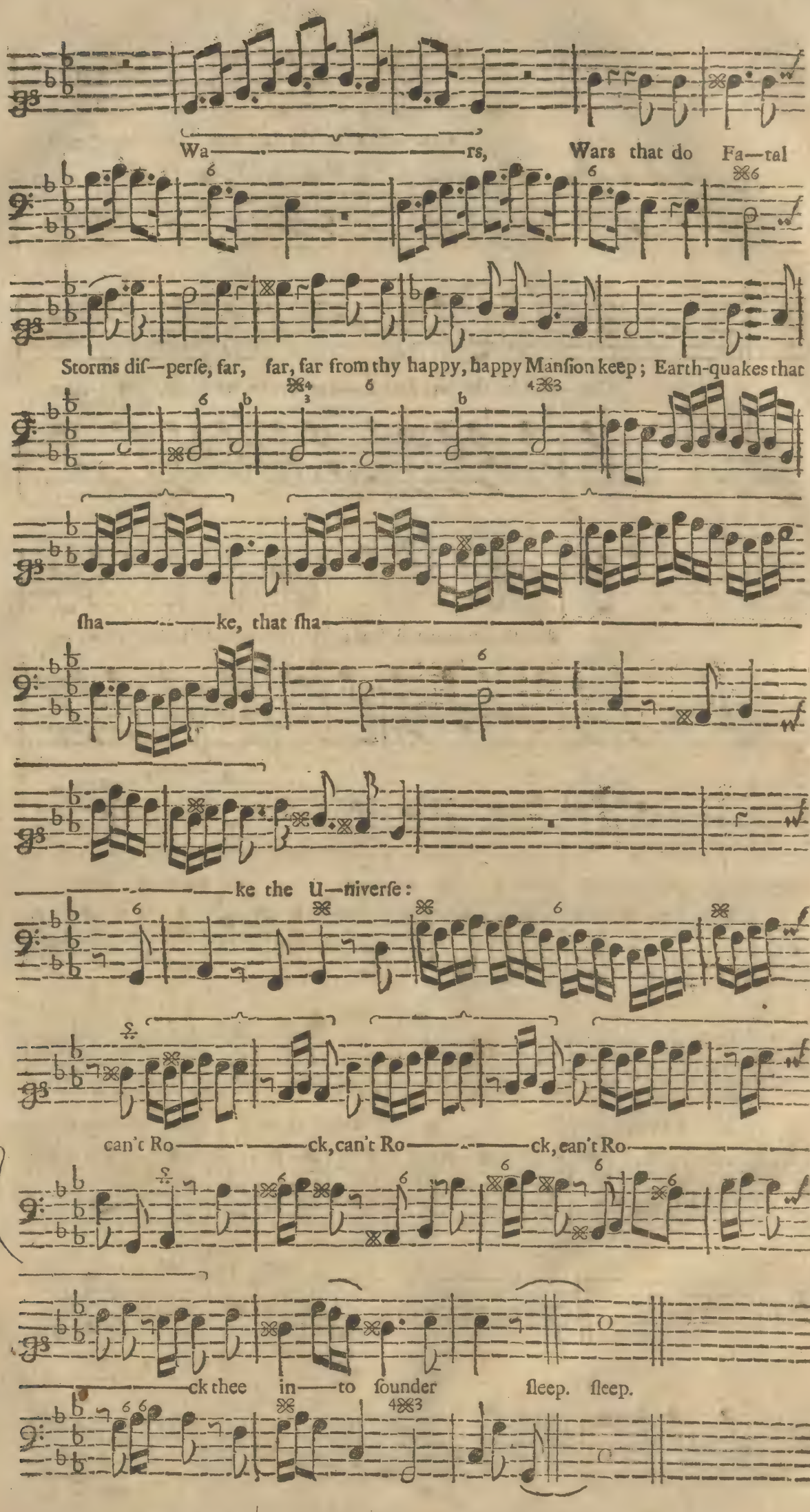
no ills of Fate thou now can'ſt fear; in vain wou'd Tyrant Pow'r en—

—ſlave, or ſcornfull Beauty be ſe-vere, or ſcornfull Beauty

be ſevere, or ſcornfull Beauty be ſe—vere.

She.

Wa——rs,


Wa——rs, Wars that do Fa—tal
Storms dif—perſe, far, far, far from thy happy, happy Manſion keep; Earth-quakes that
ſha——ke, that ſha——
——ke the U—niverſe:
can't Ro——ck, can't Ro——ck, can't Ro——
——ck thee in——to ſounder ſleep. ſleep.

With all the Charms, the Cha——————————rms of

With all the Charms, the Cha——————————rms

pea——ce, poſ—- ſeſt ſe-----cure from life's Torment or Pain.

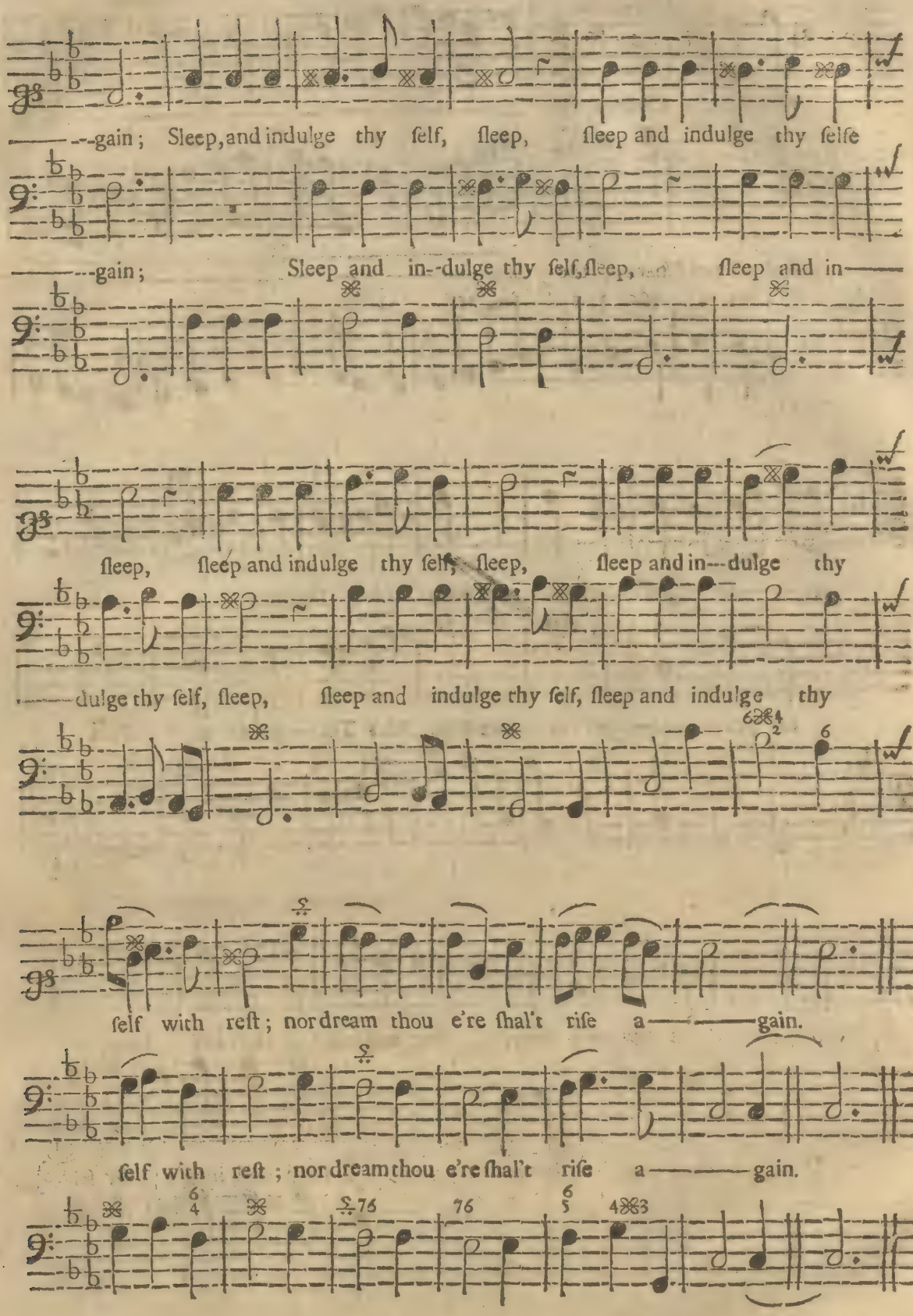
of peace poſ—-ſeſt ſe—cure from life's Tor—-ment or Pain.

Sleep and in--dulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep,

Sleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf,

ſleep and in---dulge thy ſelf with Reſt, nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a—

ſleep: In—dulge thy ſelf with reſt, nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a—


---gain; Sleep, and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelfe
---gain; Sleep and in--dulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and in---
ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and in---dulge thy
---dulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep and indulge thy
ſelf with reſt; nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a---gain.
ſelf with reſt; nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a---gain.

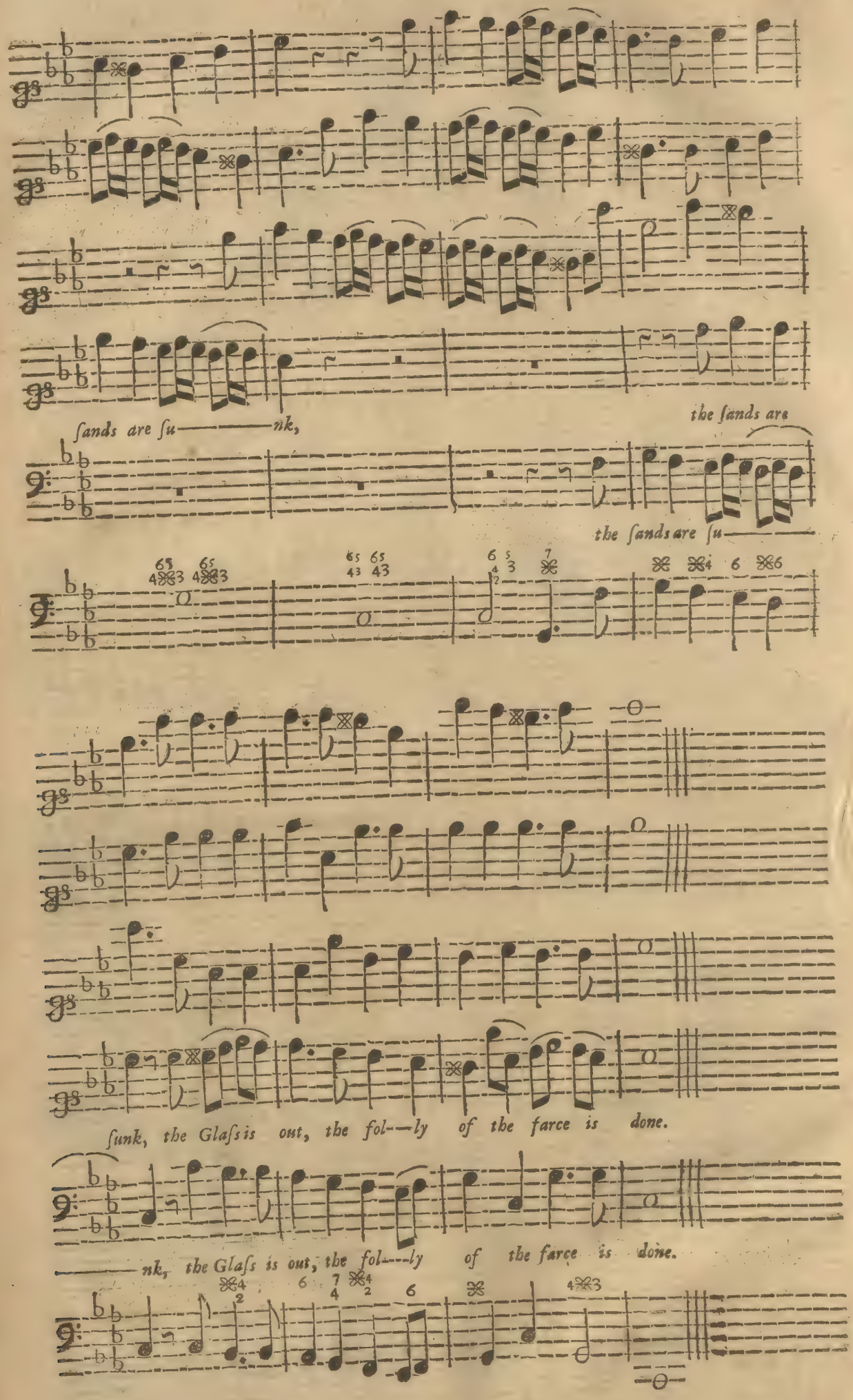
CHORUS.

Paſt is the fear of fu-ture doubt, of fu--ture

Paſt is the fear of fu-ture

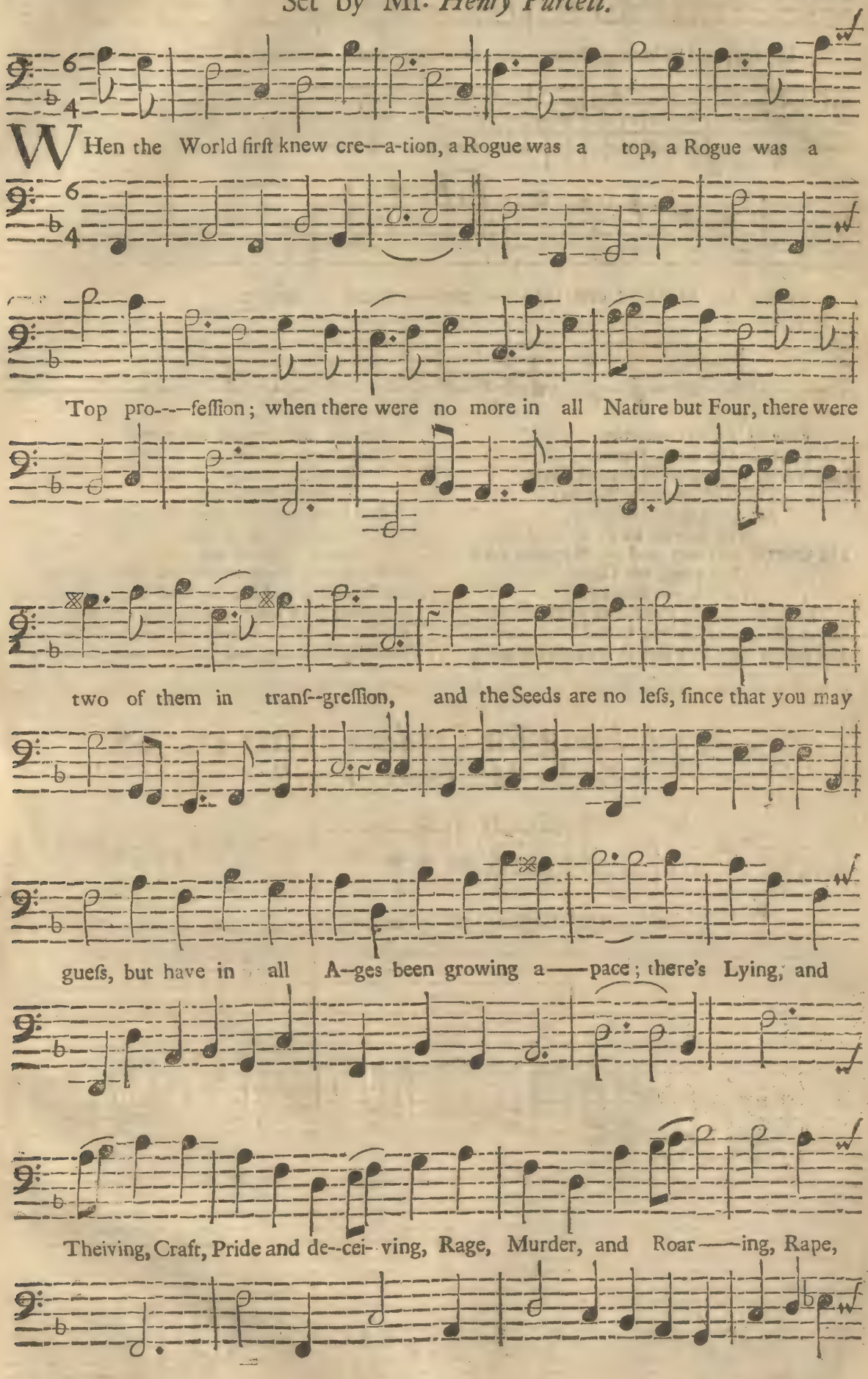
doubt, the Sun is from the Dy--al gone; the Sands are ſu———nk, the

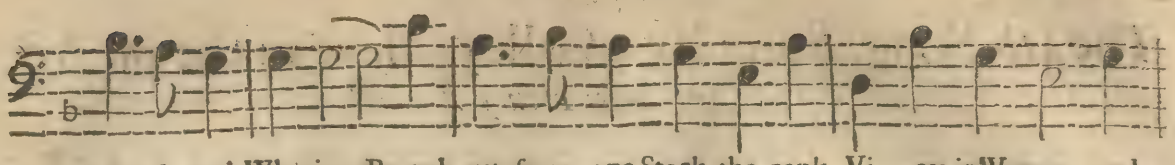
doubt, the Sun is from the Dy--al gone; the Sands are ſu———--nk, are ſunk


ſands are ſu——nk,
the ſands are
the ſands are ſu——
ſunk, the Glaſs is out, the fol——ly of the farce is done.
——nk, the Glaſs is out, the fol——ly of the farce is done.

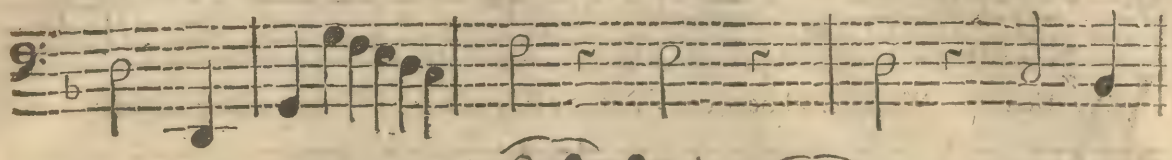
The 4*th*. Song, Sung by a Galley-Slave in the 3*d*. Act.

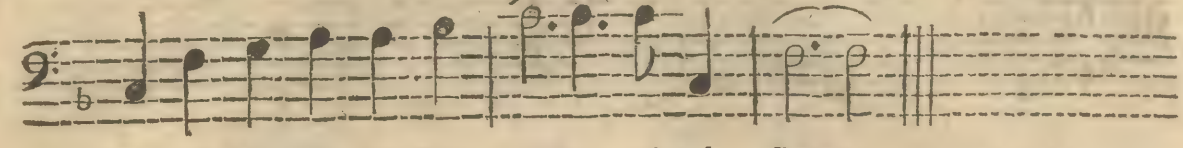
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



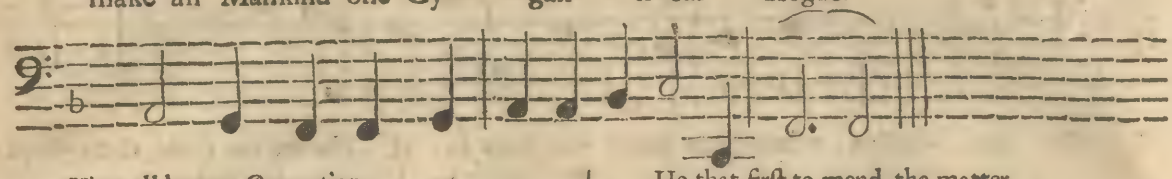


In--ceſt, and Whoring, Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vi---ces in Vogue, and





make all Mankind one Gy——gan——ti--cal Rogue.

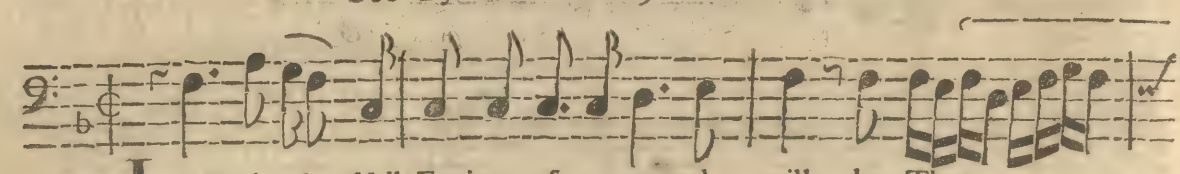


View all human Generation,
You'l find in every Station,
Lean Vertue decays, whilſt Intereſt ſways,
Th'ill Genius of the Nation;
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier *Le cringe*, and the Alderman ſqueez;
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church-Interloper,
The Punk, and the Practiſe of Piety Groper;
But of all, he that fails our true Rites to maintain,
And deſerts the Cauſe Royal is deepeſt in grain.

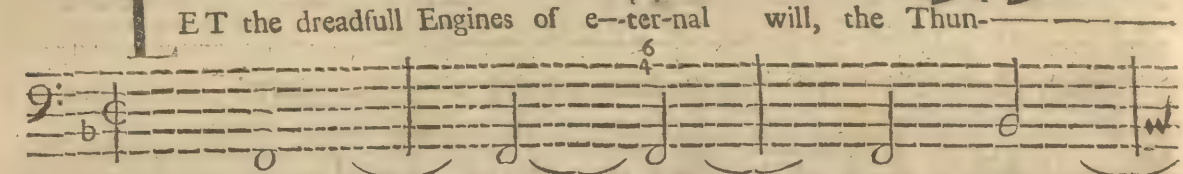
He that firſt to mend the matter,
Made Laws to bind our Nature,
ſhou'd have found a way,
To make Wills obey;
And have Moddel'd new the Creature,
For the ſavage in Man,
From Original ran,
And in ſpight of Confinement now raigns as't began:
Heres Preaching and Praying, and Reaſon diſplaying,
Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying;
Then blame not the Rogue that free-Senſe does enjoy,
Then falls like a Log, and believes-----he ſhall lye.

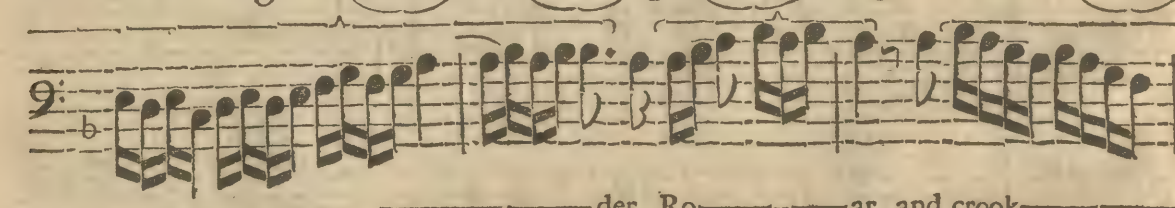
The 5*th*. Song for *Cardenio* in the 4*th*. Act.

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

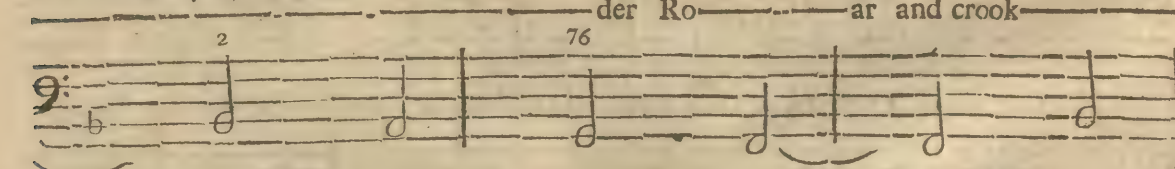


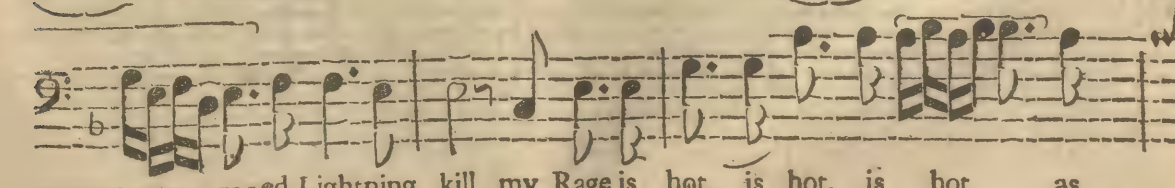
LET the dreadfull Engines of e--ter-nal will, the Thun-



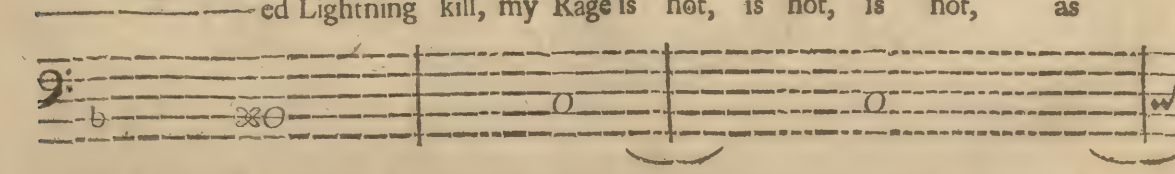


——der Ro——ar and crook





——ed Lightning kill, my Rage is hot, is hot, is hot, as



theirs as fa——tall too, and dares as horrid, and dares as

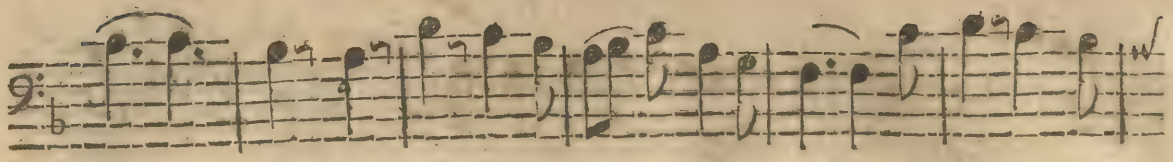
horrid, horrid ex——e---cution do: Or let the Frozen North

its ran——cour ſhow, within my Breaſt far, far grea——

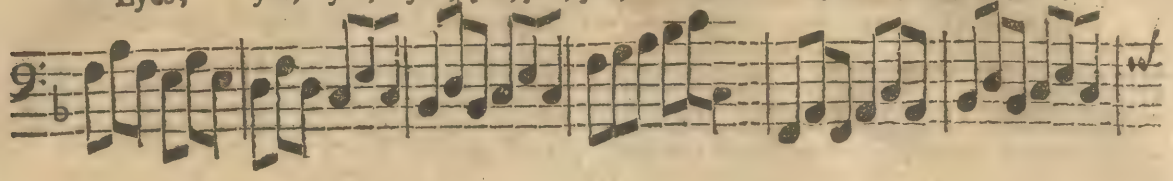
——ter Tempeſts grow; deſpaire's more cold, more co——ld than

a——ll the winds can blow. Can nothing, can no--thing

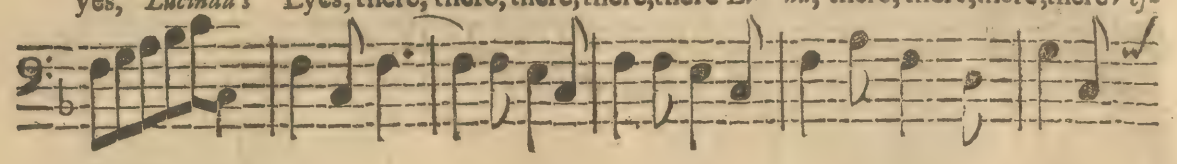
warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's*



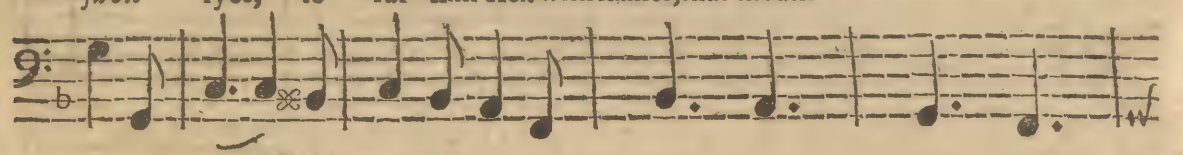
Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes,



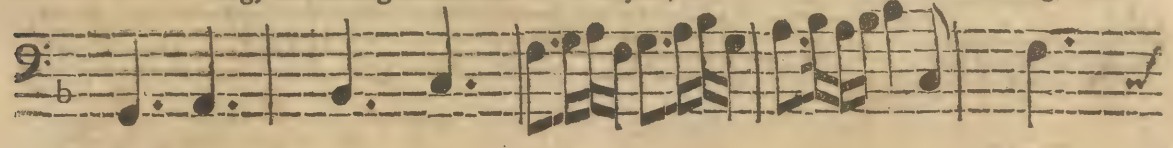
yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; there, there, there, there, there *Et*—*na*, there, there, there, there *Ves*-



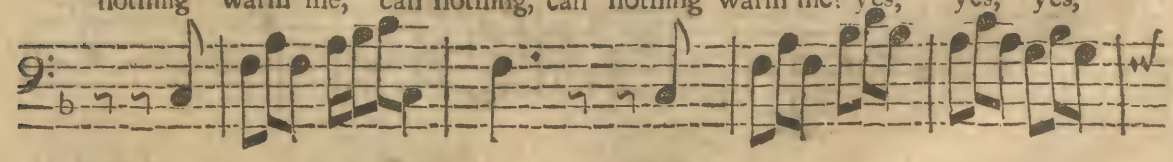
—*suvio* lyes, to fur--nish Hell with flames, that mount——————



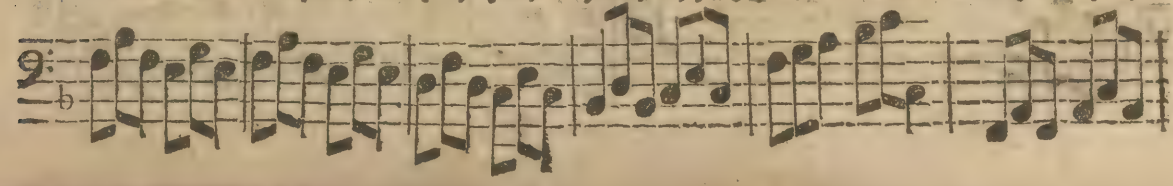
——————ing, mounting reach the Skyes; can nothing, can

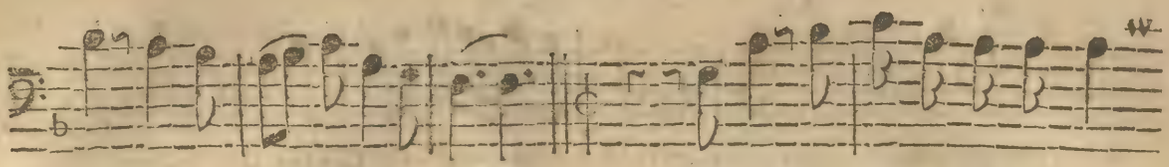


nothing warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes,

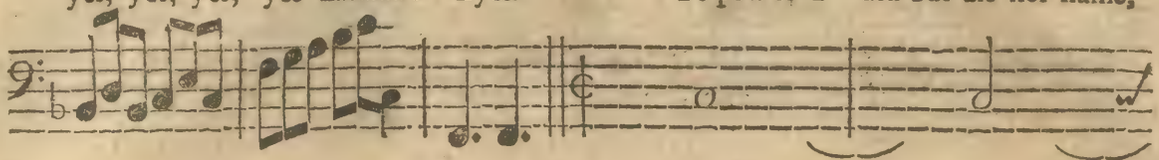


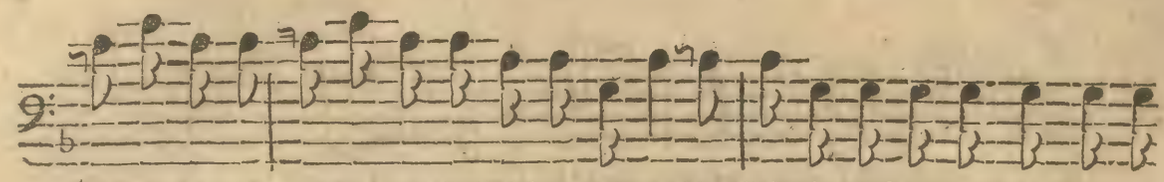
yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes,



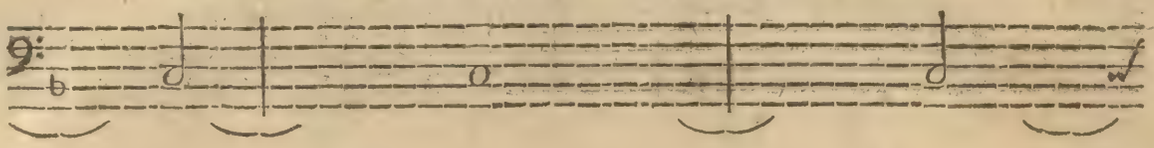


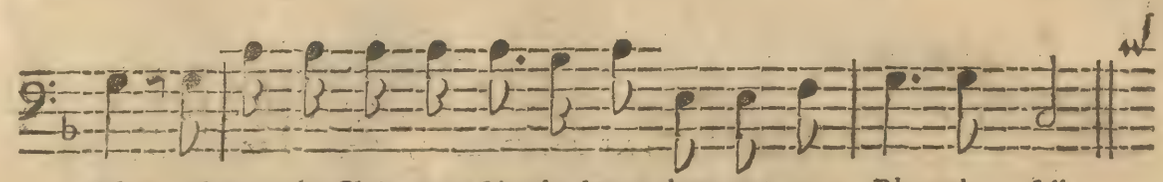
yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes. Ye pow'rs I did but uſe her name,



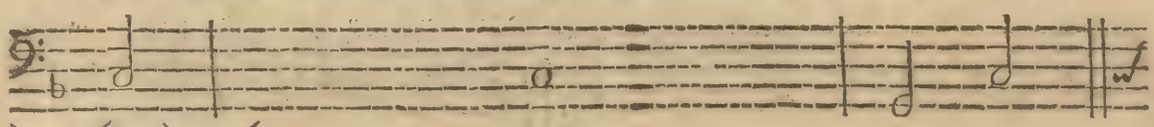


and ſee how all, and ſee how all the Meteors flame, blew lightning flaſhes round the Court of

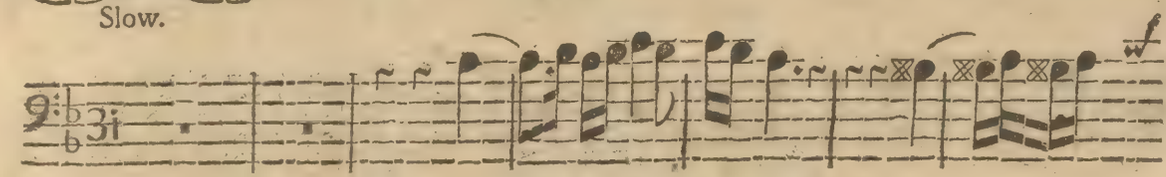




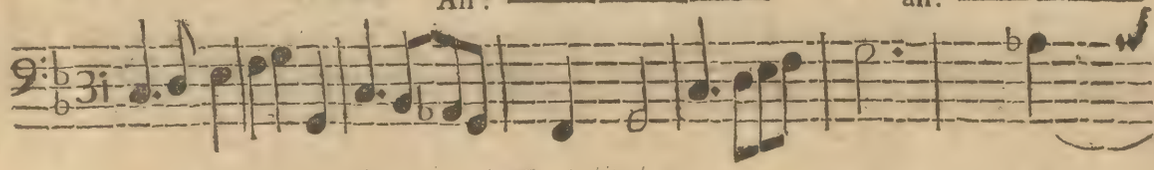
Sol, and now the Globe more feircely burns than once at *Phaeton's* fall.

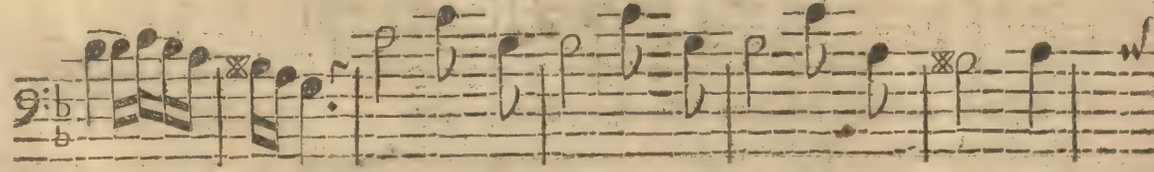


Slow.

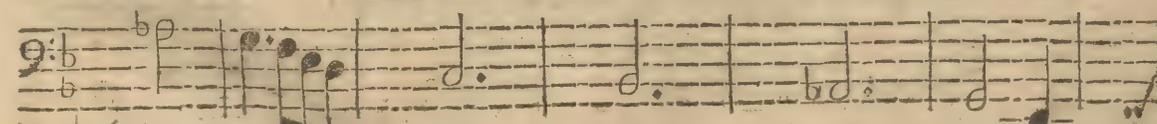


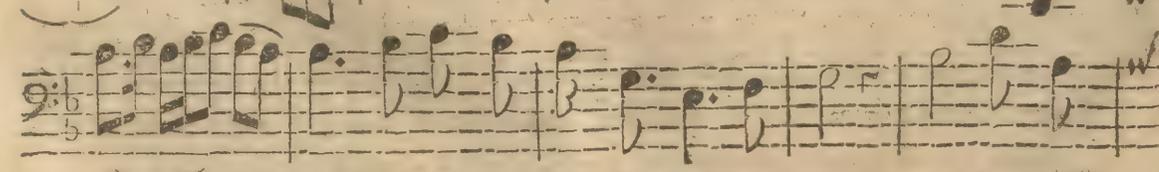
Ah! ah!



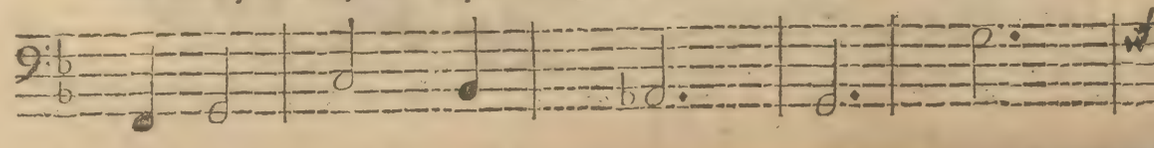


where, where are now, where are now, where are now those





Flow——r'y Groves, where *Zephir's* fragrant winds did play? ah! where are



now, where are now, where are now thoſe flow———r'y Groves, where *Zephir's*

fragrant winds did play ? where guarded by a Troop of Loves, the

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fair, the fair *Lu—cin—da* ſleeping lay, there Sung the Nightingale, and

Lark, around us all was ſweet and gay, we ne're grew ſad till it grew

dark, nor nothing fear'd but ſhort——ning day. I

glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate, why muſt I burn, why muſt I

burn, why, why muſt I burn for this in—grate, why, why muſt I

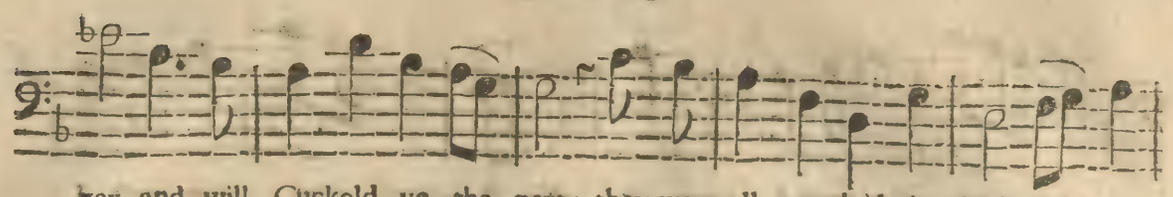
burn for this in—grate; Coole, coole it then, coo—

—le it then, and raile, ſince nothing, no—thing will pre—vaile.

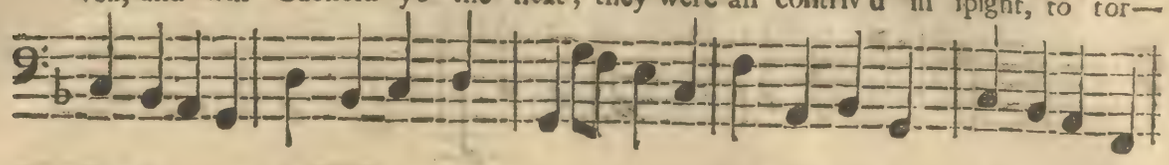
When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till ſhe gains her ends, and for better, and for

Worſe, is for Marrow of the Purſe, where ſhe Jilts you o're and o're, proves a

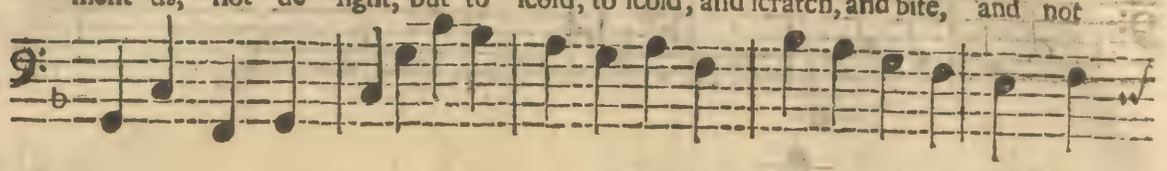
Slattern or a Whore; this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and



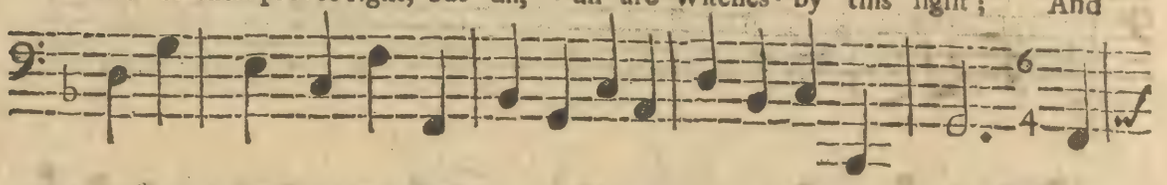
vex, and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all contriv'd in ſpight, to tor—



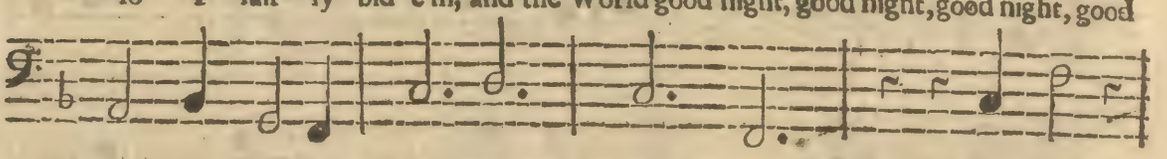
—ment us, not de—light, but to ſcold, to ſcold, and ſcratch, and bite, and not



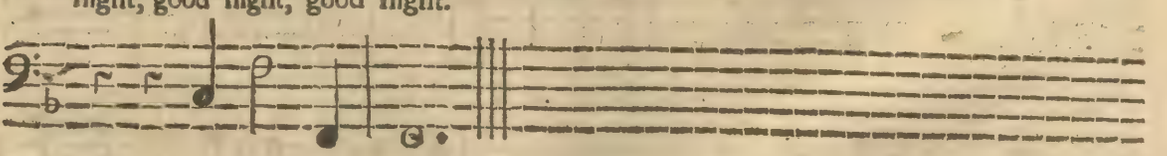
one of them proves right, but all, all are Witches by this light; And



ſo I fair—ly bid e'm, and the World good night, good night, good night, good

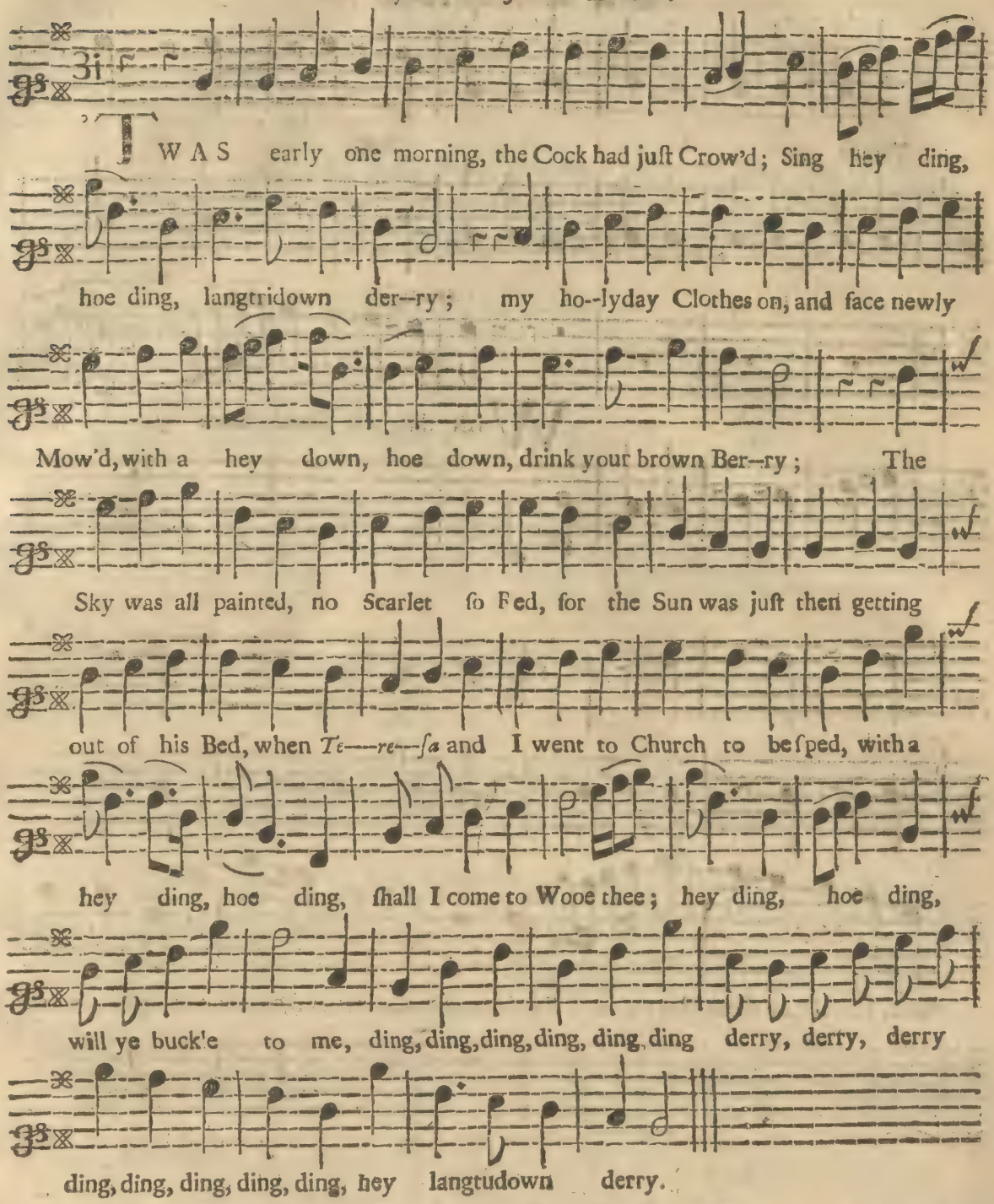


night, good night, good night.



The 6th. Song for *Sancho* in the 4th. Act.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*



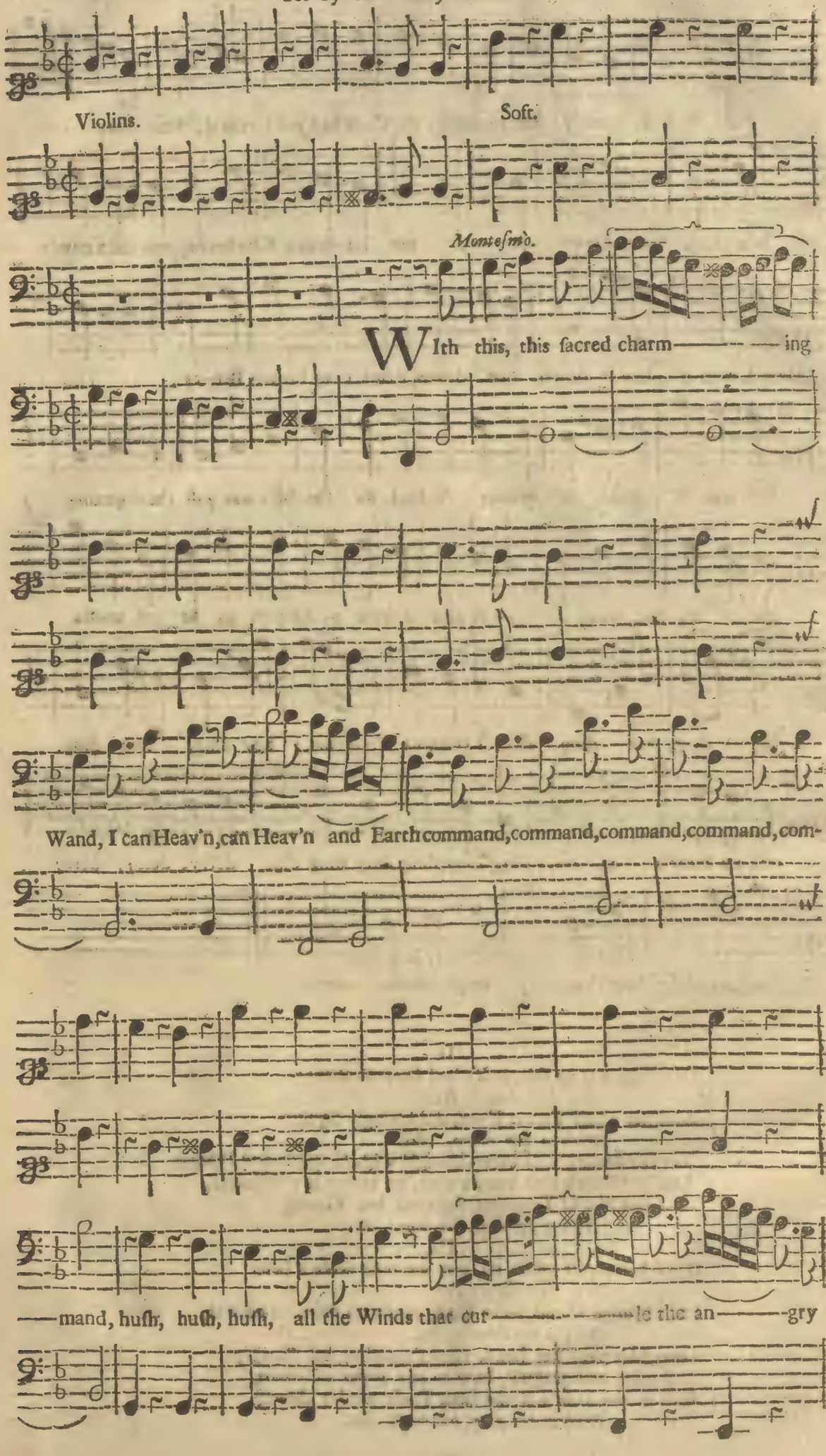
II.

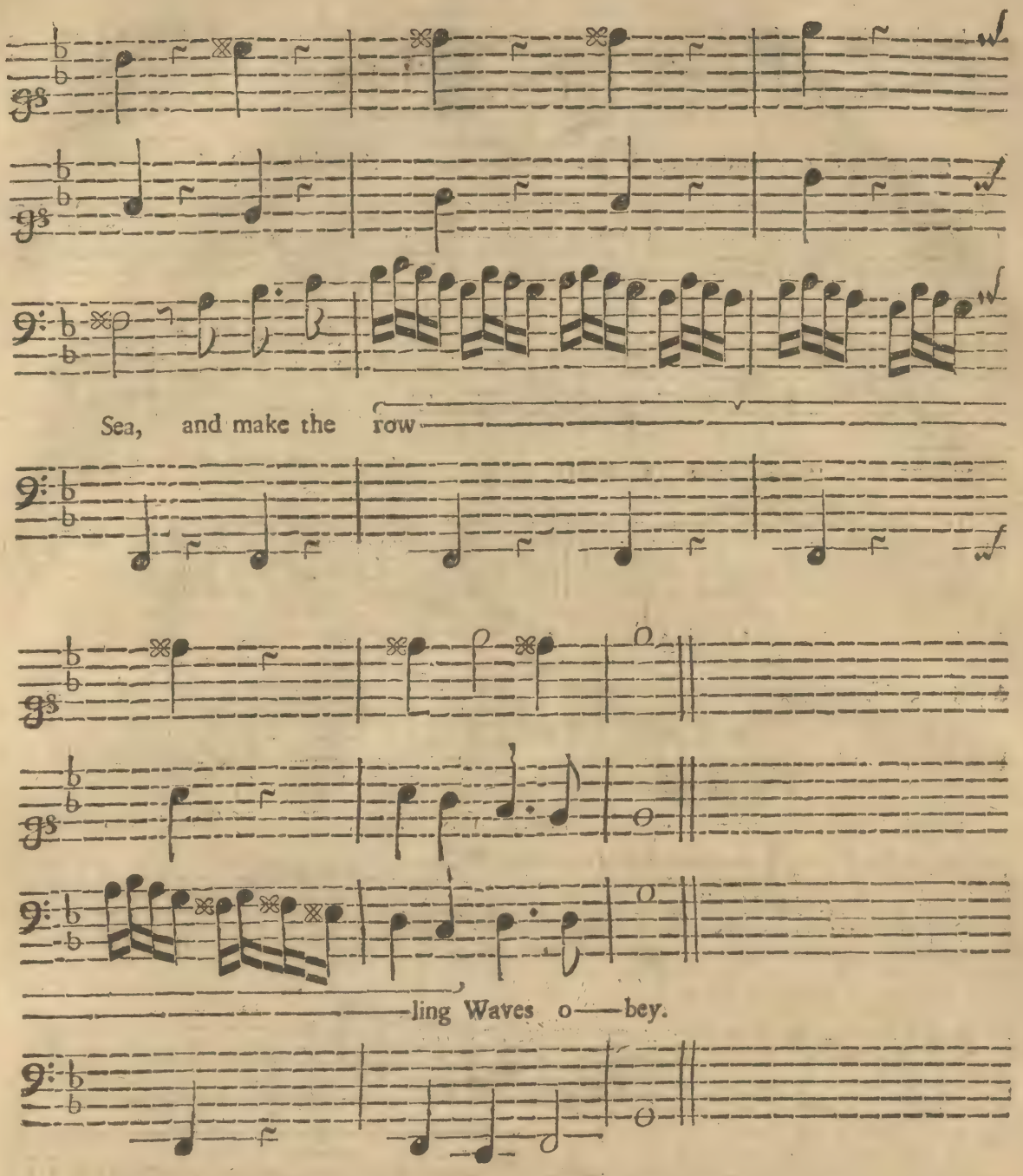
Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, &c.
And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,
With a hey down, &c.
Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were useless, for biting her Thumbs,
Had late like ill Tennants, forsaken her Gums;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

III.

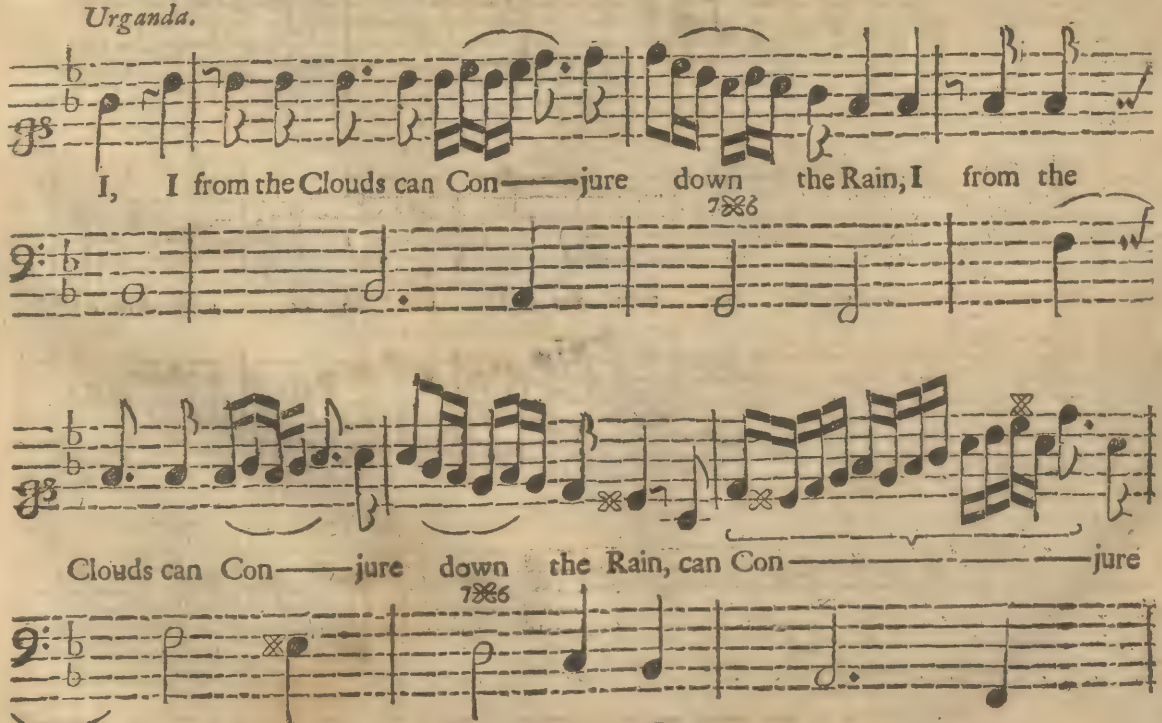
But when night came on, and we both were a bed;
Sing hey ding, &c.
Such strange things were done, ther's no more to be said,
With a hey down, &c.
Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And so we rose up, the same Fools we lay down;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

The 7th. Song for *Montesmò* an Inchanter, and *Melliſſa* and *Urganda* Inchantreſſes. Sung in the 5th. Act of the firſt Part of *Don-Quixot*.
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.




Sea, and make the row
ling Waves o——bey.

Urganda.


I, I from the Clouds can Con——jure down the Rain, I from the
Clouds can Con——jure down the Rain, can Con——jure

down the Rain; and make it De——luge, and make it De——

Melliſſa.

——luge once, once a—gain: I, when I pleaſe, I, when I

pleaſe, make Na——ture ſmile, ſmile, ſmile, as

ga——y, as ga——

——y, as at firſt ſhe did on, as at firſt ſhe did

on her Cre—a—t'on day; Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets, ſhall

fra——grant grow, ſhall fragrant, fra--grant grow, and

make a true *E——li——zium*, and make a true *E*——

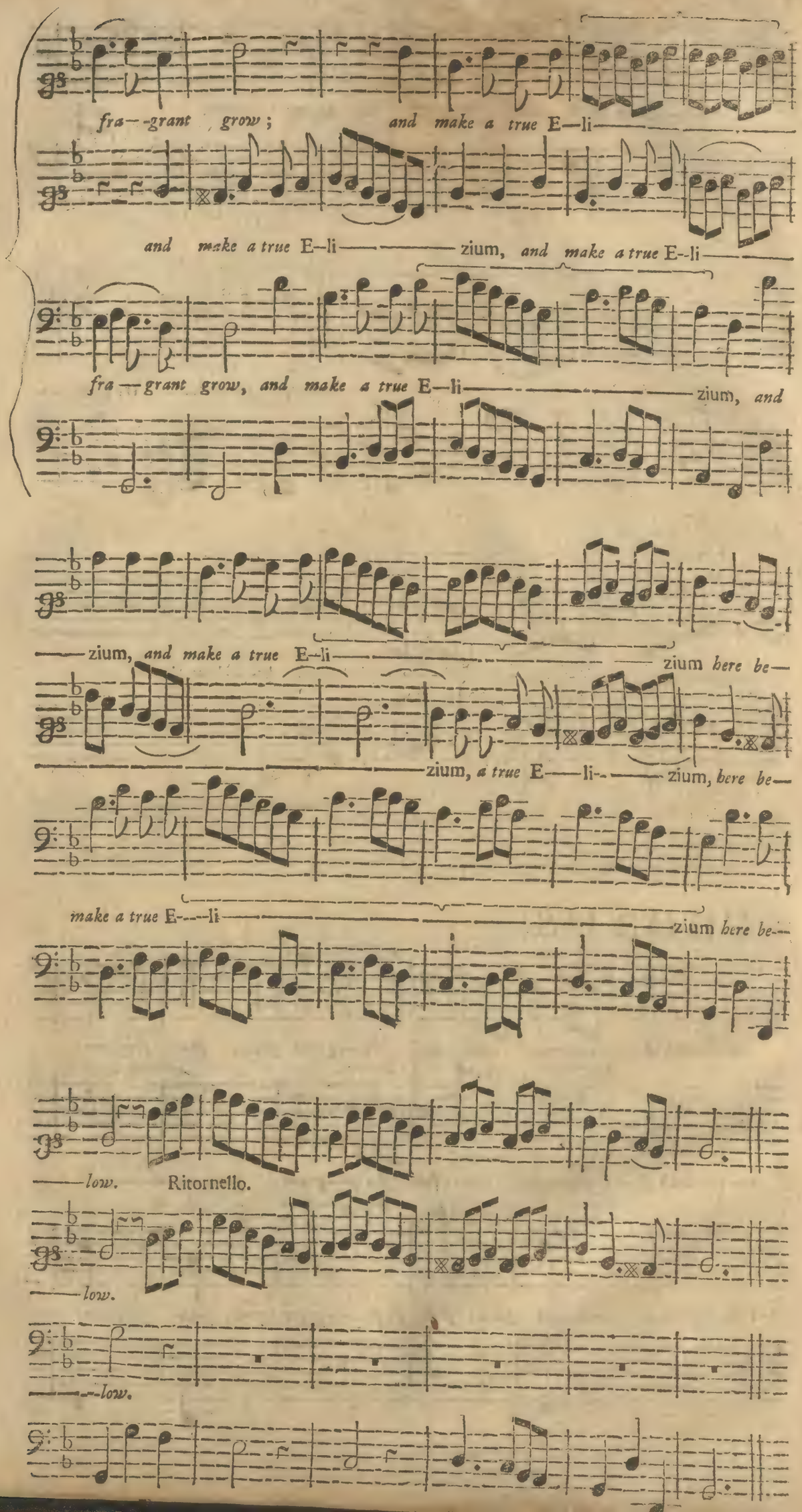
——li——zium heer be——low.

CHORUS.

Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets ſhall fra——grant grow, ſhall fragrant,

Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets ſhall fra——grant gro——w,

Groves with E——ter--nal ſweets ſhall fra——grant grow, ſhall fragrant,


fra--grant grow; and make a true E—li
and make a true E--li zium, and make a true E--li
fra—grant grow, and make a true E—li zium, and
zium, and make a true E--li zium here be—
zium, a true E—li- zium, here be—
make a true E---li zium here be--
low. Ritornello.
low.
low.

Melliſſa.

I can give Beauty, make the aged young, and Love's dear momentary rapture

long; Love's dear momentary rapture long.

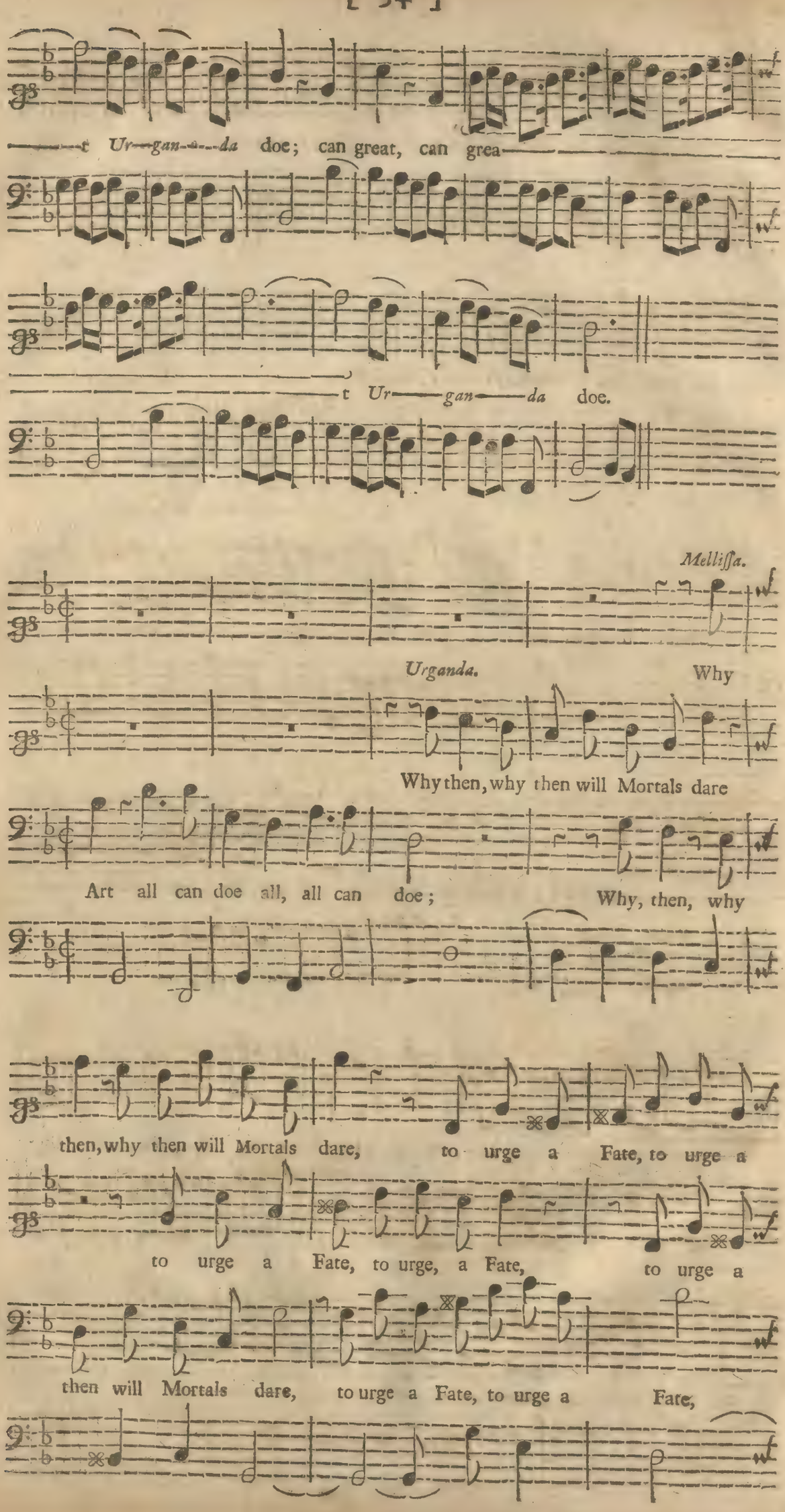
Urganda.

Nature re—ſtore, and life, and life when ſpen——

——t re—new; Nature re—ſtore, and life, and life when ſpen——

——t re—new: all this, all this by Art, all this by

Art can great, can grea——


t Ur—gan—a—da doe; can great, can grea—
t Ur—gan—da doe.
Mellissa.
Urganda.
Why
Why then, why then will Mortals dare
Art all can doe all, all can doe;
Why, then, why
then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a
to urge a Fate, to urge, a Fate, to urge a
then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate,

Fate: why then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a

Fate, to urge a Fate; why then, why then will Mortals dare,

to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate why then, why then will Mortals

Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a

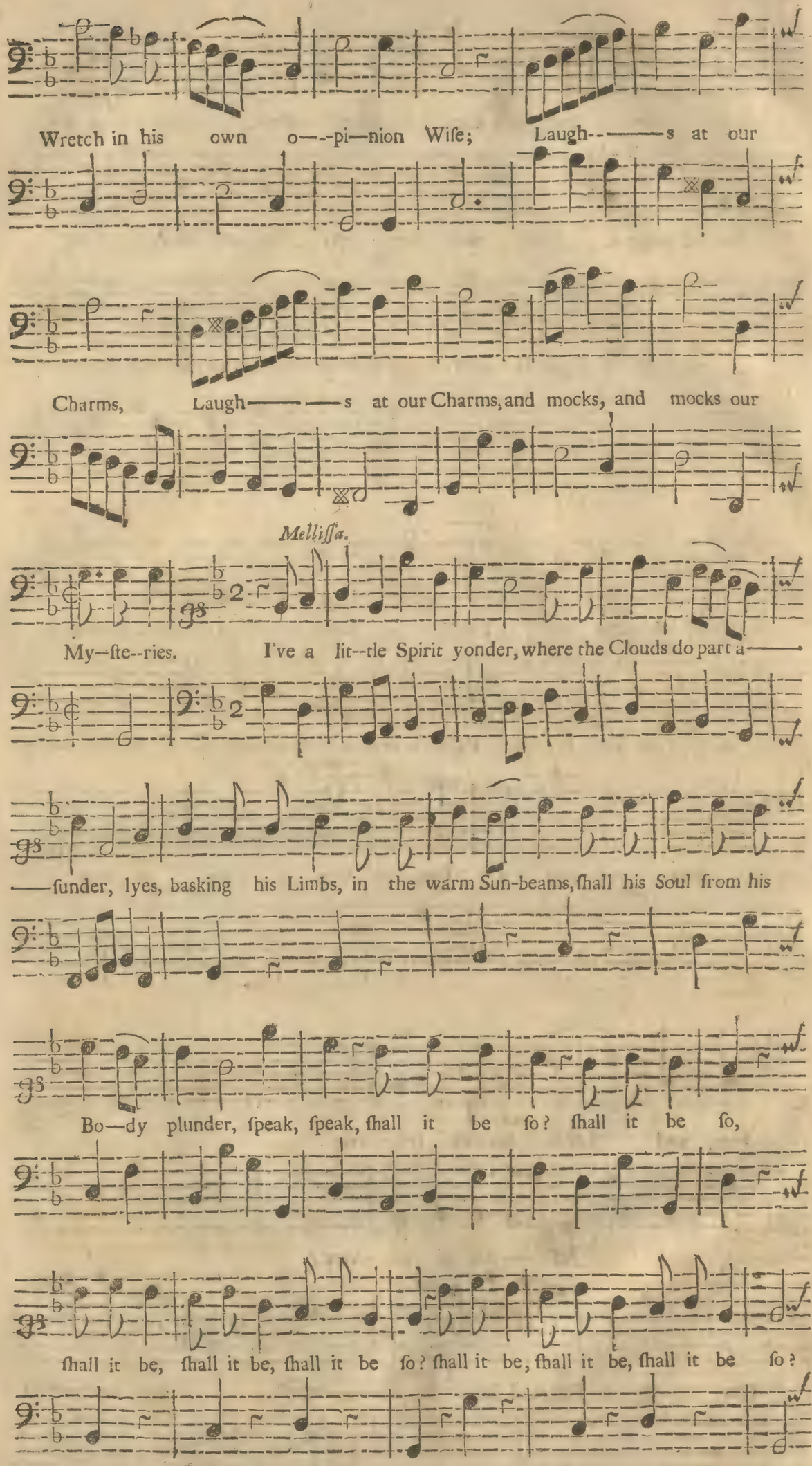
to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fa——

dare to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a

Fate, and Juſ——tice ſo ſe——vere?

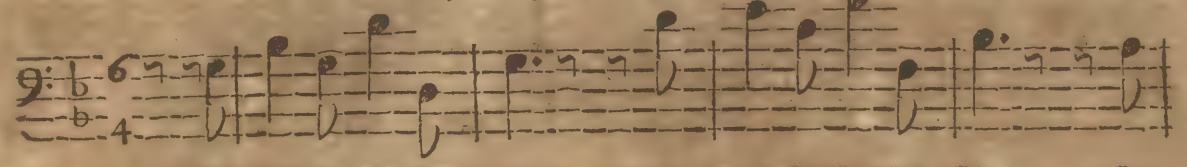
——te, and Juſ——tice ſo ſe——vere?

Fate, to urge a Fate, and Juſtice ſo ſe——vere? See, ſee there a


Wretch in his own o--pi—nion Wiſe; Laugh-——s at our
Charms, Laugh——s at our Charms, and mocks, and mocks our
Melliſſa.
My--ſte--ries. I've a lit--tle Spirit yonder, where the Clouds do part a——
——ſunder, lyes, basking his Limbs, in the warm Sun-beams, ſhall his Soul from his
Bo—dy plunder, ſpeak, ſpeak, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be ſo,
ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo?

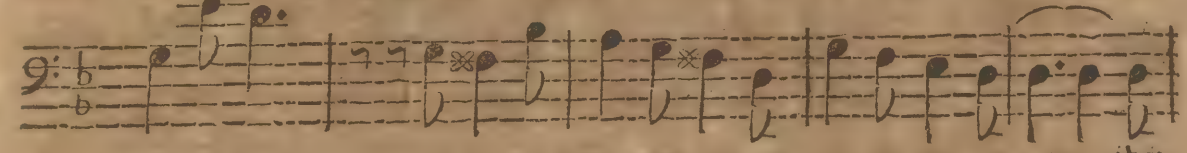
Urganda.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

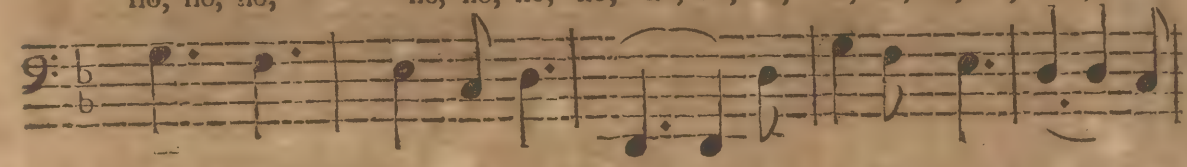


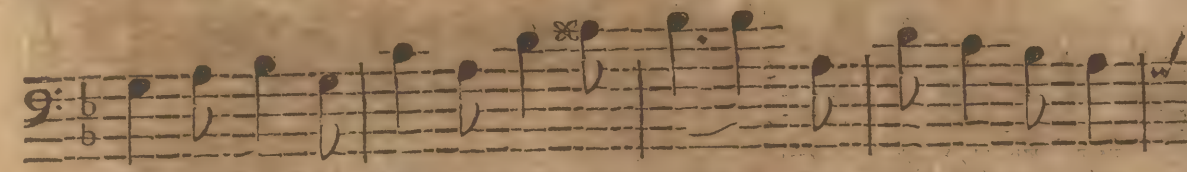
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;

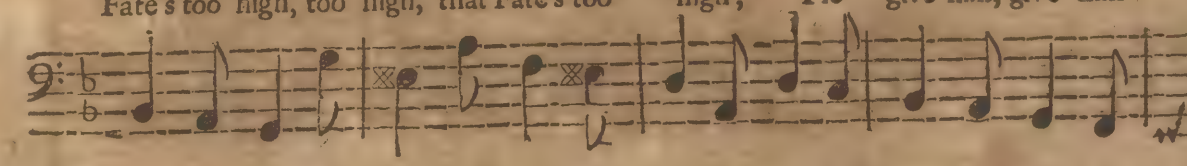


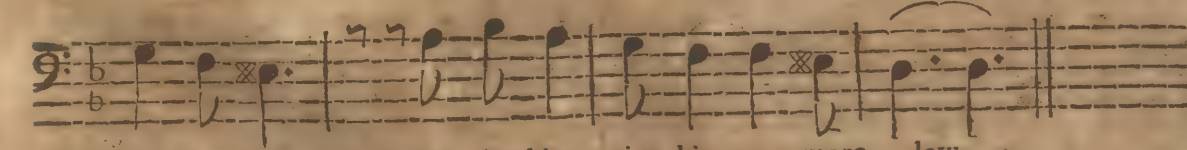
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no; that



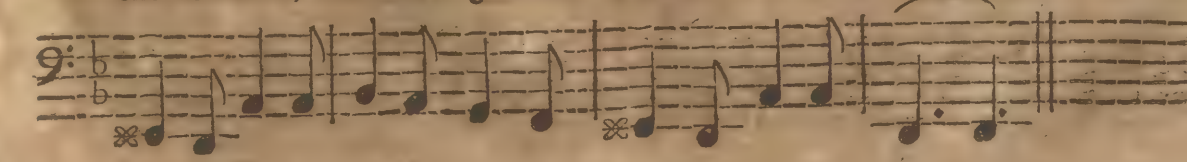


Fate's too high, too high, that Fate's too high; I'le give him, give him





one more low, I'le give him, give him one more low.



Melliſſa.

Let it be ſo, let it be ſo, let it be ſo;

Urganda.

Let it be ſo, let it be, let it be ſo, let it be ſo;

let it be, let it be, let it be ſo; let it be, let it be,

let it be, let it be, let it be ſo; let it be, let it be,

let it be ſo.

let it be ſo. Appear, appear, appear, appear ye fat Fiends that in

Limbo do groan, that were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that

always, you that always in *Lu—ci--fer's* Kitchin re—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and

Kettles, and Greaſe newly fry'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

day with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Raſhers of Fools for a

Break-faſt on Coals, this Mortal from hence to con--vey, to con——

——vey try your skill; thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma—gi——cal

orders ful——fill, thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma--gi-cal orders ful——fill.

CHORUS. Violins the ſame.

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fatt Fiends that in

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fatt Fiends that in

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fat Fiends that in

Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that

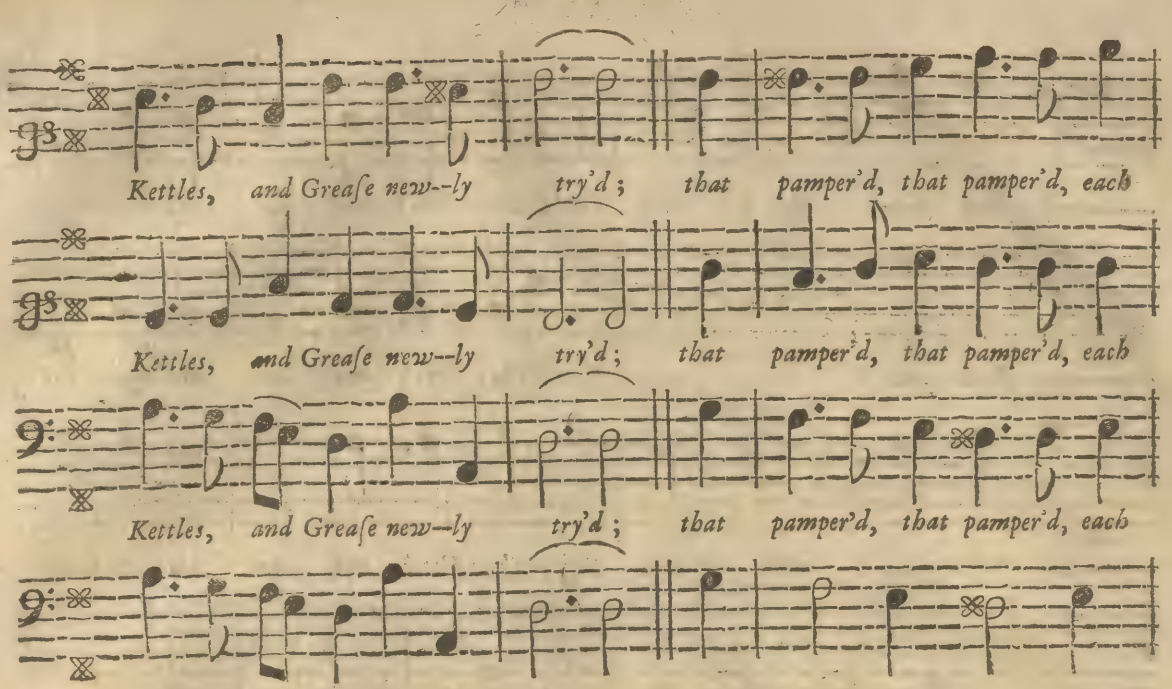
Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that

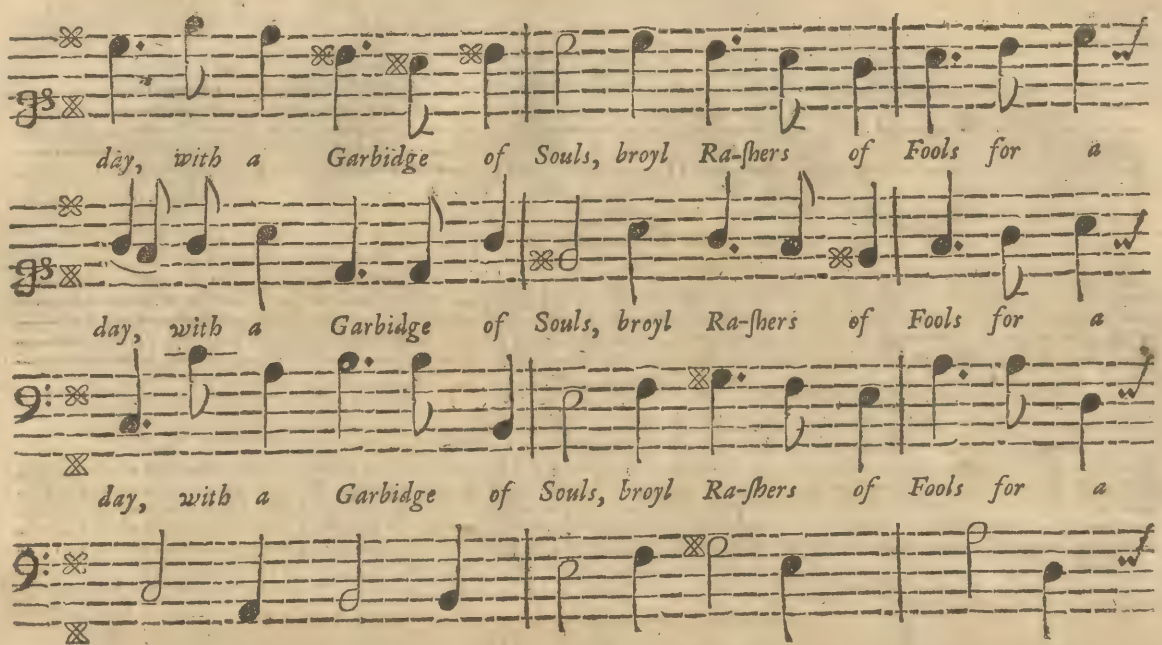
Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that

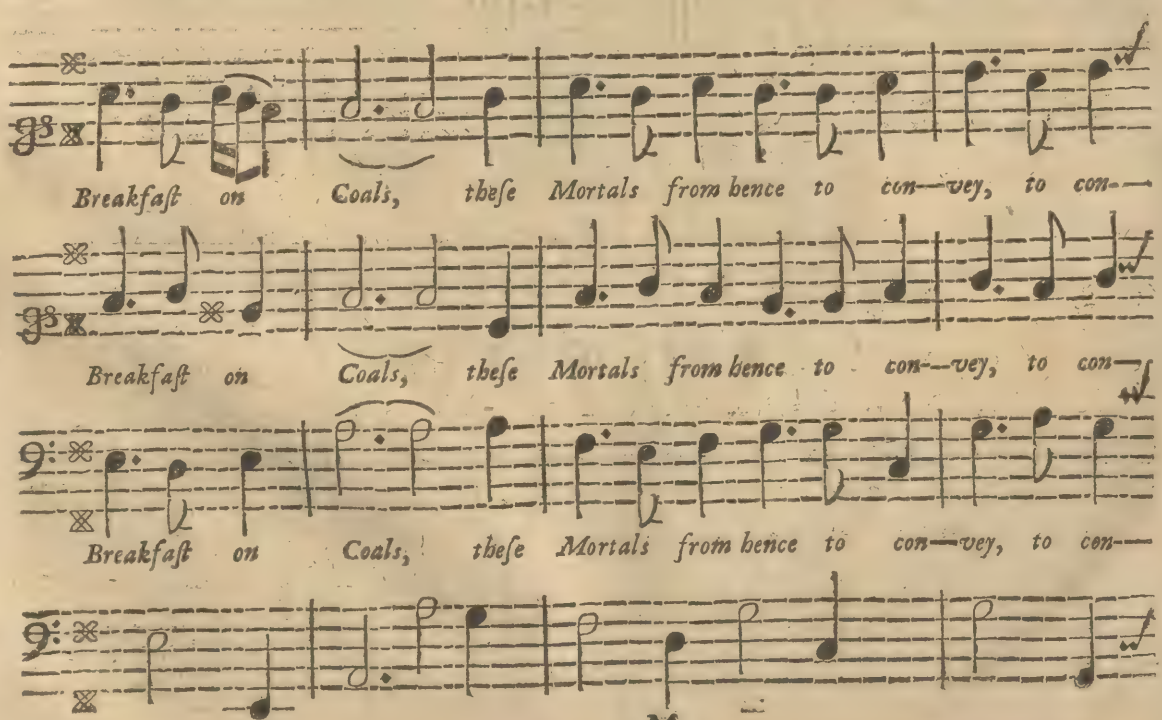
always, you that always in Lu—ci—fer's *Kitchin re—ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and*

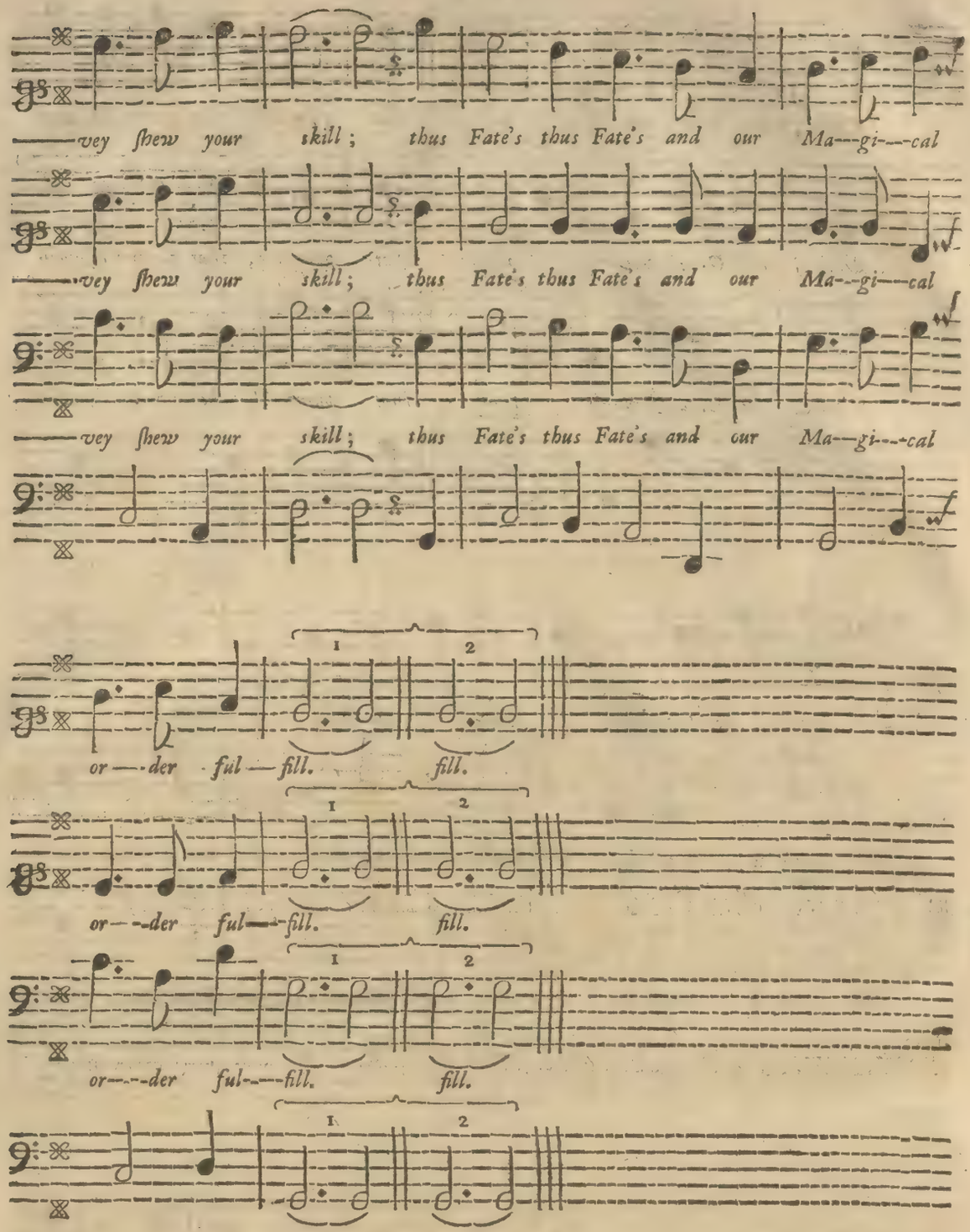
always, you that always in Lu—ci—fer's *Kitchin re—ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and*

always, you that always in Lu—ci—fer's *Kitchin re—ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and*


Kettles, and Greaſe new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each
Kettles, and Greaſe new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each
Kettles, and Greaſe new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each


day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-ſhers of Fools for a
day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-ſhers of Fools for a
day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-ſhers of Fools for a


Breakfaſt on Coals, theſe Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--
Breakfaſt on Coals, theſe Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--
Breakfaſt on Coals, theſe Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--


vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma--gi--cal
vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma--gi--cal
vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma--gi--cal
or--der ful--fill. fill.
or--der ful--fill. fill.
or--der ful--fill. fill.

FINIS.

THE SONGS IN THE Indian QUEEN:

As it is now Compos'd into an

OPERA.

By Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*,
Composer in Ordinary to his Majesty.
And one of the Organists of his Majesty's Chapel-Royal.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*; and are to be Sold by *John May*, at his Shop under St. *Dunstan's* Church: And for *John Hudgbutt* at *Tho. Dring's*, Bookseller, at the *Harrow* at *Clifford's-lane-end* in *Fleetstreet*. 1695. †

† N.B. the year that Purcell died.

rcw 278
D63/12

The Publishers, to Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

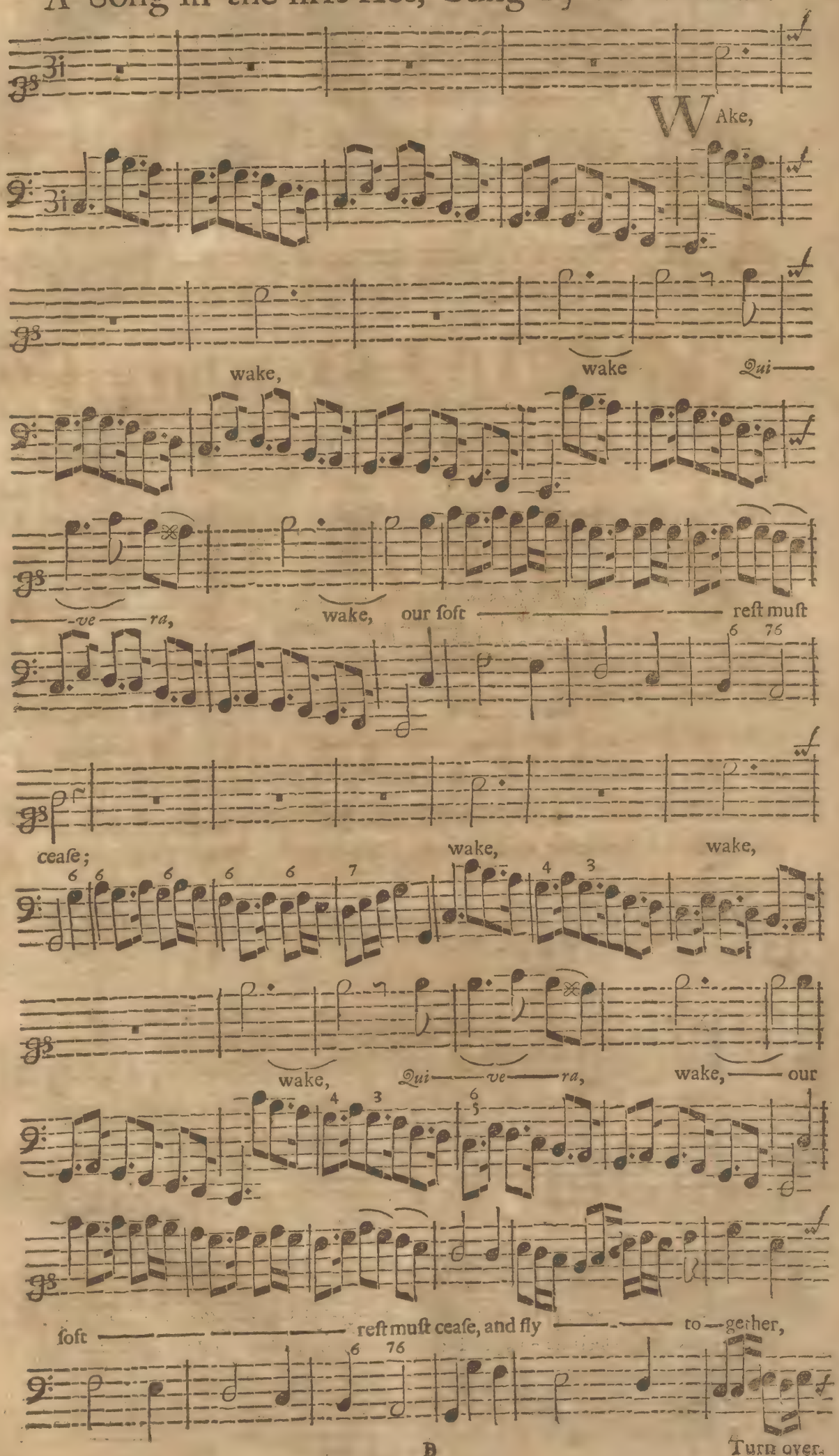
SIR,

HAving had the good Fortune to meet with the Score or Original Draught of your Incomparable Essay of Musick compos'd for the Play, call'd The Indian Queen. *It soon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that so rich a Treasure should any longer lie bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Common-wealth of Musick should be depriv'd of so considerable a Benefit. Indeed we well knew your innate Modesty to be such, as not to be easily prevail'd upon to set forth any thing in Print, much less to Patronize your own Works, although in some respects Inimitable. But in regard that (the Press being now open) any one might print an imperfect Copy of these admirable Songs, or publish them in the nature of a Common Ballad, We were so much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Design; not doubting but your accustomed Candor and Generosity will induce you to pardon this Presumption: As for our parts, if you shall think fit to condescend so far, we shall always endeavour to approve our selves,*

Your Obedient Servants,

J. May,
J. Hudgebutt.

A Song in the first Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



Turn over.

and fly ——————————————— to—ge—ther

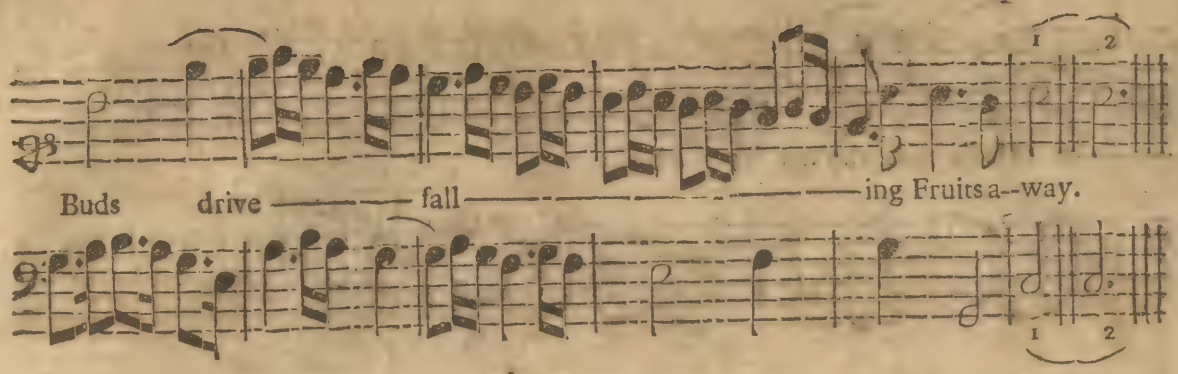
with our Country's peace; no

more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no, ——— no

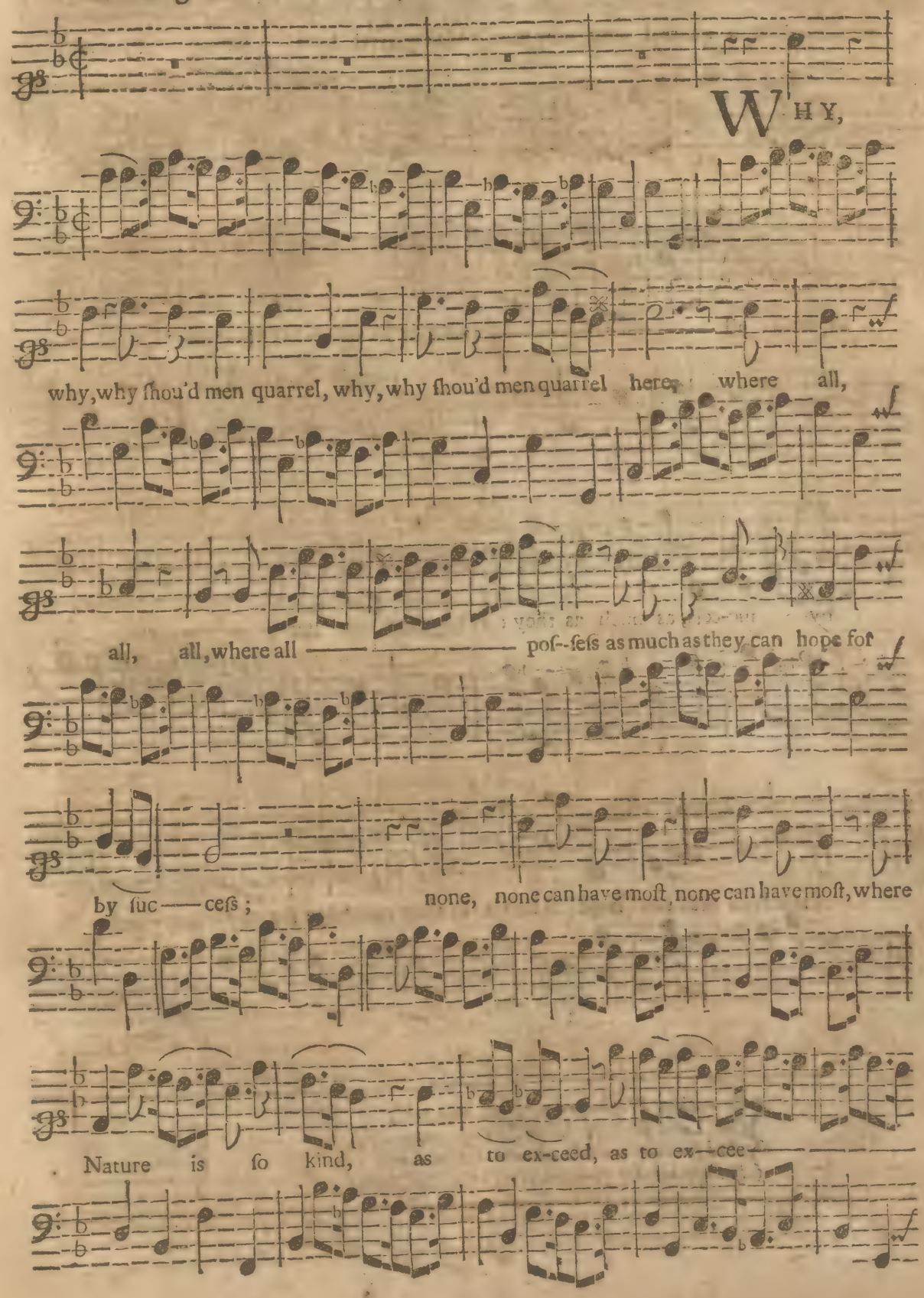
more must we sleep, must we sleep under Plan--———tain shade, which neither

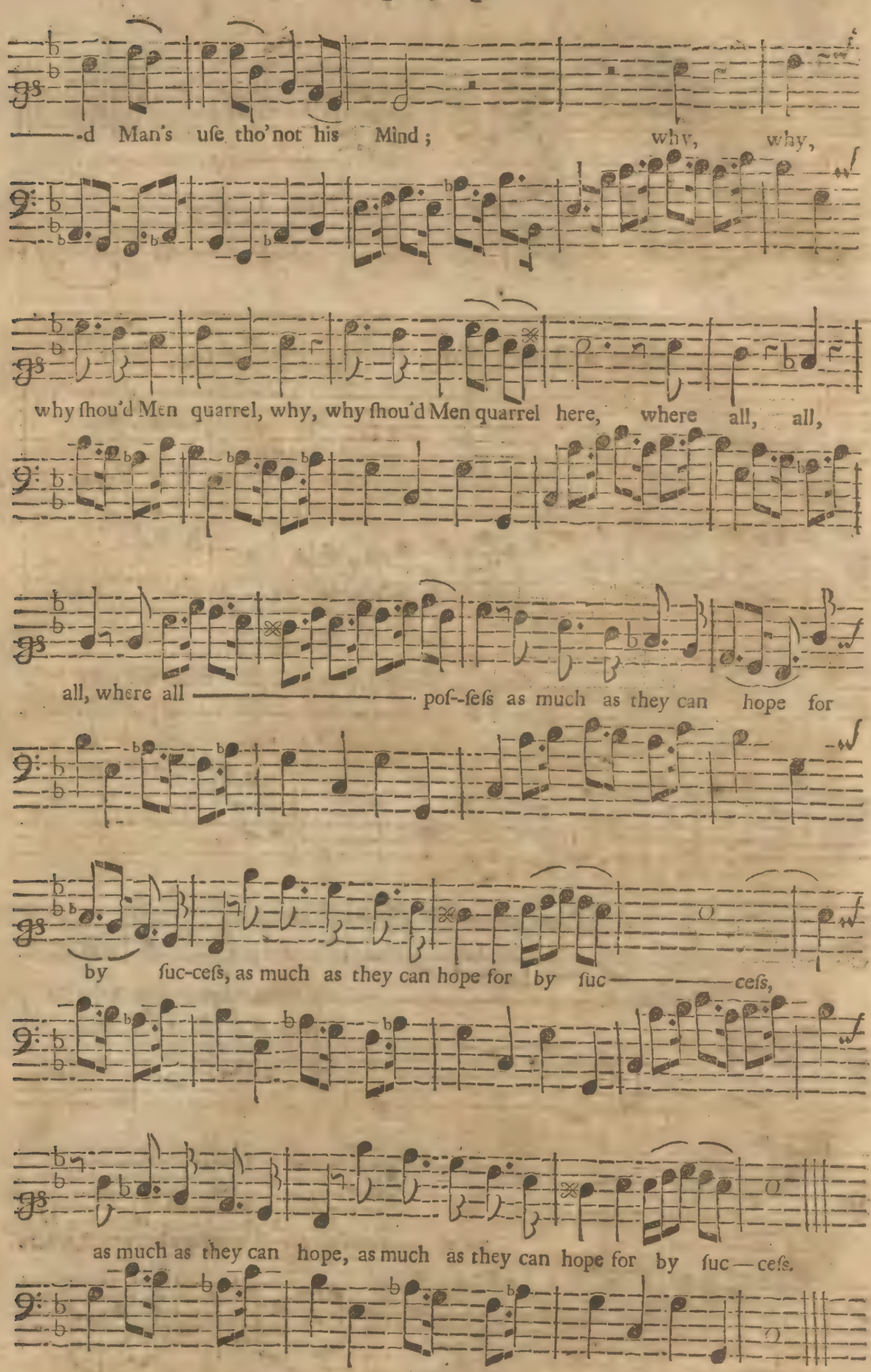
Heat could peirce, nor Cold in-vade; where bount'ous Nature never, never, never,

never, never, never feels de--cay, and op'———ning Buds, and op'———ning



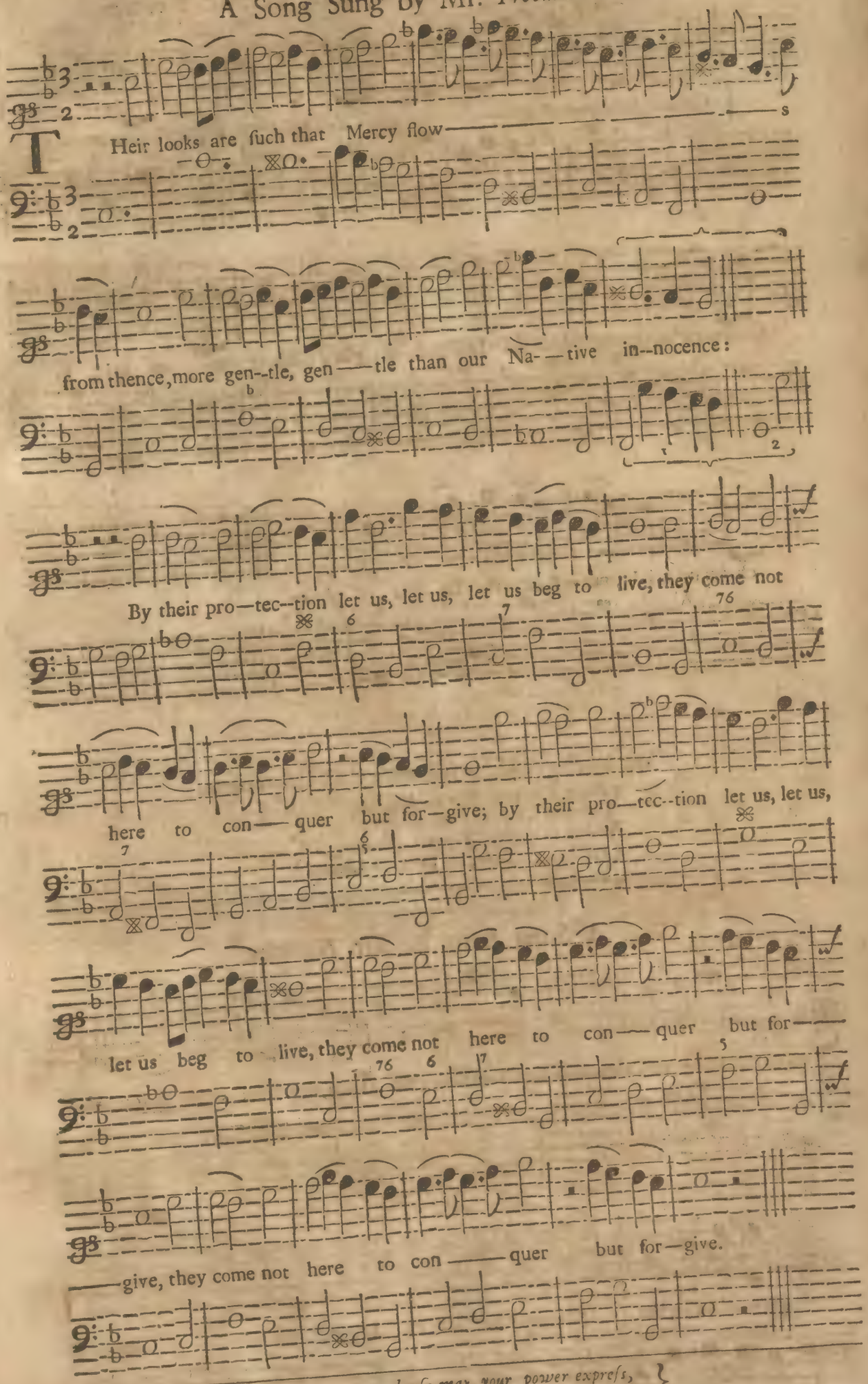
A Song in the firſt Act, Sung by the Boy with *Flutes*.





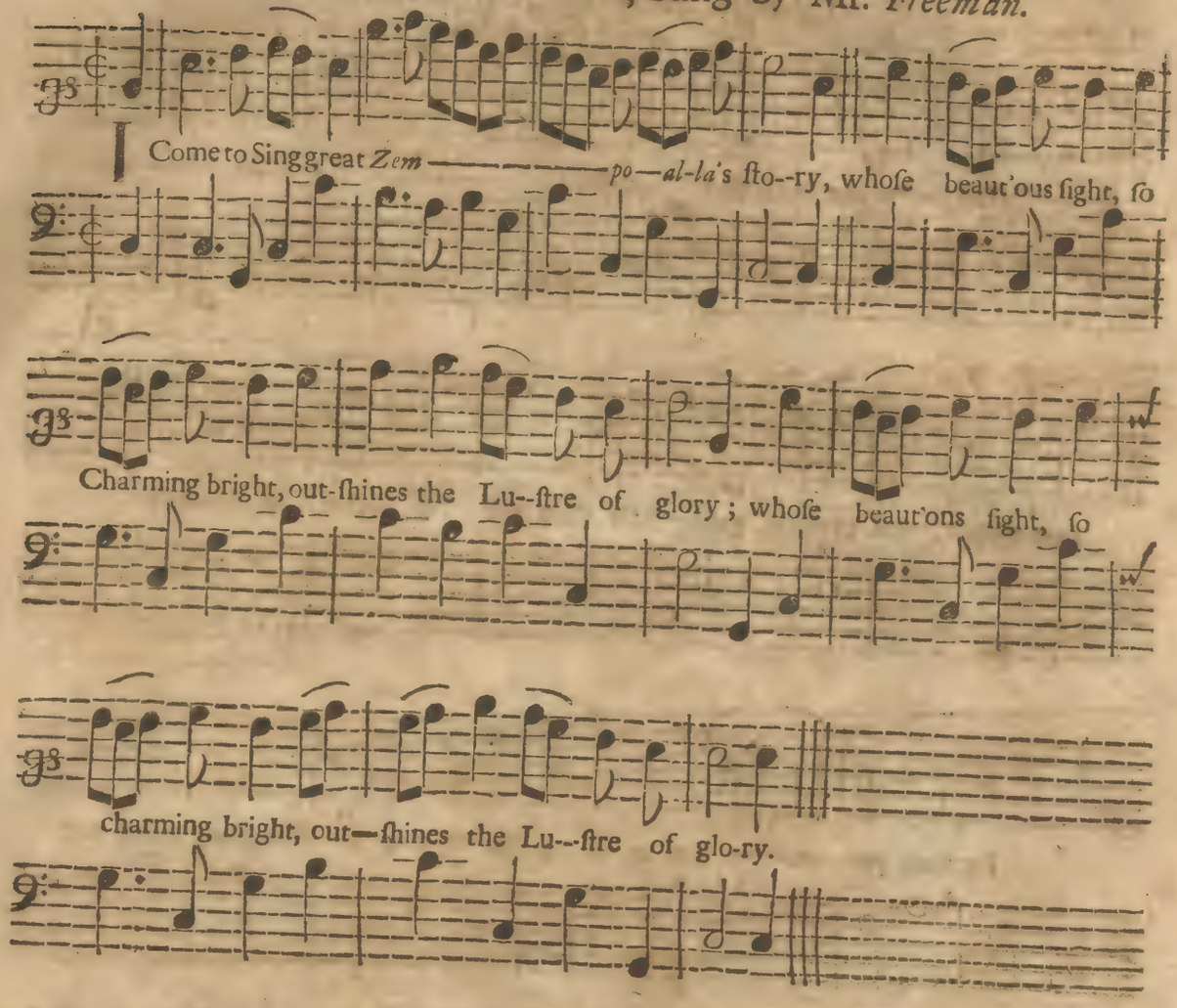
By antient Prophecyes we have been told,
Our Land ſhall be ſubdu'd by one more old,
And ſee that world's already hither come,
If theſe be they, we welcome then our doom.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.



If ſo your goodneſs may your power expreſs,
And we ſhall judge both beſt by our Succeſs.

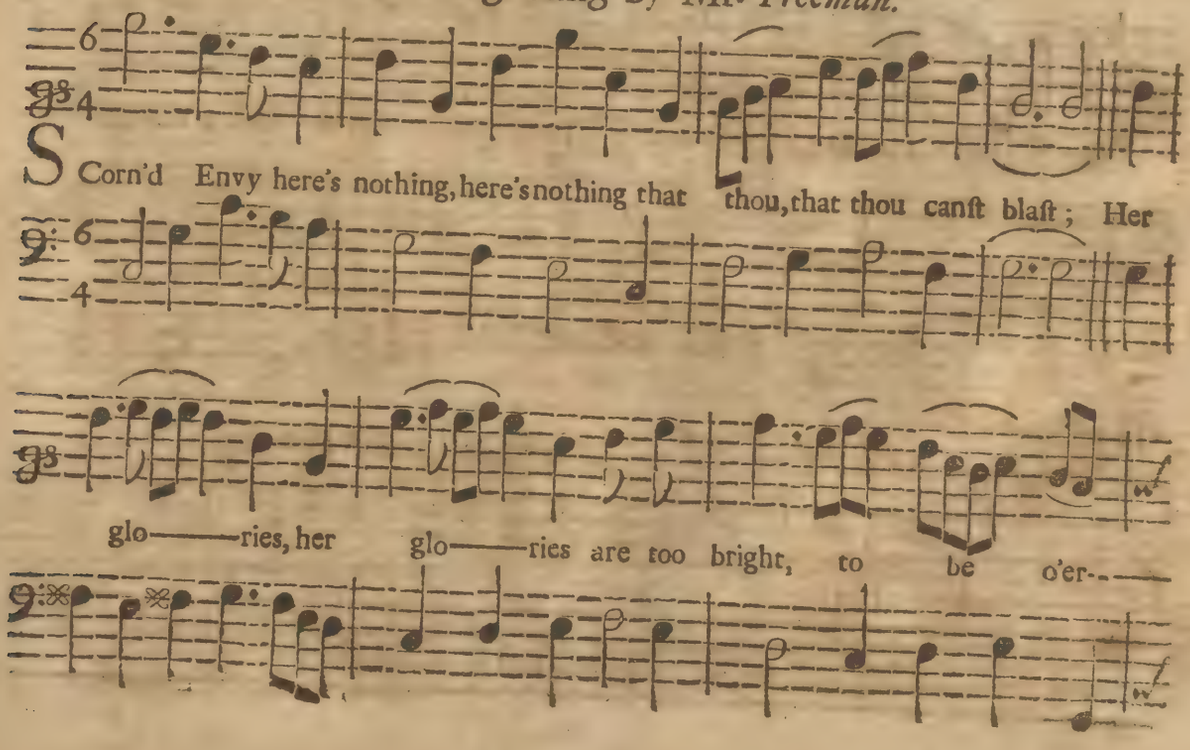
A Song in the Second Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

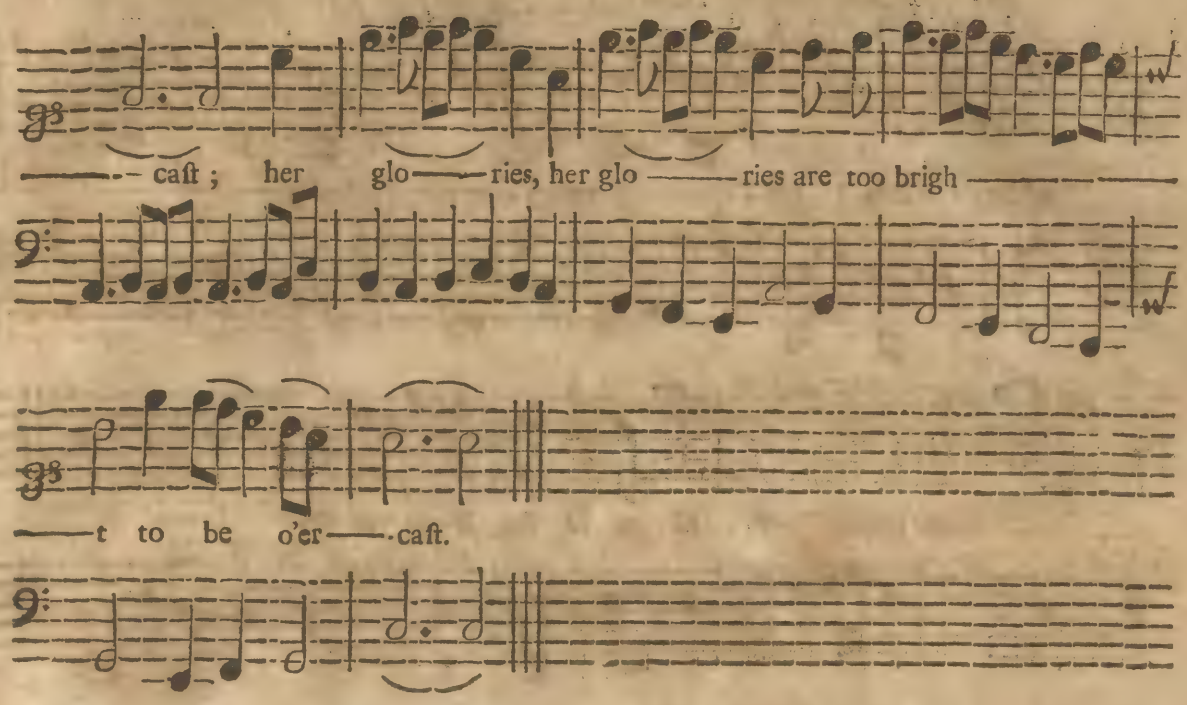


Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

What Flat'ring noiſe is this,
At which my Snakes *all hiſs;*
I hate to ſee fond Tongues advance,
High as the Gods, the ſlaves of Chance.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

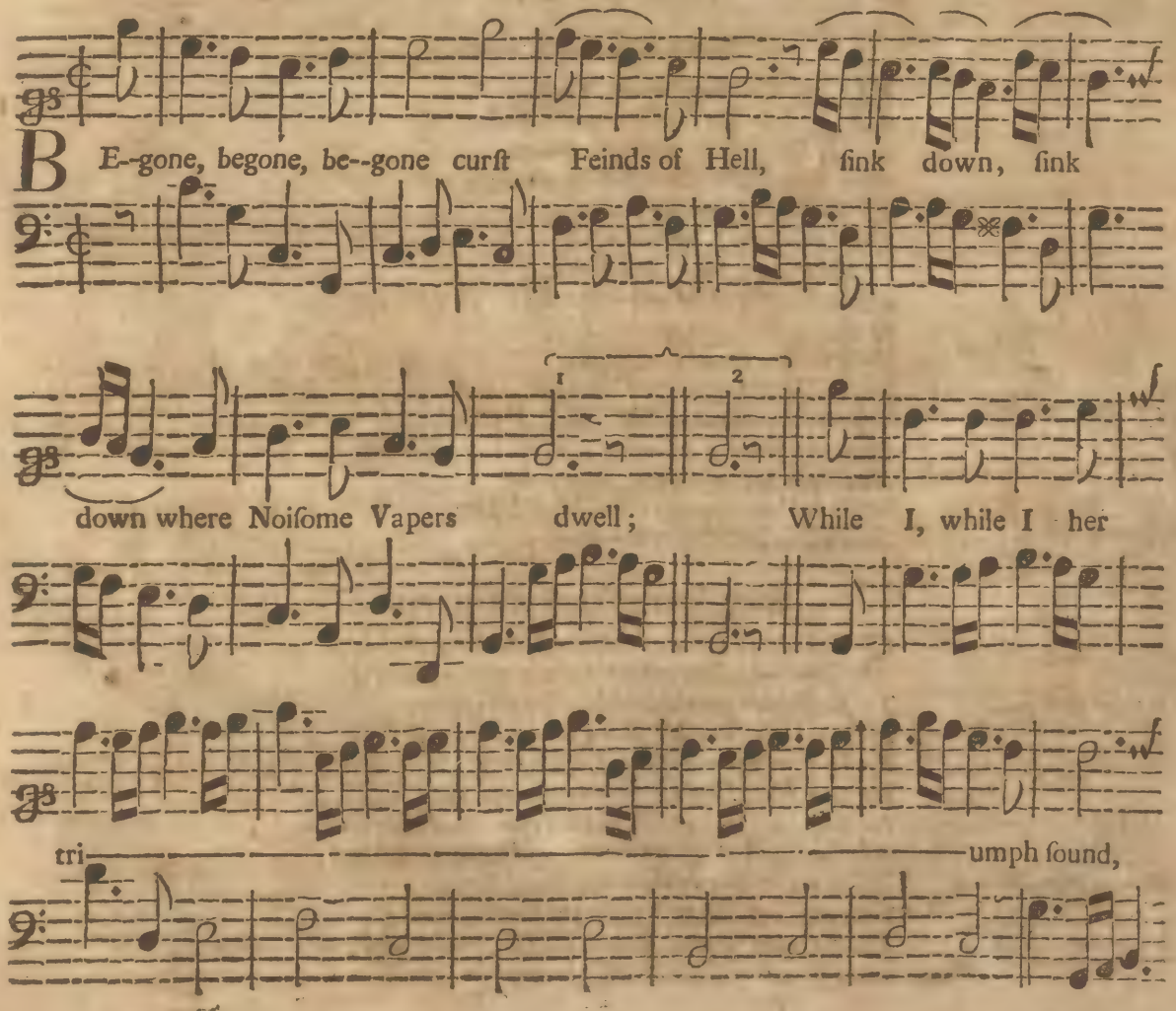




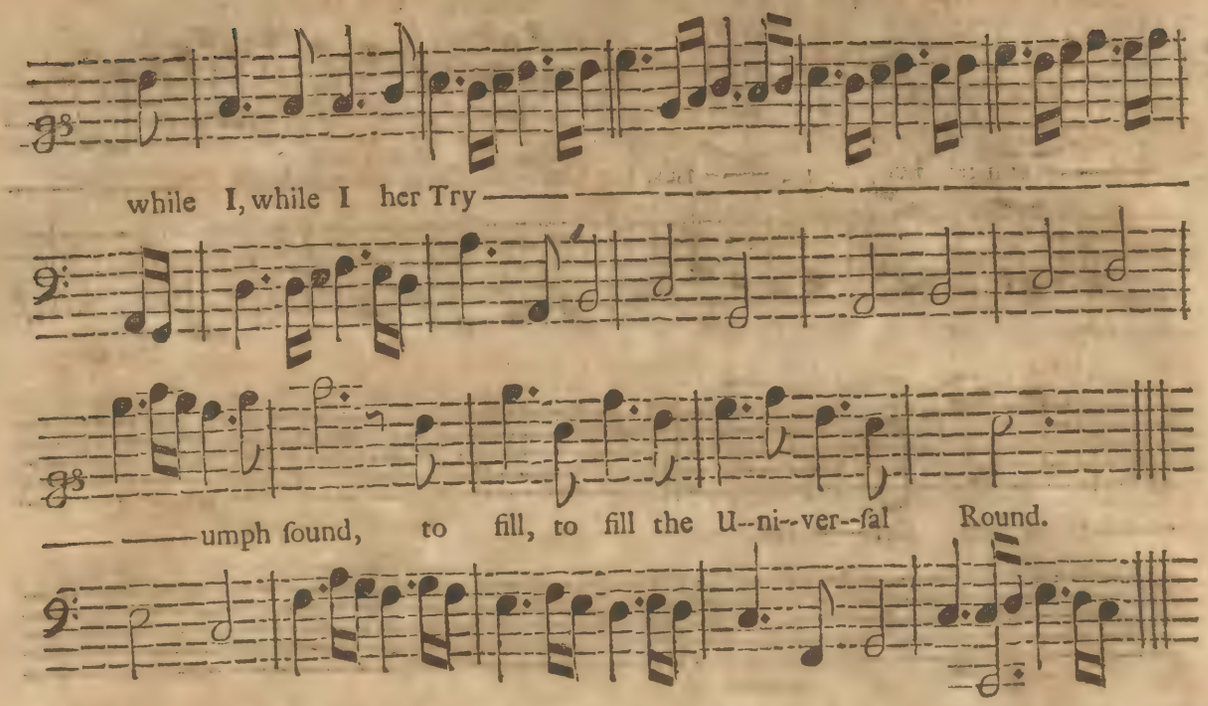
Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

I fly from the place where Flaterry reigns,
See thoſe mighty things that before,
Such ſlaves like Gods did adore,
Contemn'd and unpitty'd in Chains.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.



Turn over.



Sung by a Conjurer.

YOu twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily Sacrifice;
Ye Powr's that dwell with Fates below,
And ſee what Men are doom'd to doe;
Where Elements in Diſcord dwell,
Thou God of Sleep, ariſe, and tell,
Great Zempoalla *what ſtrange Fate,*
Muſt on her *diſmall Viſion wait.*

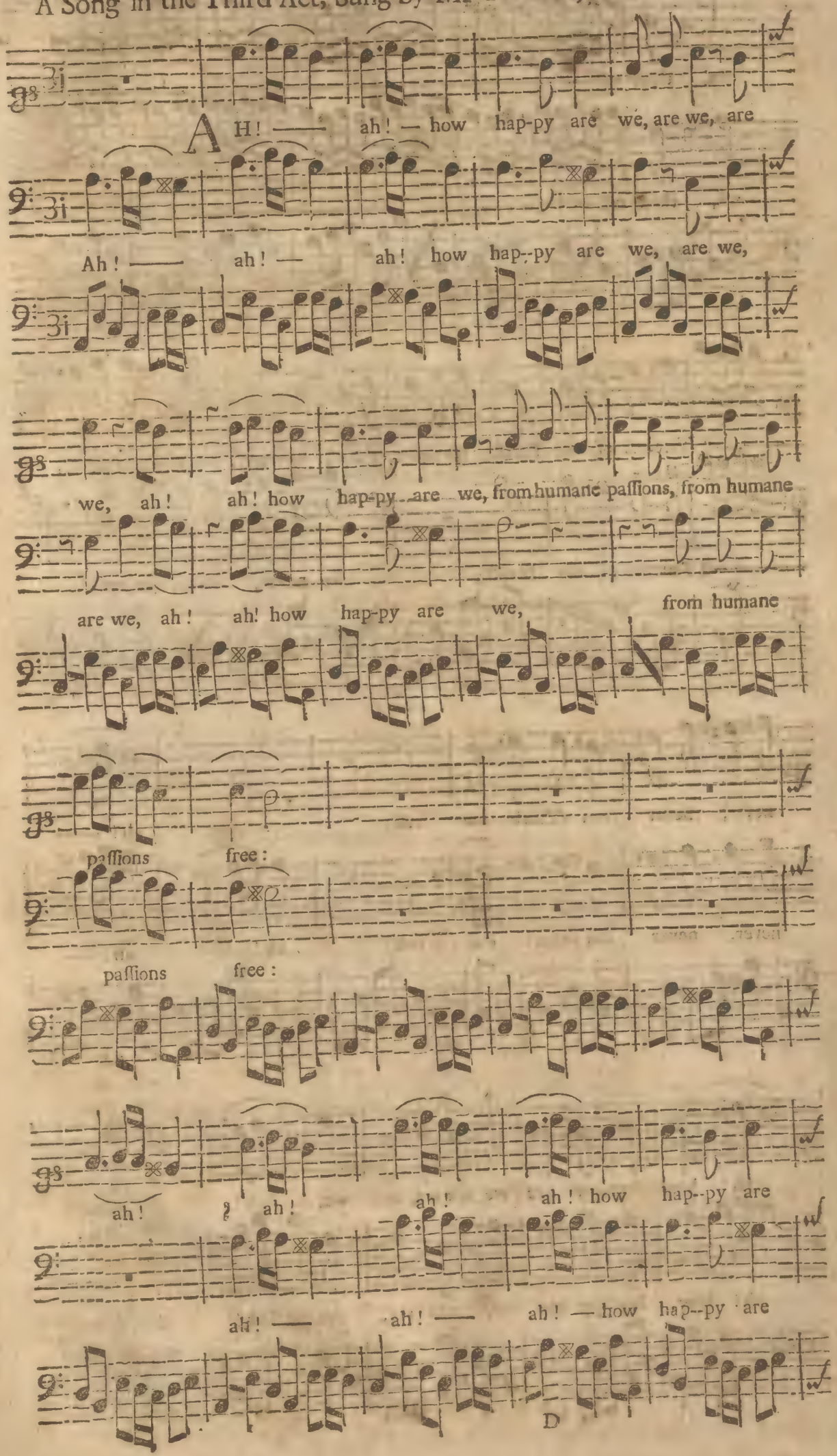
The Conjurer's Charm.

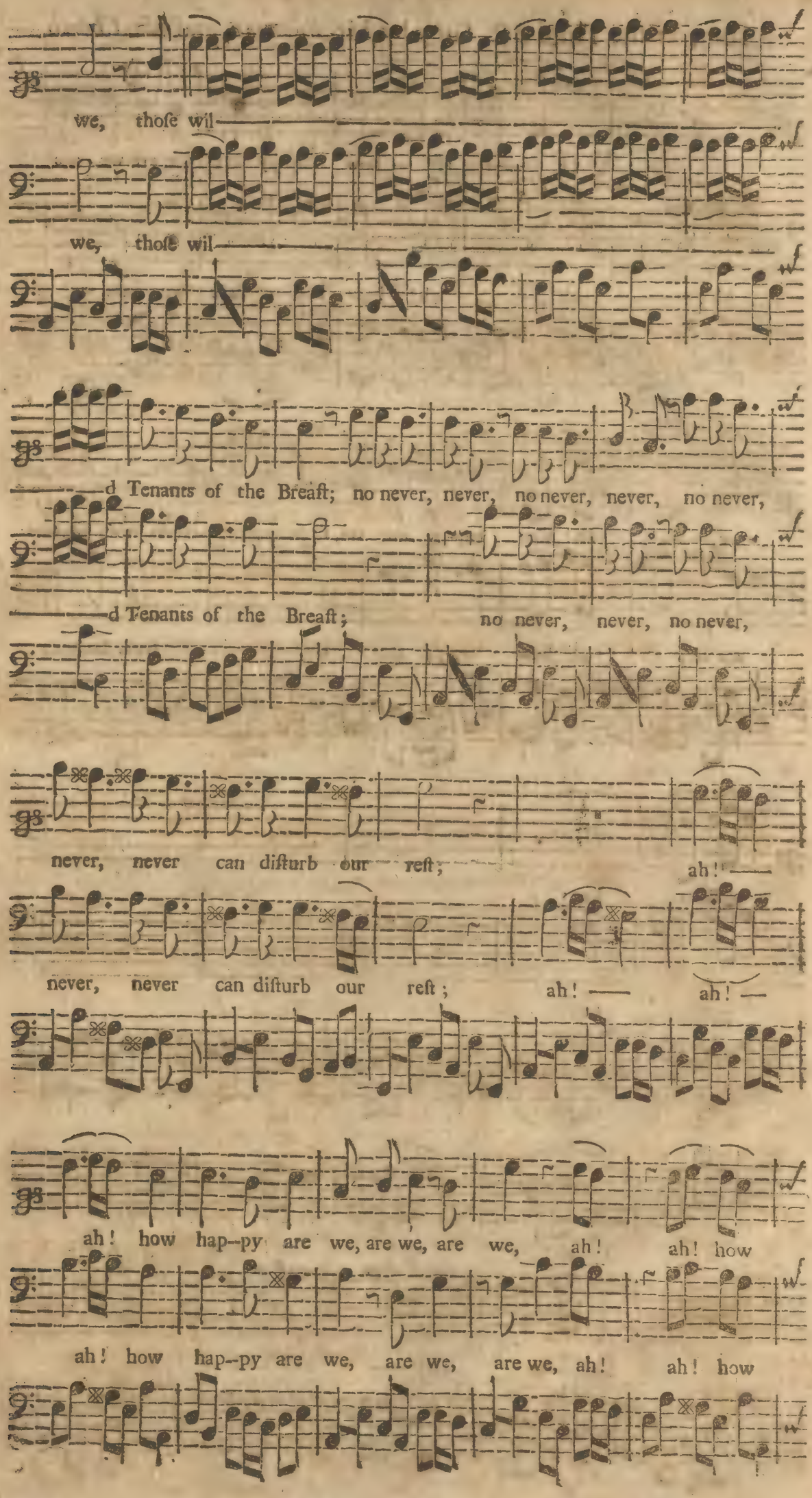
BY the Croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that make abode;
Earthy Dun *that pants for breath,*
With her ſwell'd ſides full of death;
By the Creſted Adder's *Pride,*
That along the Cliffs do glide;
By the Viſage fierce and black,
By the death's Head on thy back;
By the twiſted Serpents *plac'd,*
For a Girdle round thy Waſte;
By the Hearts *of Gold that deck,*
Thy Breaſt, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
From thy ſleeping Manſion riſe,
And open thy unwilling Eyes;
While bubling Springs their Muſick keep,
That uſe to lull thee in thy ſleep.

Sung by the God of Dreams.

SEek not to know, what muſt not be reveal'd,
Joys only flow where Fate is moſt conceal'd;
Too buſy Man would find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortune He ſhou'd know before;
For by that knowledge of his Deſtiny,
He wou'd not live at all, but always dye;
Enquire not then who ſhall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis ſhall wear a Crown, and who ſhall bleed;
All muſt ſubmit to their appointed doom,
Fate and Misfortunes will too quickly come;
Let me no more with powerfull Charms be preſt,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the reſt.

A Song in the Third Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman*, and Mr. *Church*.




we, those wil——
we, those wil——
——d Tenants of the Breast; no never, never, no never, never, no never,
——d Tenants of the Breast; no never, never, no never,
never, never can disturb our rest; ah! ——
never, never can disturb our rest; ah! —— ah! —
ah! how hap--py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how
ah! how hap--py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we pit—ty, we

happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the

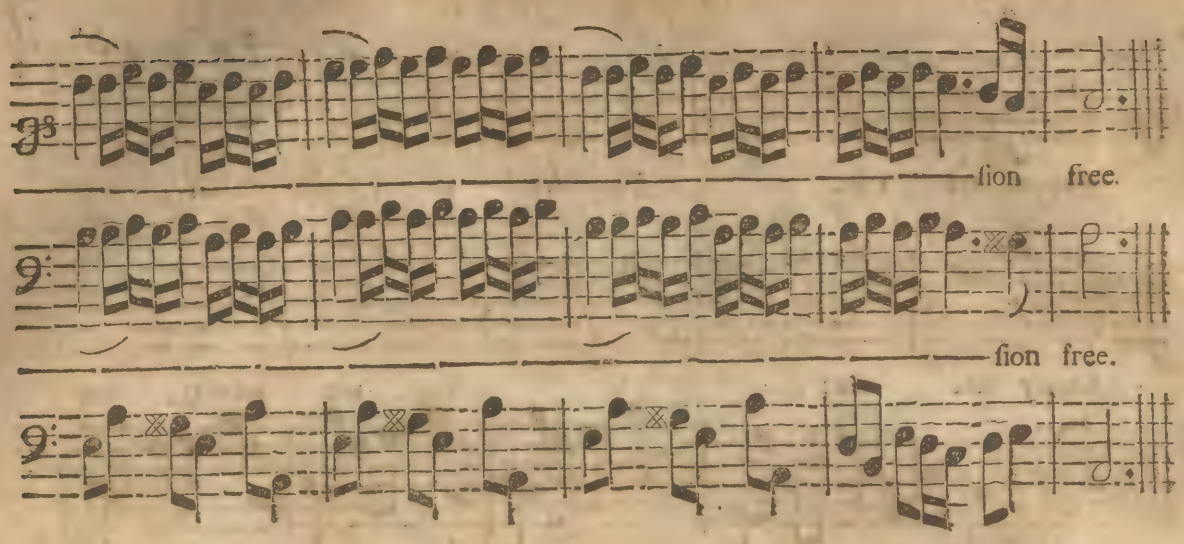
Love con——trouls; ah! ah! how

Tyrant Love con——trouls; ah! ah! ah! how

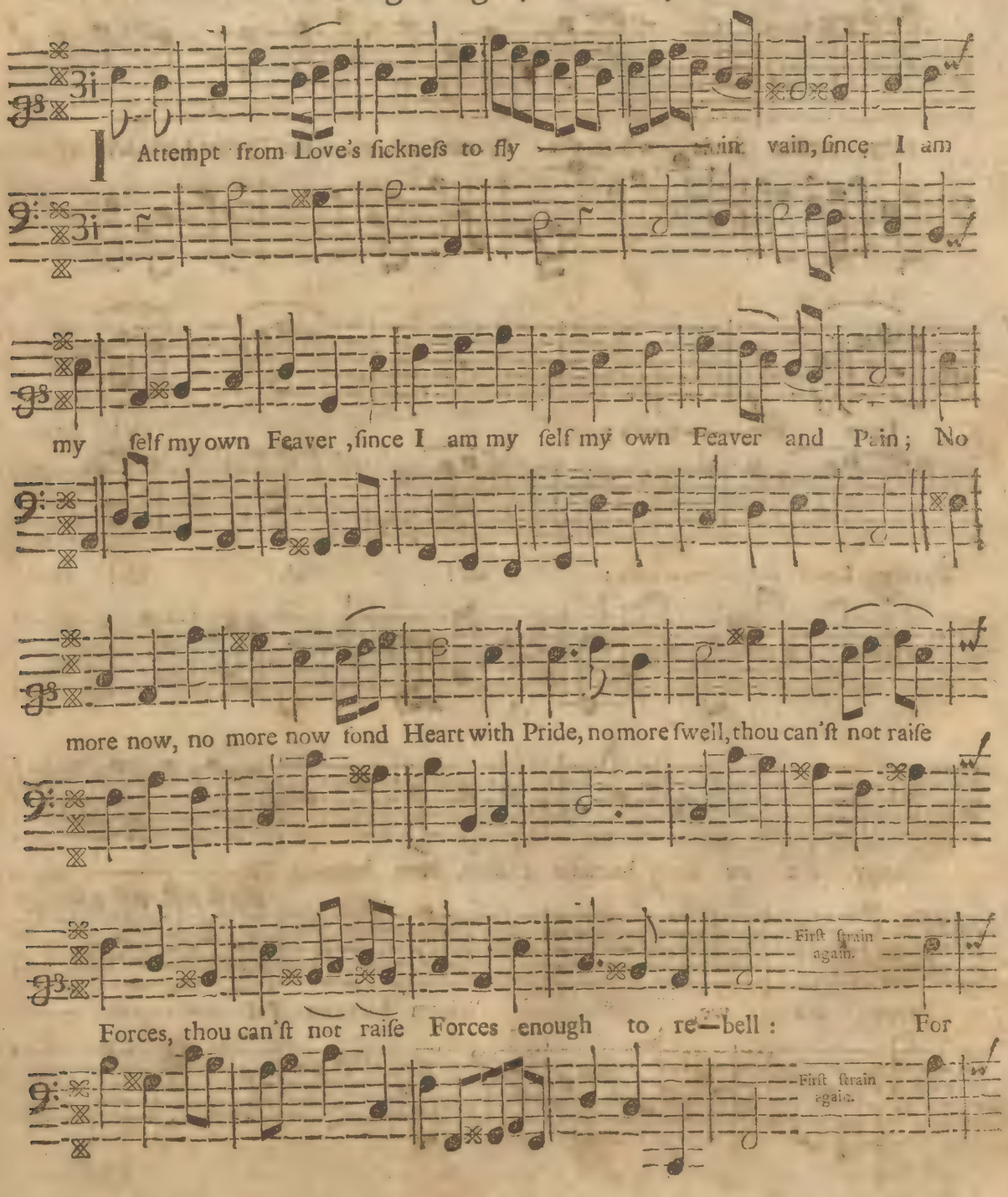
happy are we from humane Paſſion, from humane Paſ——

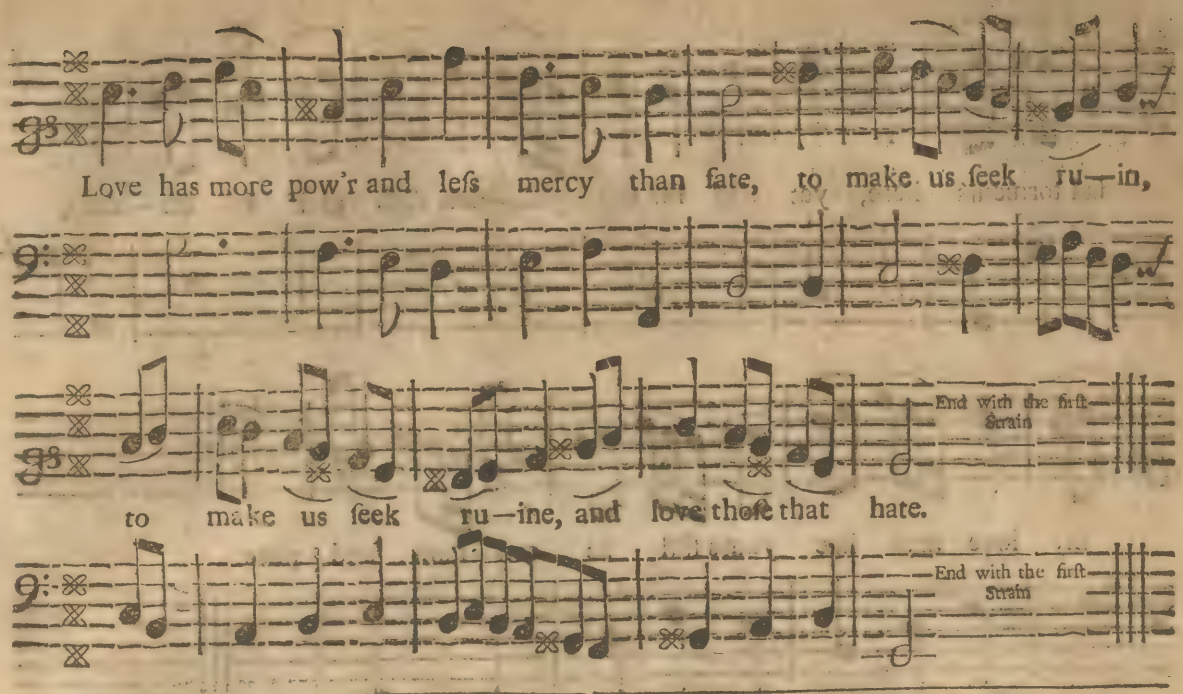
happy are we, from humane Paſ——

Turn over.



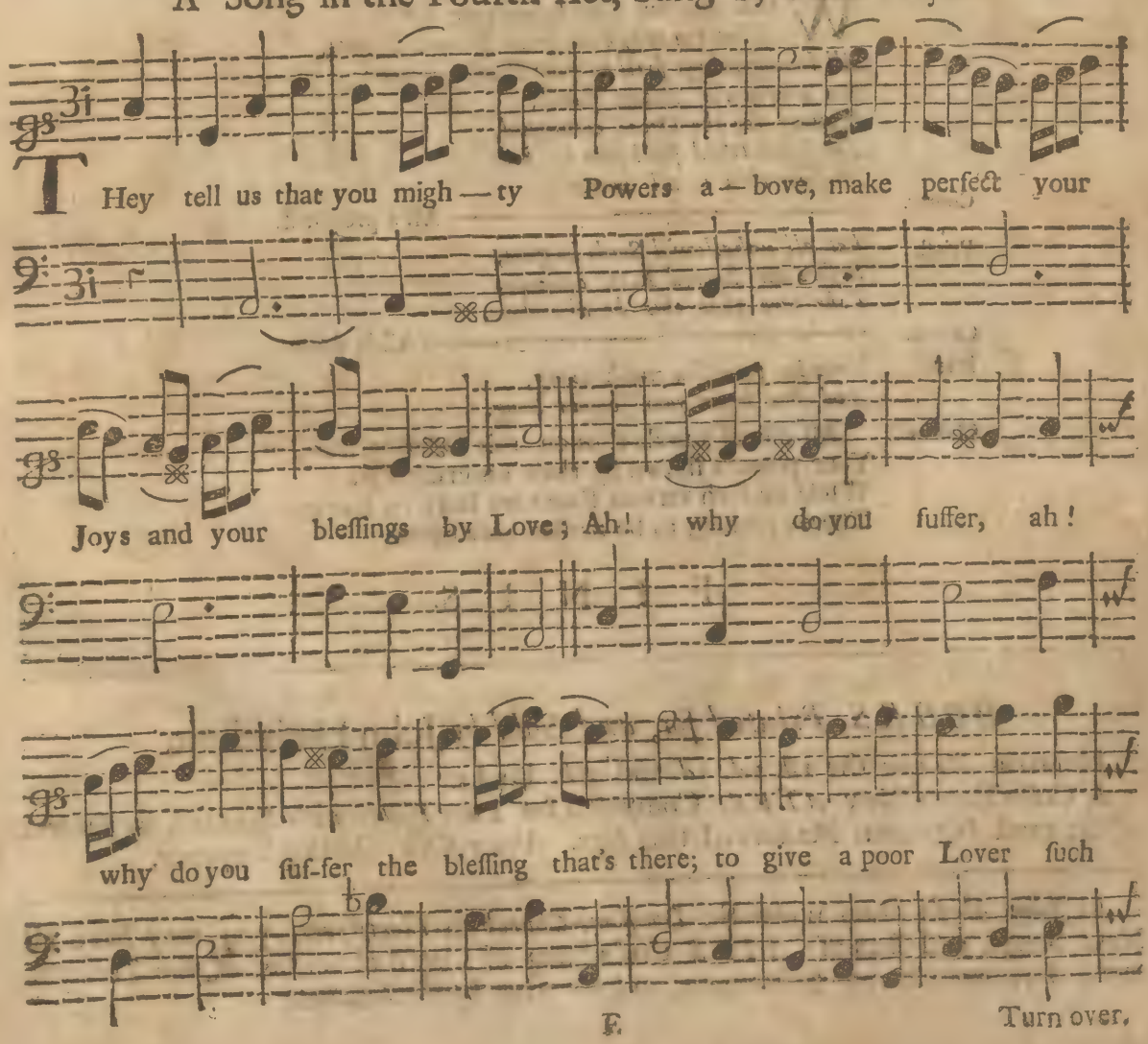
A Song Sung by Mrs. *Crofs.*

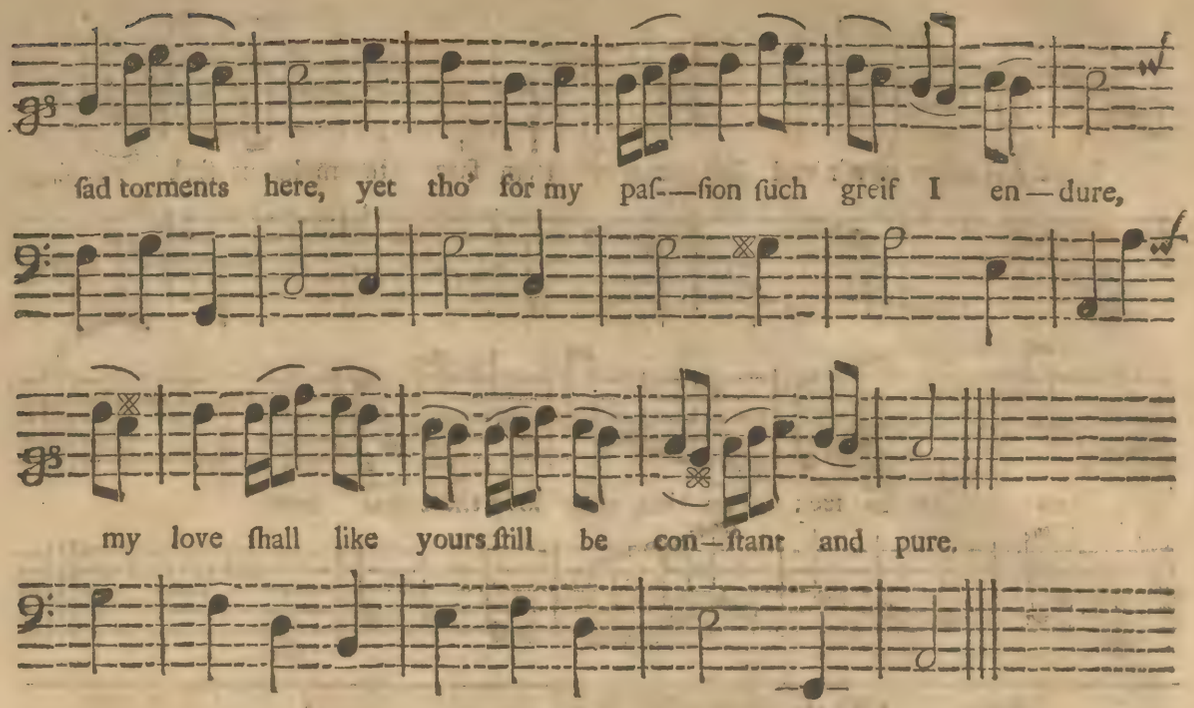




Vers. *We the Spirits of the Air,*
Then Cho. *That of Humane Things take Care,*
Out of Pity now descend,
To forewarn what Woes attend;
Vers. *Greatness clogg'd with Scorn decays,*
With the Slave no Empire stay's;
Cho. We the Spirits *&c.*
Vers. *Cease to languish then in vain,*
Since never to be lov'd again.
Cho. We the Spirits, *&c.*

A Song in the Fourth Act, Sung by Mrs. *Cross.*





II.

To ſuffer for him gives an eaſe to my pains,
There's joy in my grief, and there's freedom in Chains.
If I were divine he cou'd love me no more,
And I in return my adorer adore;
Oh! let his dear life then (kind Gods) be your care,
For I in your bleſſings have no other ſhare.

A Sacrifice, Sung by the Chief Prieſt.

While thus we bow before your Shrine,
That you may hear great Powers Divine,
All living things ſhall in your Praiſes joyne;
You who at the Altars ſtand,
Waiting for the Dread command,
The fatal Word ſhall ſoon be hear'd,
Anſwer then is all prepar'd,

Chorus. ——————————All's prepar'd.

Prieſt. *Let all unhallow'd Souls be gone,*
Before our Sacred Rites come on,
Take care that this be alſo done,

Chorus. ——————————All is done.

Prieſt. *Now in proceſſion walk along,*
And then begin your ſolemn Song.

Chorus. All diſmal ſounds thus on this Offering wait,
Your power's ſhown by their untimely Fate;
While by ſuch various Fate's we learn to know,
There's nothing to be truſted here below.

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.

Theſaurus Muſicus the *1ſt. 2d. 3d.* and *4th.* Books.

A Collection of New *AYRS*, Compoſed for Two *Flutes* with *Sonata's*, by ſeveral of the moſt Ingenious Maſters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

At *John May*'s Shop under St. *Dunſtans-Church* in *Fleetſtreet*, you may have all New Songs, and Sets of *AIRS* that's Sung or Play'd at either of the *Theatres*, fairly Writ-out for any Inſtrument, and all other Muſical-Goods.

THE SINGLE

SONGS,

With the

DIALOGUE,

Sung in the

New OPERA,

Call'd

BRUTUS of ALBA:

OR,

Augusta's Triumph.

Compos'd by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *Henry Playford* at the *Temple-Change*, *Fleetstreet*, and *Samuel Scott* at the *Middle-Temple Gate*, where the first Vol. of *Deliciæ Musicæ*, and the first and second Books of the second Vol. also the New Scotch Song (numbered the first) is to be had; where all other sorts of Vocal and Instrumental Musick is sold. 1696.

Price one Shilling.

rcm 253
D62/13

TO

Richard Norton,

AND

Anthony Henley,

Esquires.

GENTLEMEN,

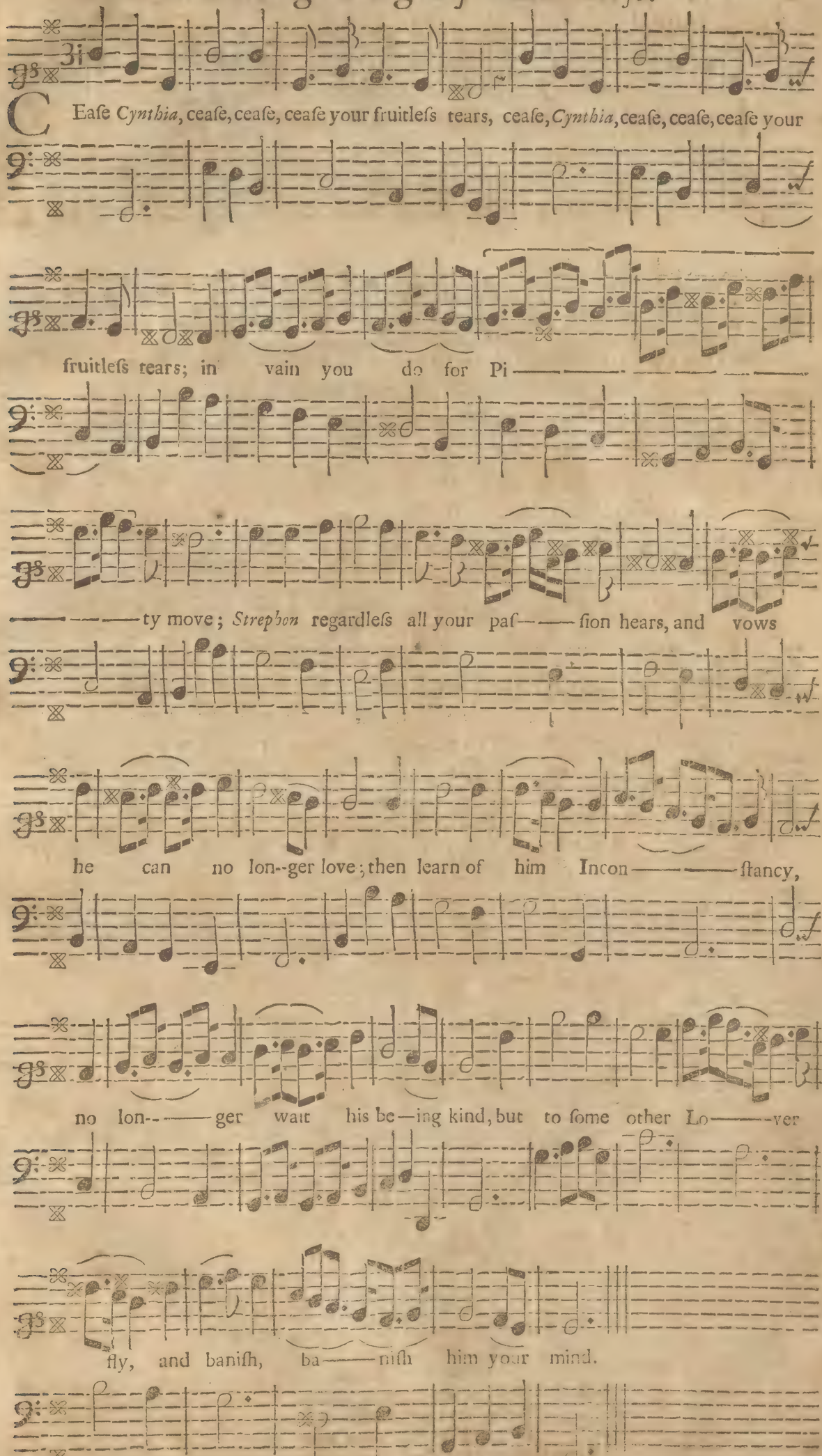
YOU having been pleas'd to be my first Encouragers at coming to Town, and since that to continue your Favours to me; I thought it my Duty (as it is my Ambition) to present this part of the Performance to your Acceptance, as the best Recommendation of it to the Town, and further Encouragement to the Endeavours of

Your Most Obliged,

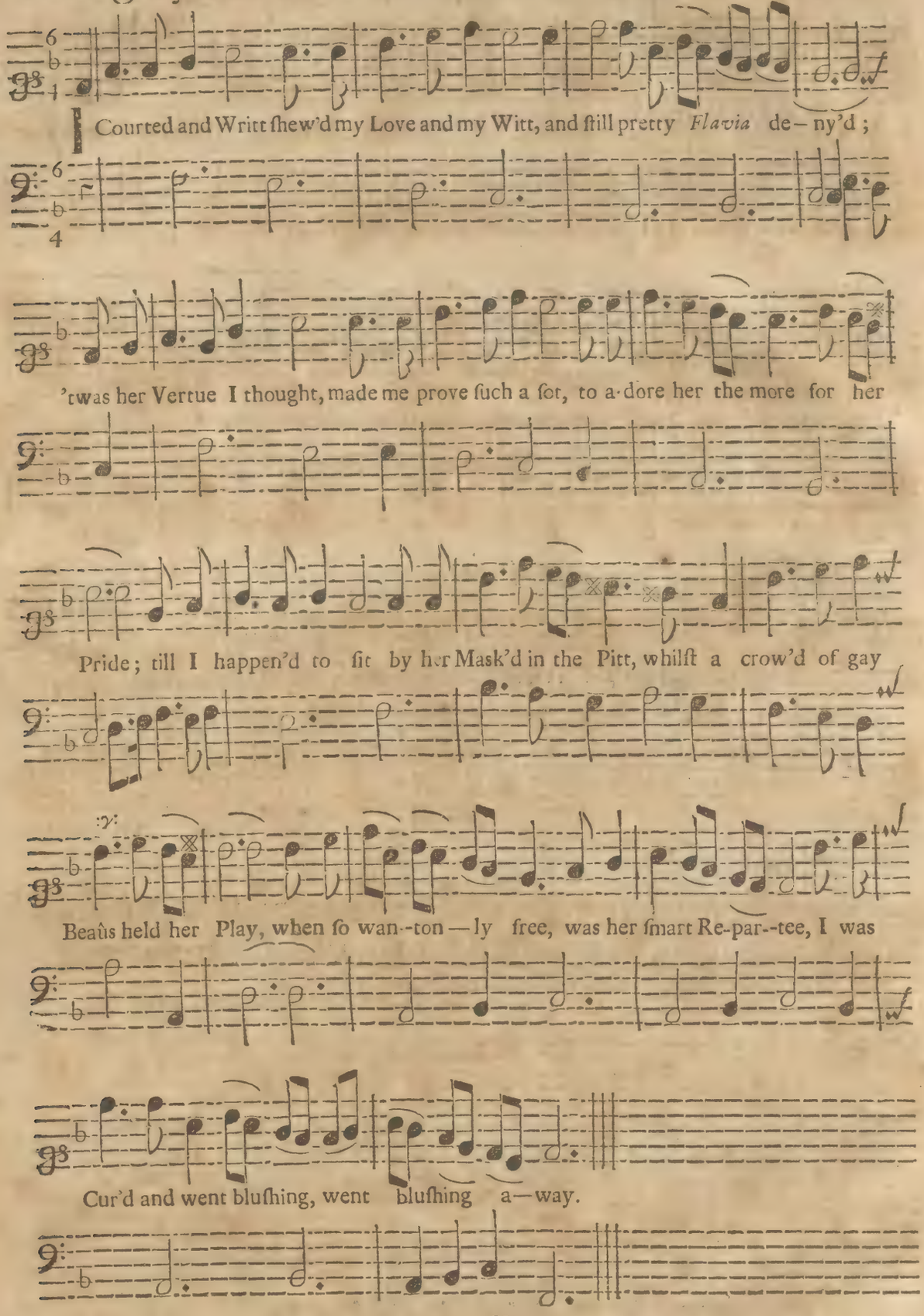
and Humble Servant,

Dan. Purcell.

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*



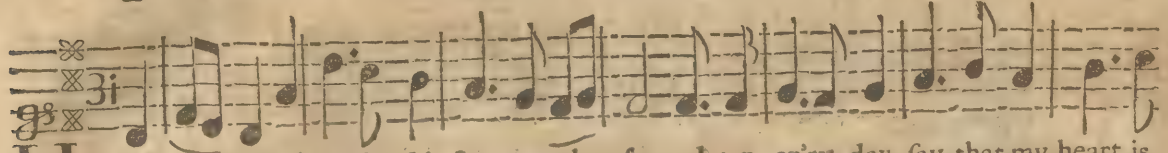
Sung by Mr. *Church*, the Words by Mr. *Jo. Hanes*.



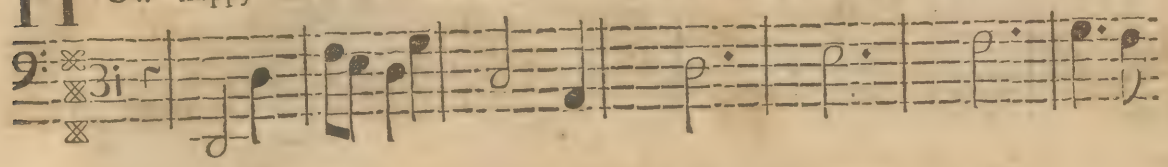
II.

How Lovers miſtake,
The addreſſes they make,
When they ſwear to be conſtant and true,
For all the Nymphs hold,
Tho' the ſport be ſtill old,
That their Playmates muſt ever be new;
Each pretty new toy,
How they'l long to enjoy ;
And then for a newer will pine?
But when they perceive,
Others like what they leave,
Then they cry for their Bauble agen.

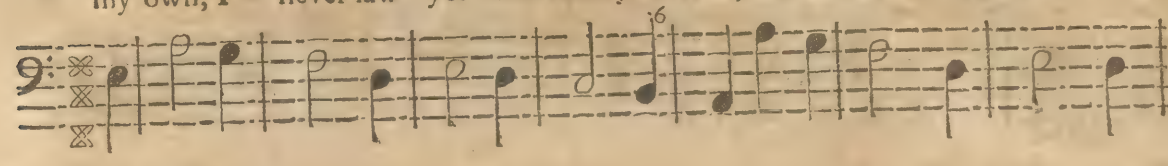
Sung by Mr. *Leverige*, the Words by Mr. *Jo. Hanes.*



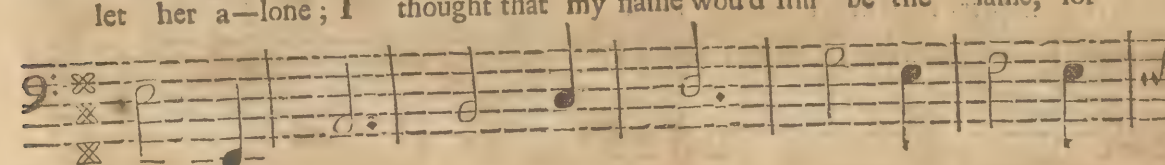
HOw happy am I the fair Sex can de—fy, and can ev'ry day ſay that my heart is



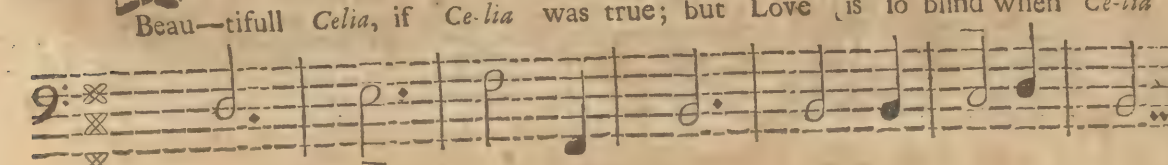
my own, I never ſaw yet that Beauty or Witt, but I'de love if I pleas'd or cou'd



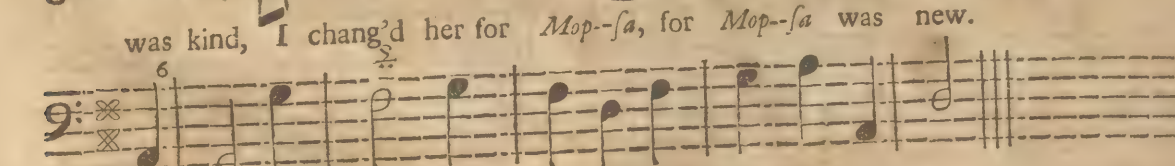
let her a—lone; I thought that my flame wou'd ſtill be the ſame, for



Beau—tifull *Celia*, if *Ce-lia* was true; but Love is ſo blind when *Ce-lia*



was kind, I chang'd her for *Mop--ſa*, for *Mop--ſa* was new.



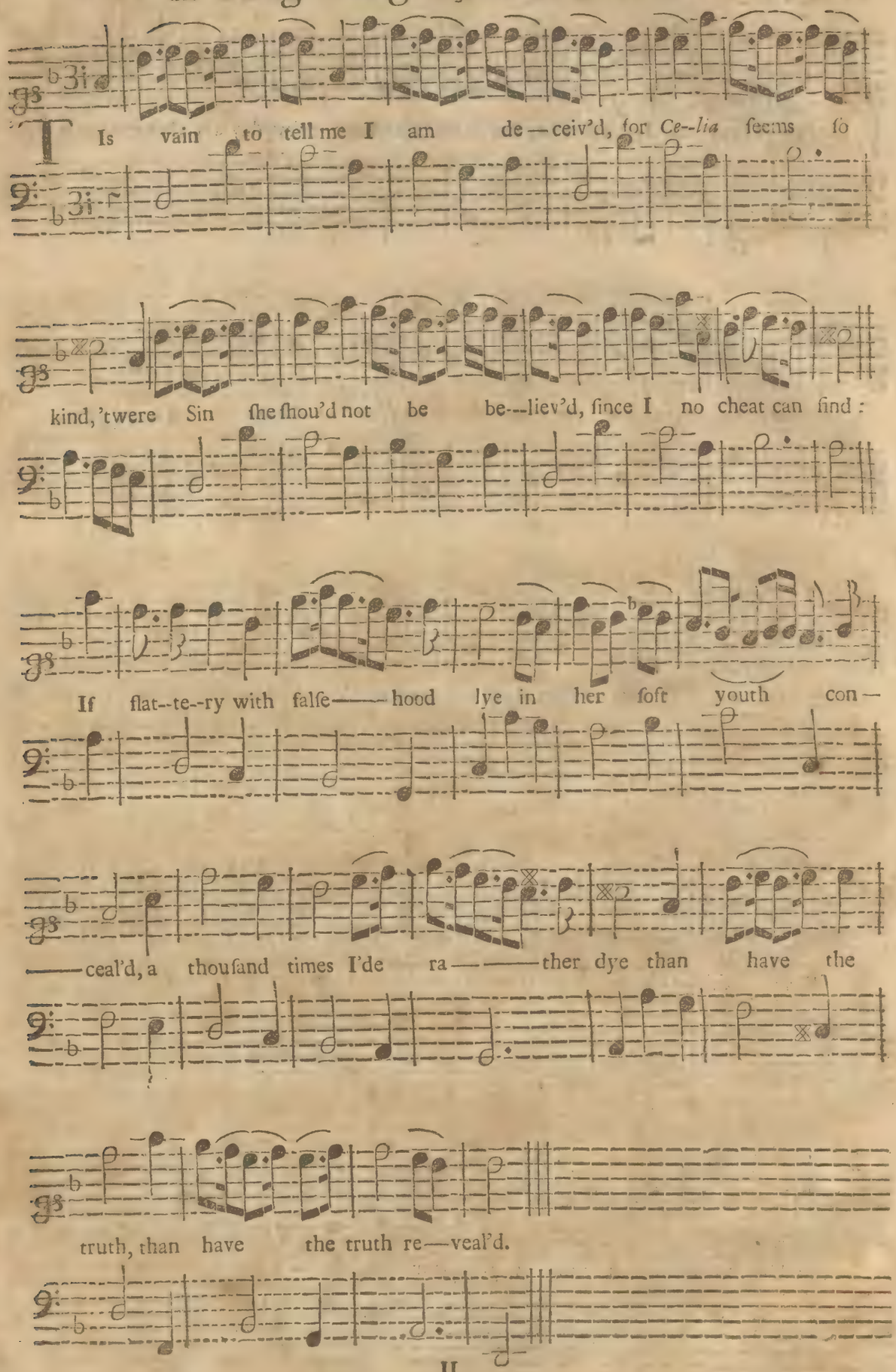
II.

Then *Phillida's* Charms,
Forc't her from my Arms;
But when *Phillida* wou'd not grant my deſire,
I preſently kneel'd,
To the next that wou'd yeild,
To quench my old flame I made a new fire.

III.

Now is it not fair,
That my faults I declare;
Then Ladies be't known to all you I adore,
Since I muſt deceive,
Take you the ſame leave,
The Devil's in't if you can ask any more.

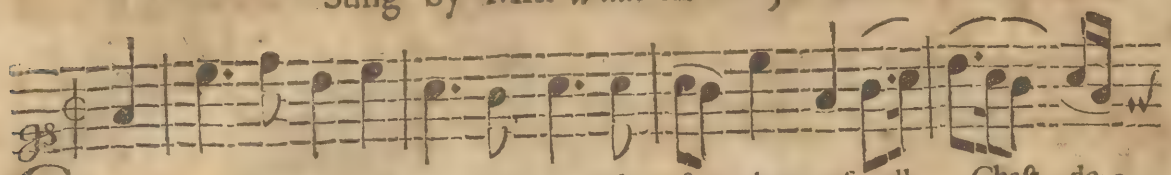
A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



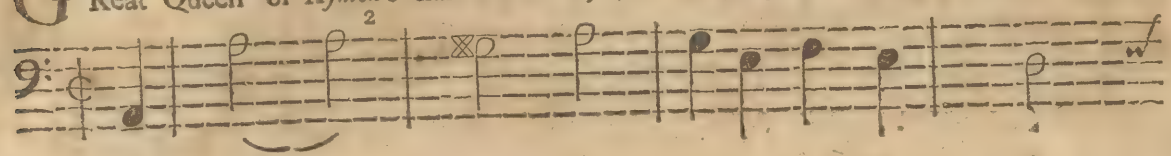
II.

Let buiſy fools in Libels raile,
Their malice I'le out-brave;
On me no ſcandal ſhall prevail,
So ſhe th' appearance ſave:
For if I think I have her Heart,
My own for hers is due;
Let her but act the tender part,
I'le think the joy is true.

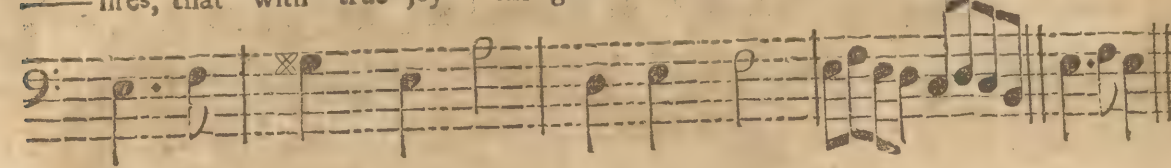
Sung by Mrs. *Willis* in the 3*d*. Act.



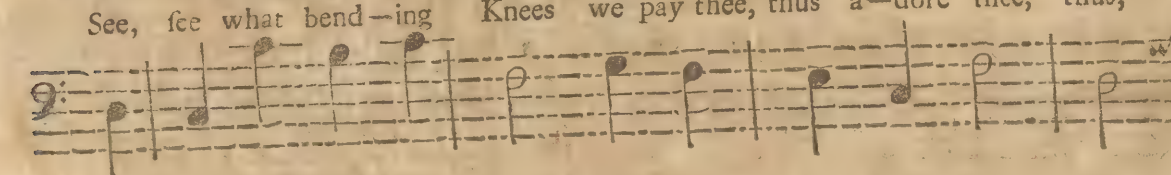
GReat Queen of *Hymen*'s hallowed fires, the ſovereign of all Chaſt de—



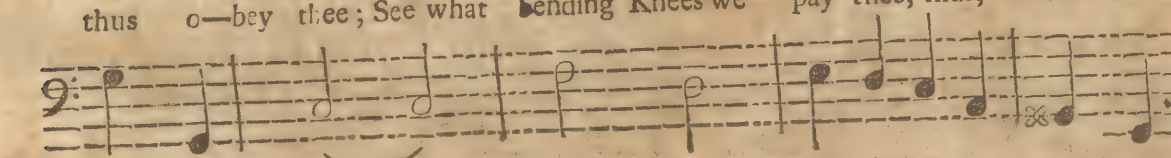
—fires, that with true joy the genial Bed in——ſpire;



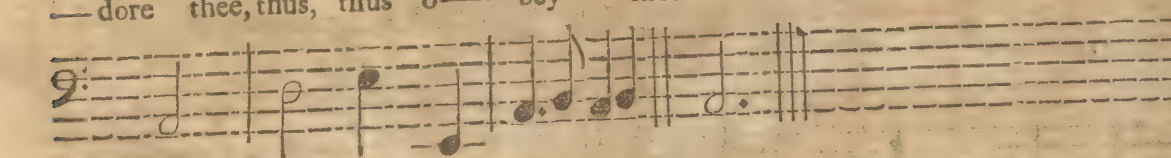
See, ſee what bend—ing Knees we pay thee, thus a—dore thee, thus,



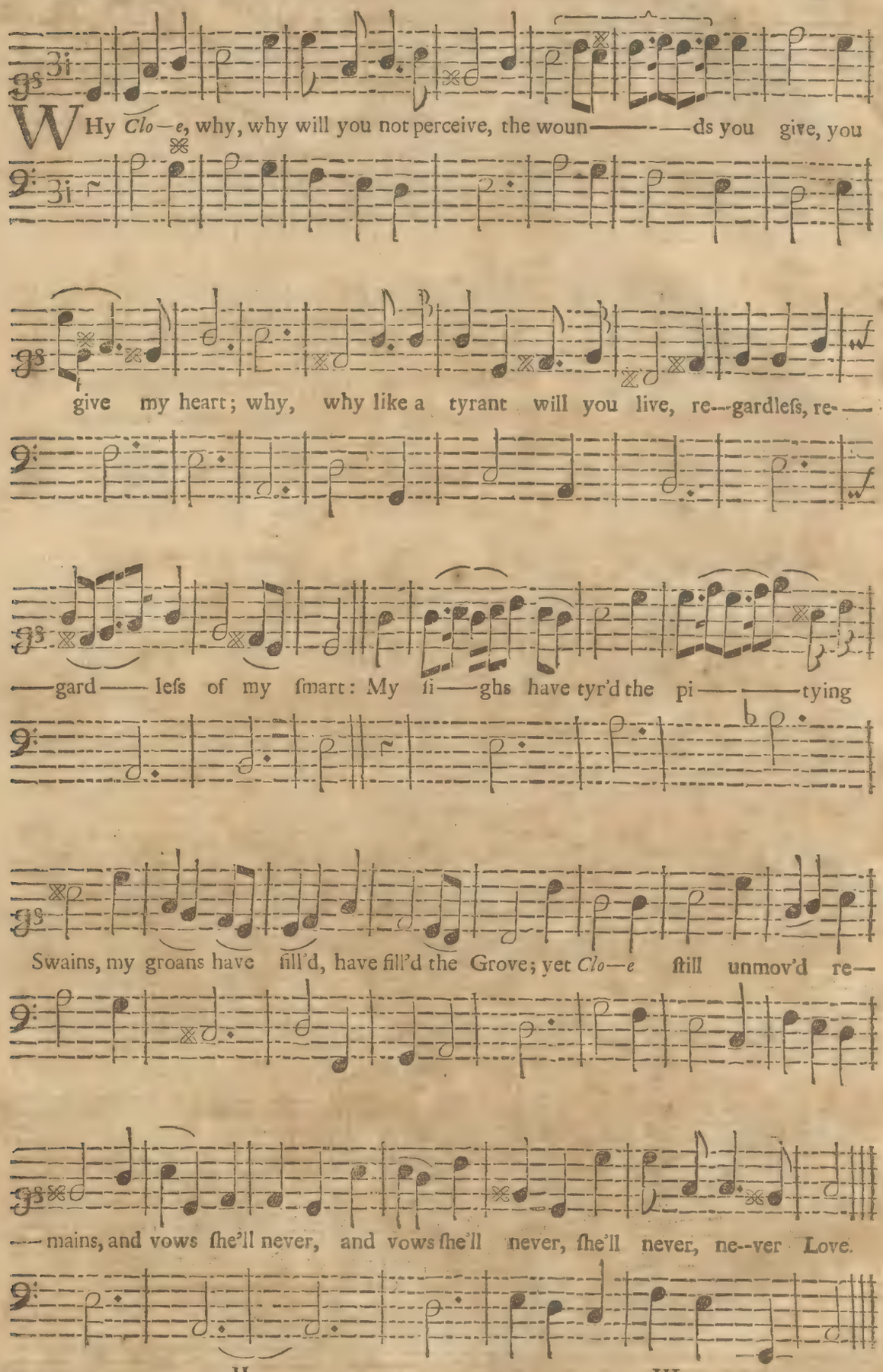
thus o—bey thee; See what bending Knees we pay thee, thus, thus a—



—dore thee, thus, thus o——bey thee.



Sung by Mr. *Church*, Words by *John Robens*, Esq.

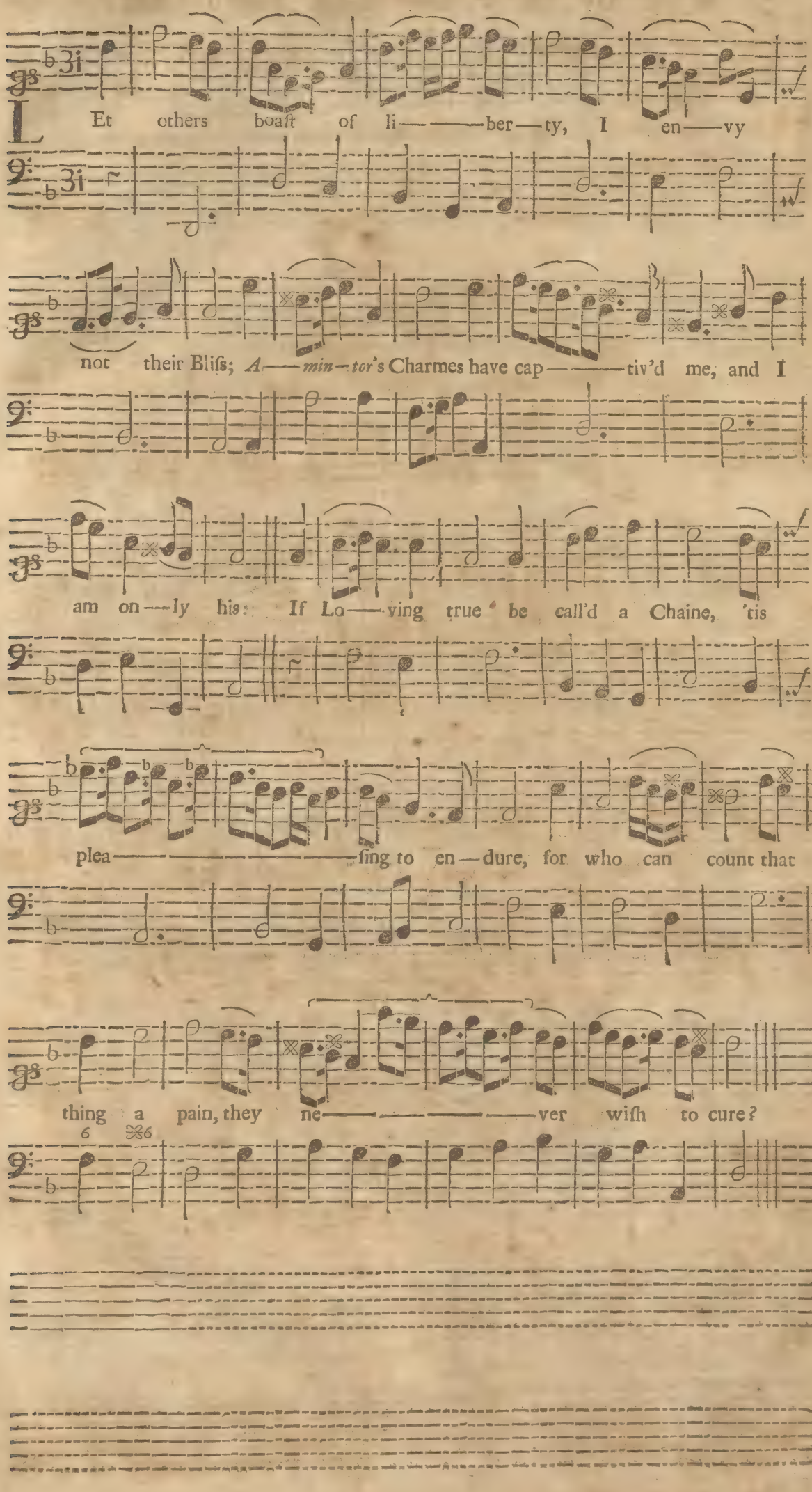


II.

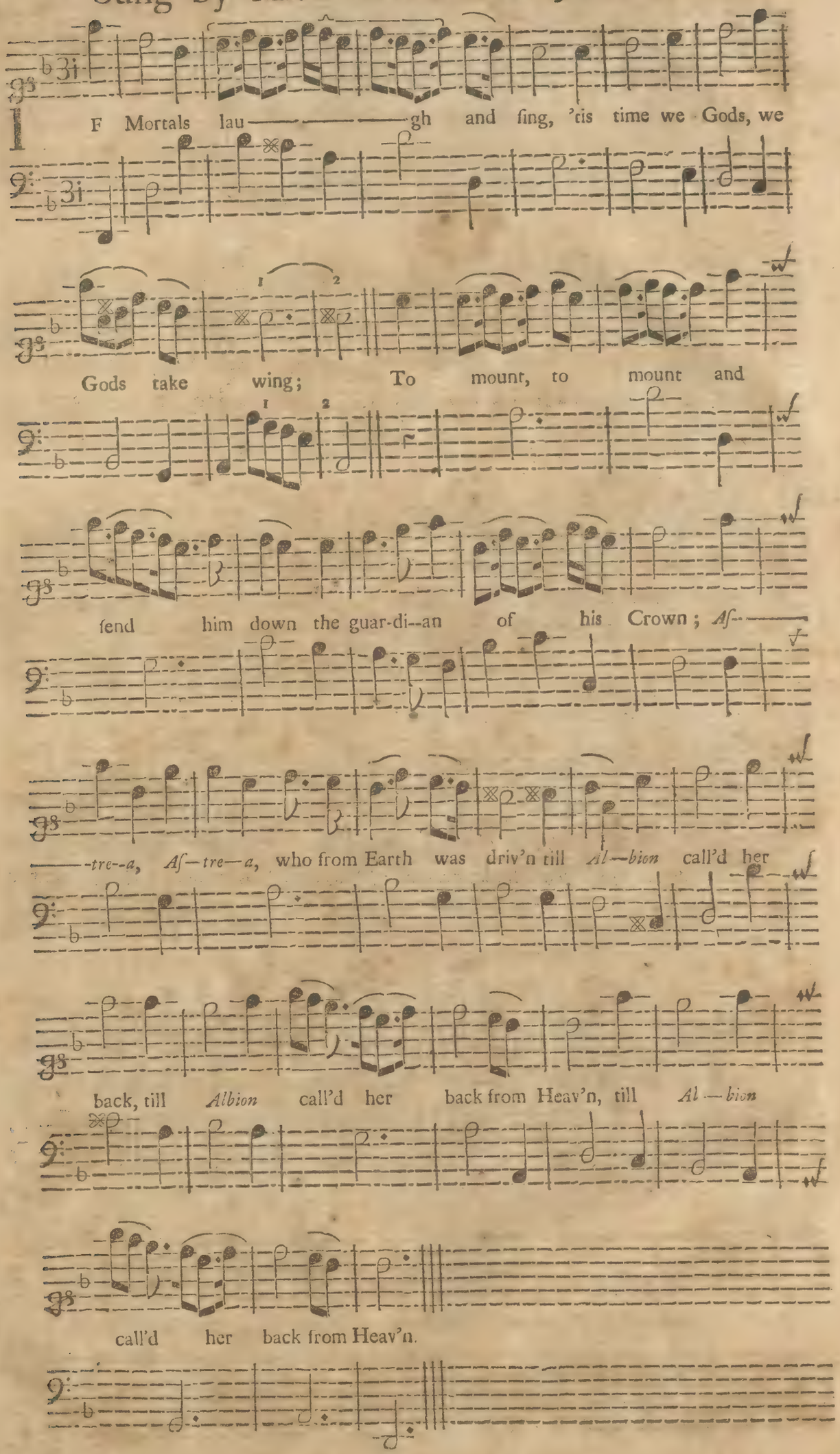
But *Cloe*, oh! at length be taught,
Reserv'dness is a crime;
And if you can commit a fault,
'Tis one to fool with time:
Old age may come, your Charms will wast,
Your Beauties may decay;
Then to Love's tenders't joys make hast,
Be happy whilst you may.

III.

Single the *Phœnix* lives alone,
The reason for't is this;
Nature at once permits but one,
If two they'd taste the Bliss:
With envious Eyes long she perceives,
Joys other Creatures prove;
For want of which the world she leaves,
Expires in flames of Love.


LEt others boast of li——ber—ty, I en——vy
not their Bliss; A——min—tor's Charmes have cap———tiv'd me, and I
am on—ly his: If Lo——ving true be call'd a Chaine, 'tis
plea————————sing to en—dure, for who can count that
thing a pain, they ne————————ver wish to cure?

Sung by Mr. *Freeman* in the 5*th*. Act.



A Dialogue Sung between Mr. *Edwards*, and Mrs, *Cross*.

He.

WHY, Why dost thou fly me pretty, pretty, pretty Maid; tho' old, I feele, I

feele Loves fire, which cannot, which cannot be quench'd with—out thy Aid, then

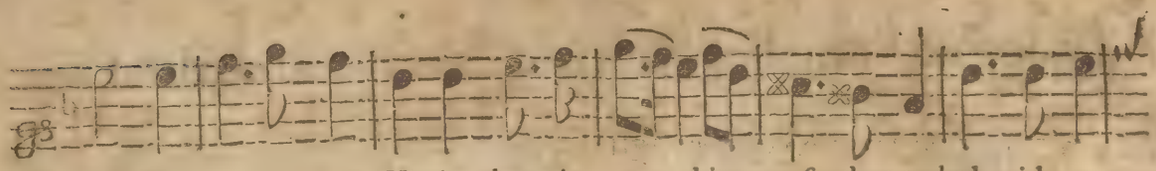
prethee, then pre———thee fair one be not cold, for tho' 'tis true I'me

ve--ry, ve--ry old, I still have young, I sti———ll have

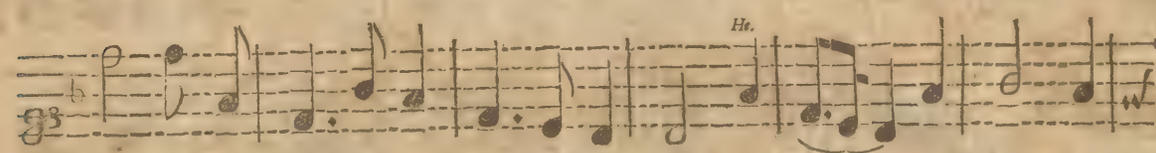
young de—sire, I still, I sti———ll have young de—sire.

She.

Nay prethee dear *Nestor* cease, cease this discourse, for I've often, I've often been

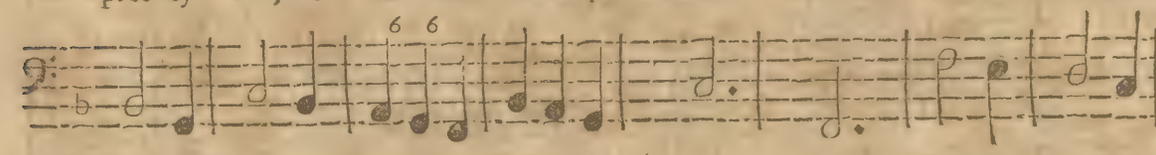


told, that for a young Virgin there is no – thing worſe, than to bed with a

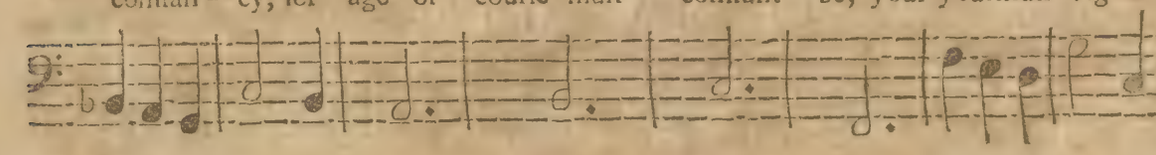


Man, than to bed with a Man that is old. You much mi—ſtake, my

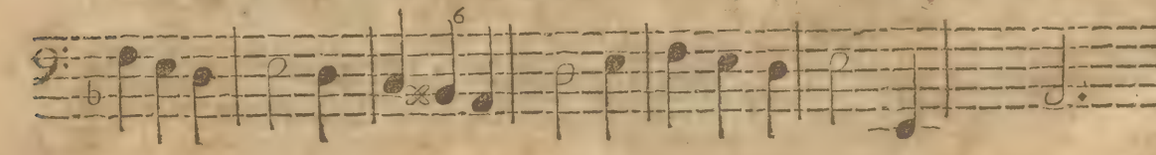
pret--ty fair, for old Men al--ways conſtant are. I do not doubt your

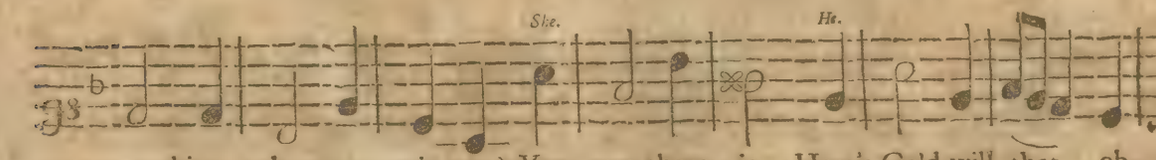


conſtan — cy, for age of courſe muſt conſtant be; your youthfull Vigour

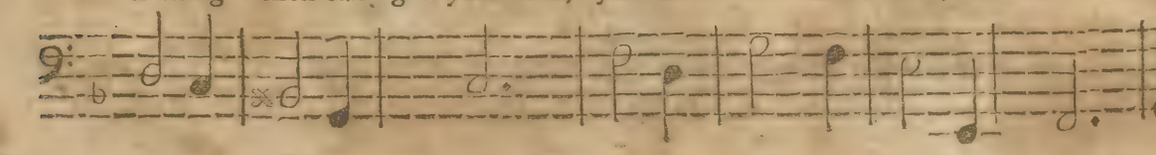


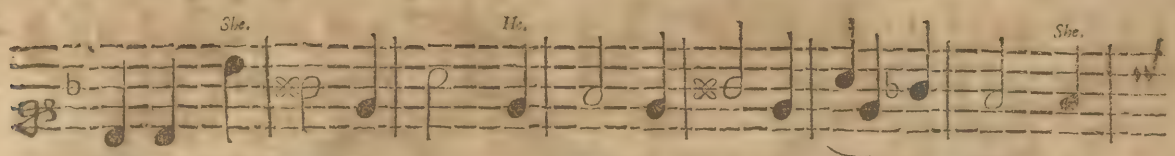
be — ing gone, you ſcarce can think, can think of more than one. Is there



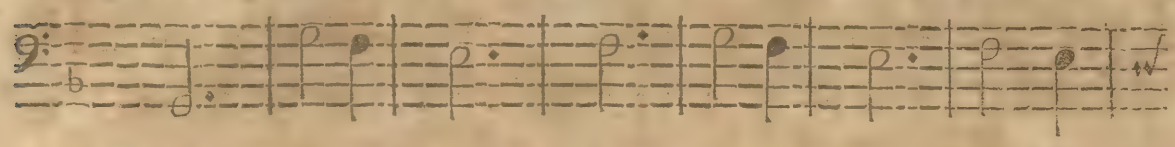


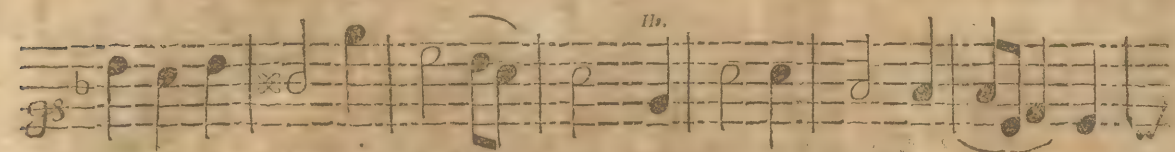
nothing then can gain you? Yes, yes there is. Here's Gold, will that ob-—



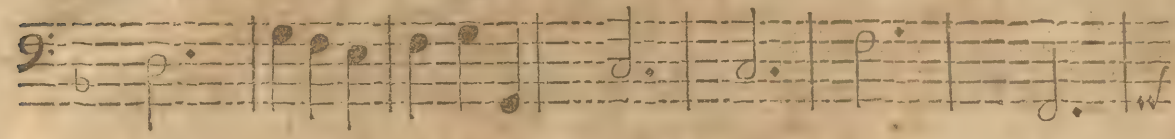


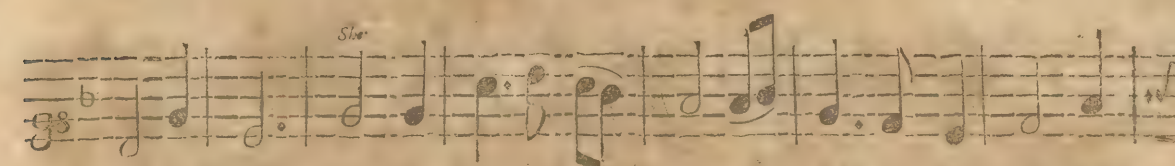
——tain you? Oh! fye, fye, fye. See here, ſee here is ſtore of Gold, oh!



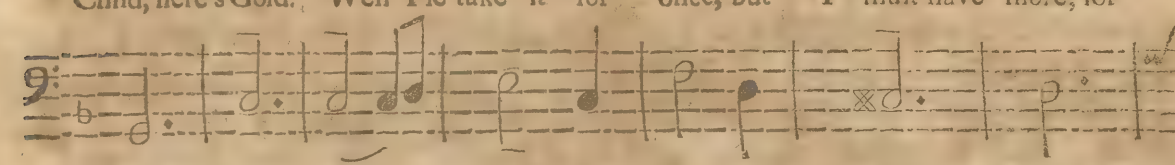


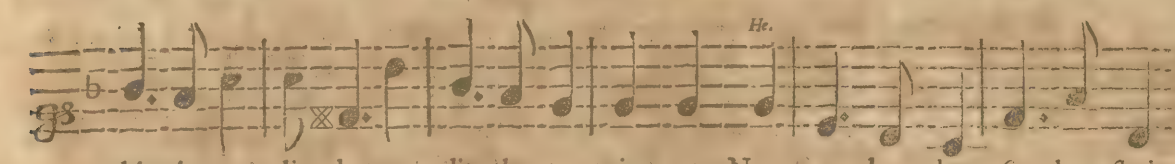
fye, fye, fye, fye, oh! fye, you'r old. No matter Child, no mat--ter



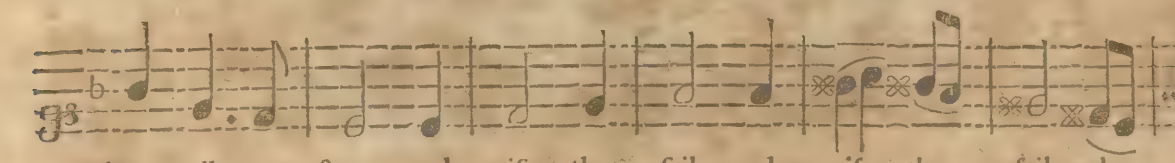


Child, here's Gold. Well I'le take it for once, but I muſt have more, for



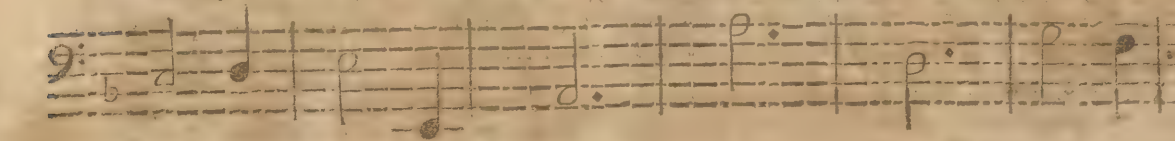


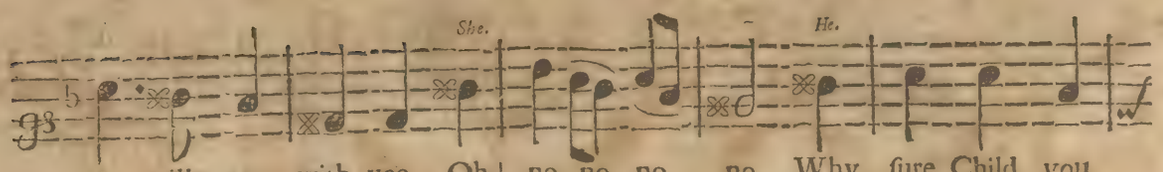
this is too lit--tle, too lit--tle to win me: Nay ra--ther than ſo thou ſhalt

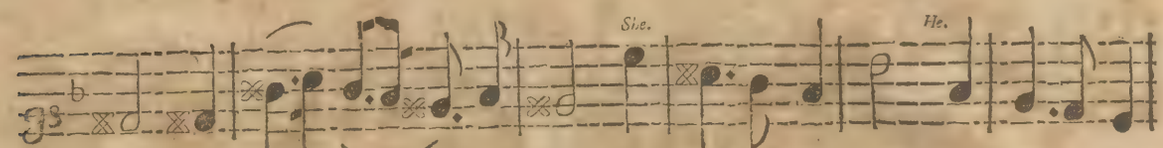


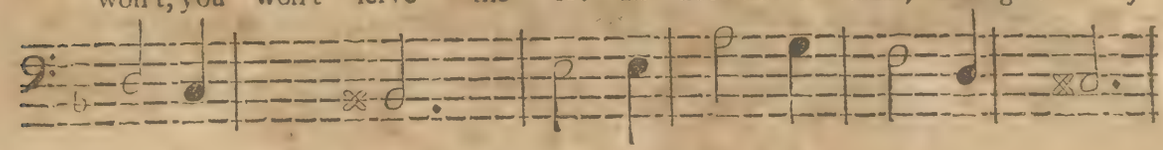
have all my ſtore, and if that fail, and if that fail, the

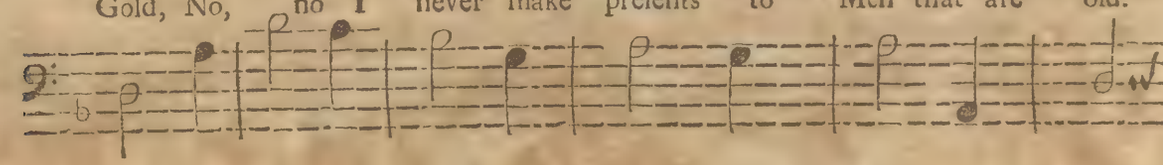
Devil, the Devil is in ye. I thank you, and now I muſt go. And



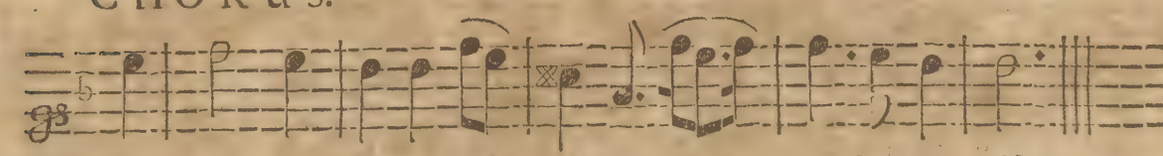


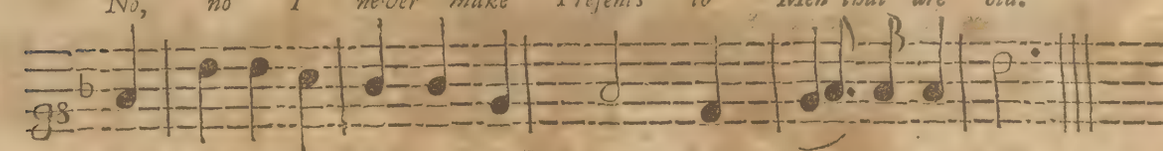


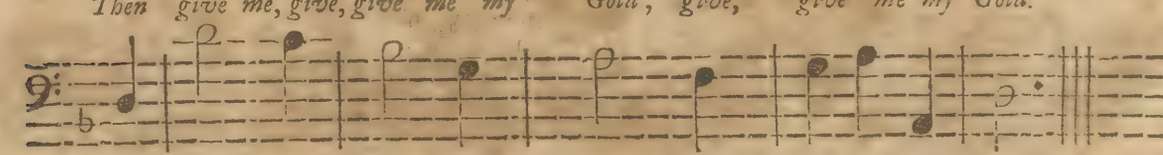




CHORUS.







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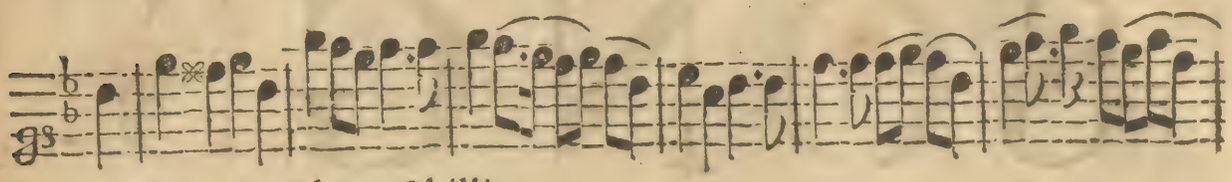
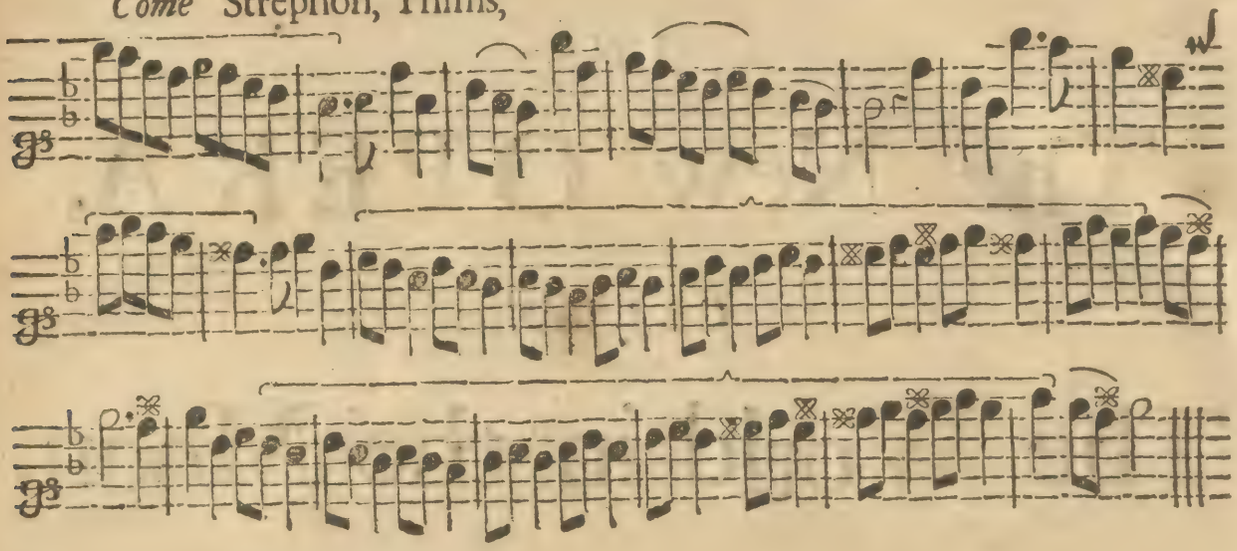
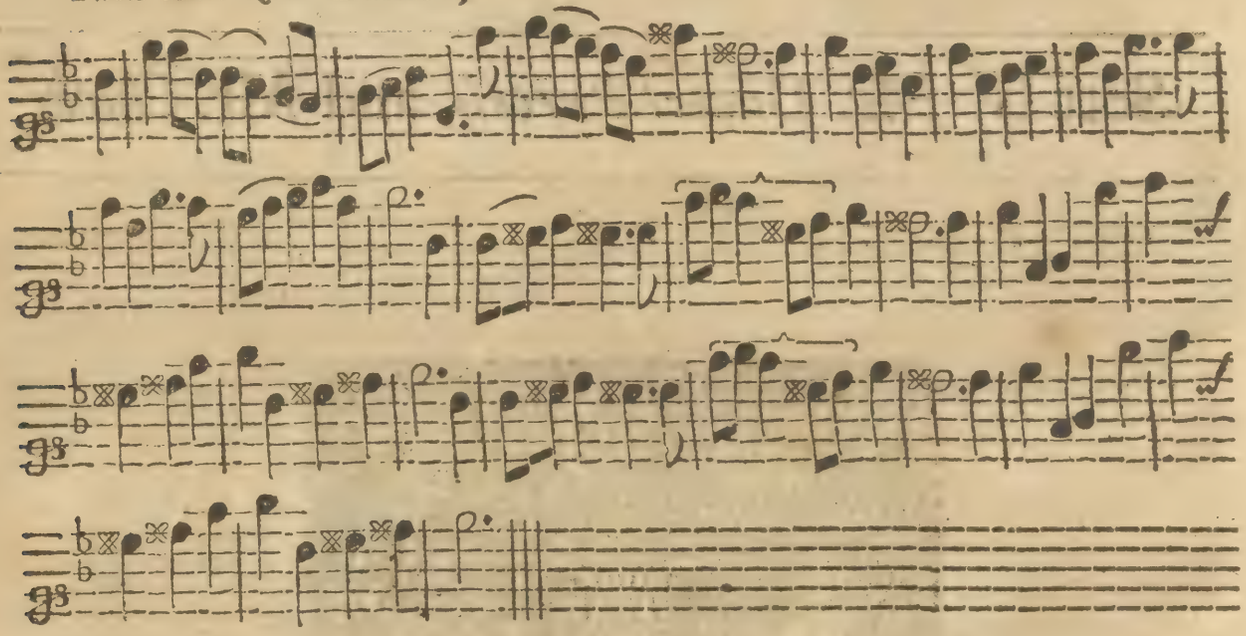
Some of the Song-Tunes Tranſpos'd for the *Flute*.



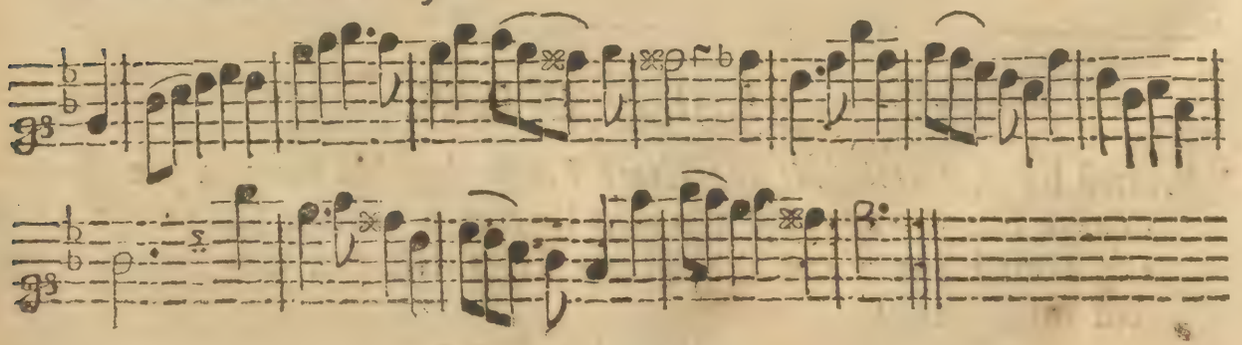
Come Strephon, Phillis,



Then come kind Damon,

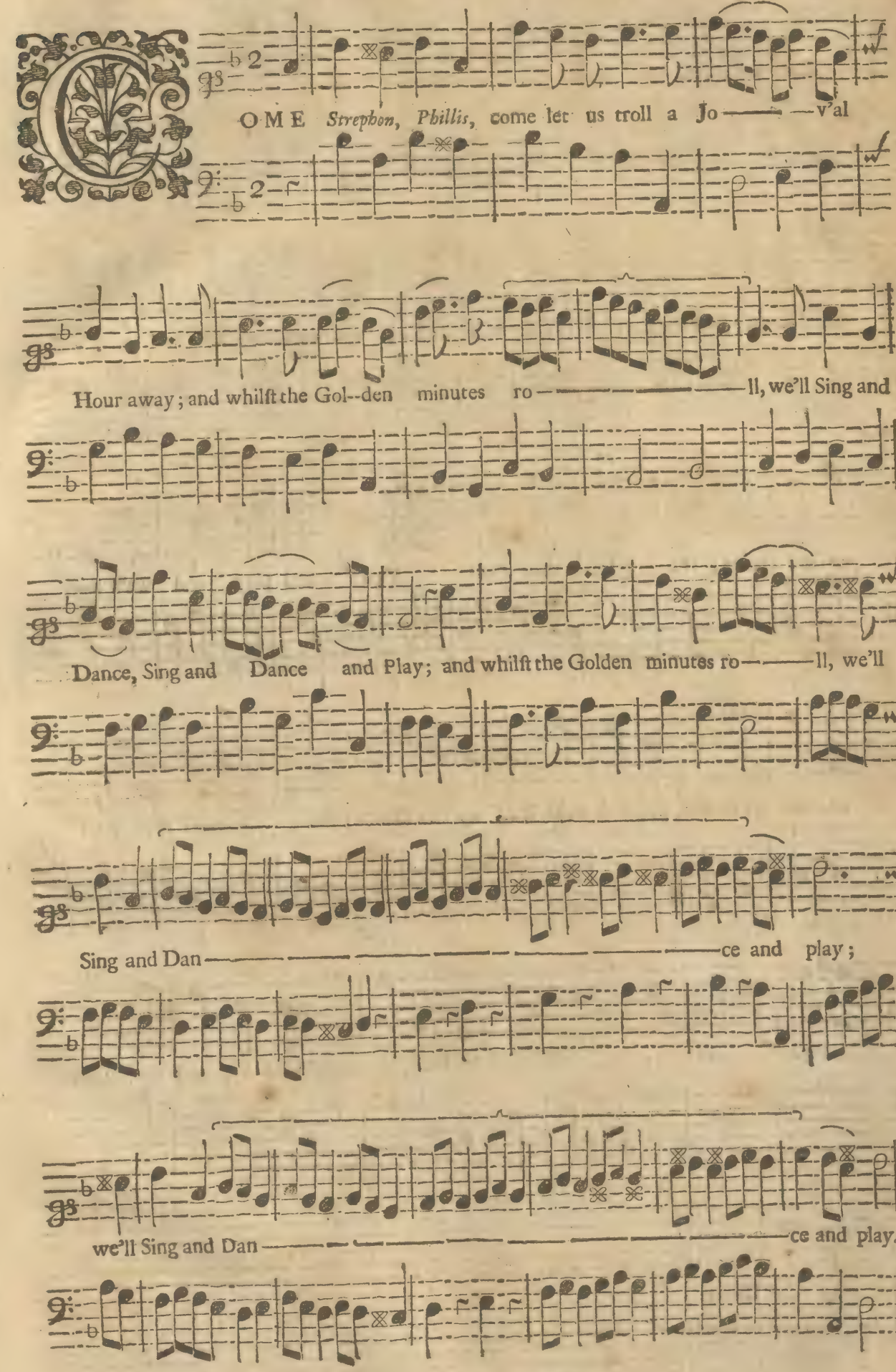


Divine Aſtrea *hither flew*,

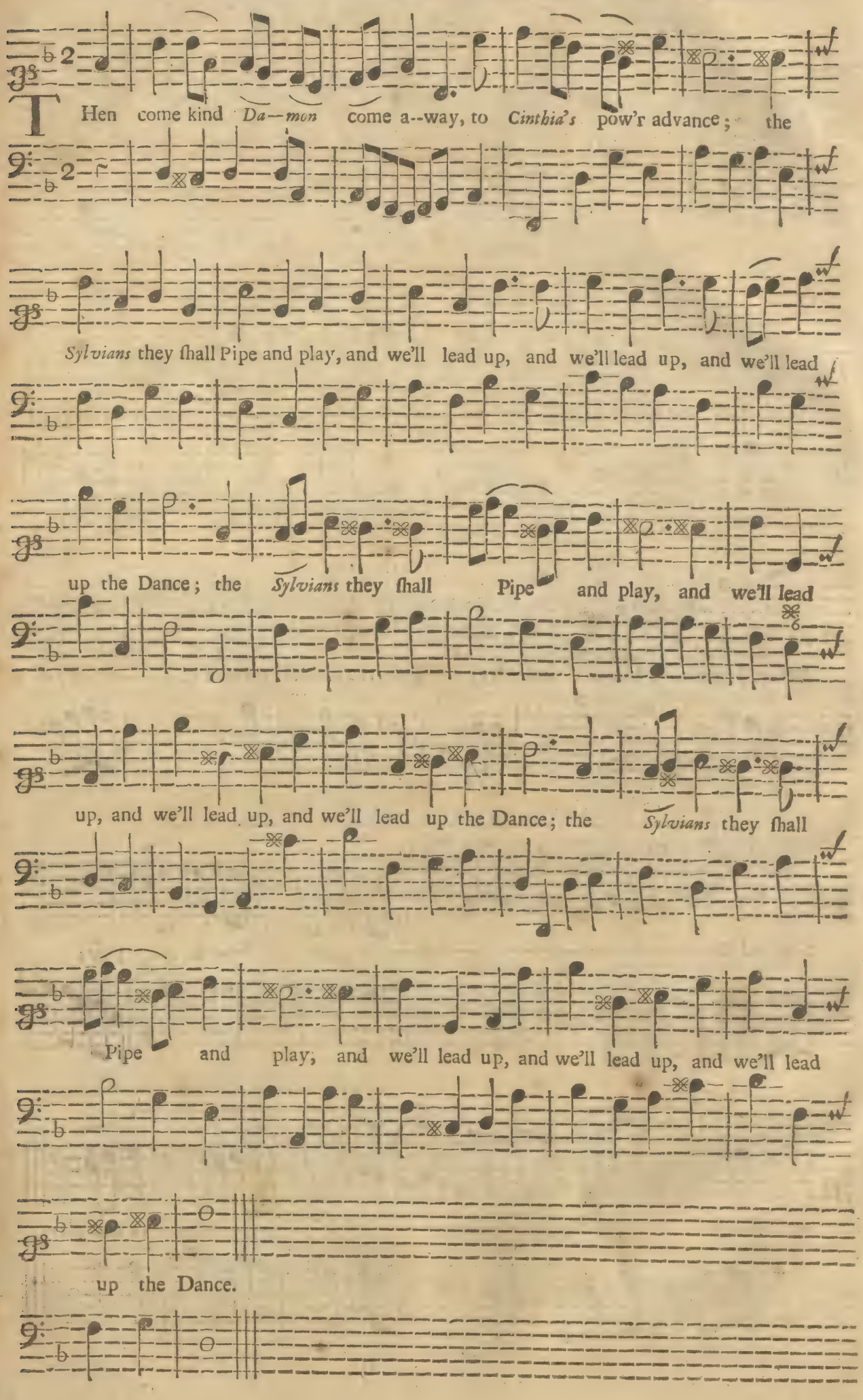


Song in the New *Opera*, call'd the *New World in the Moon*,

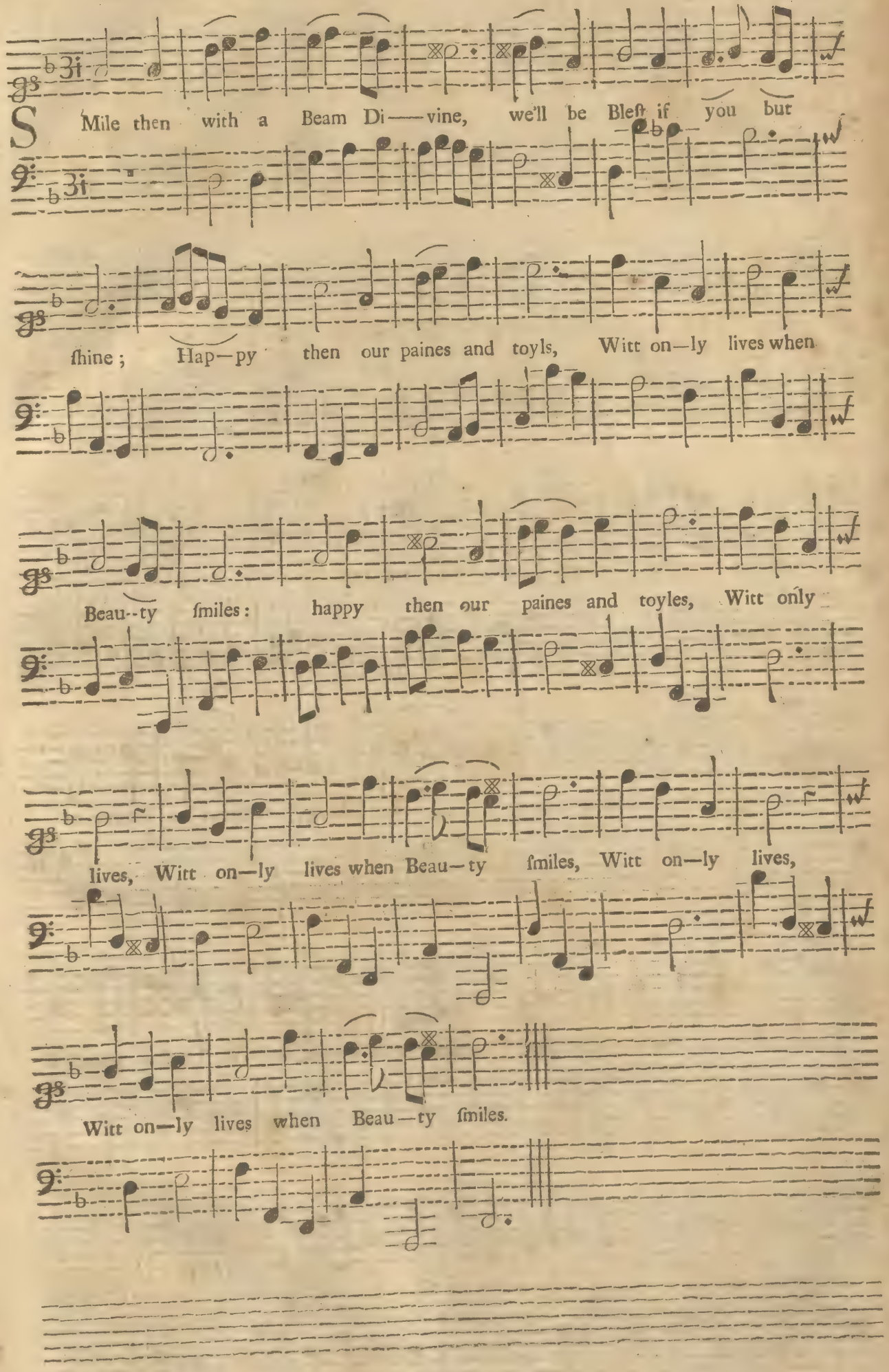
Sung by Mrs. *Crofs*. Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.



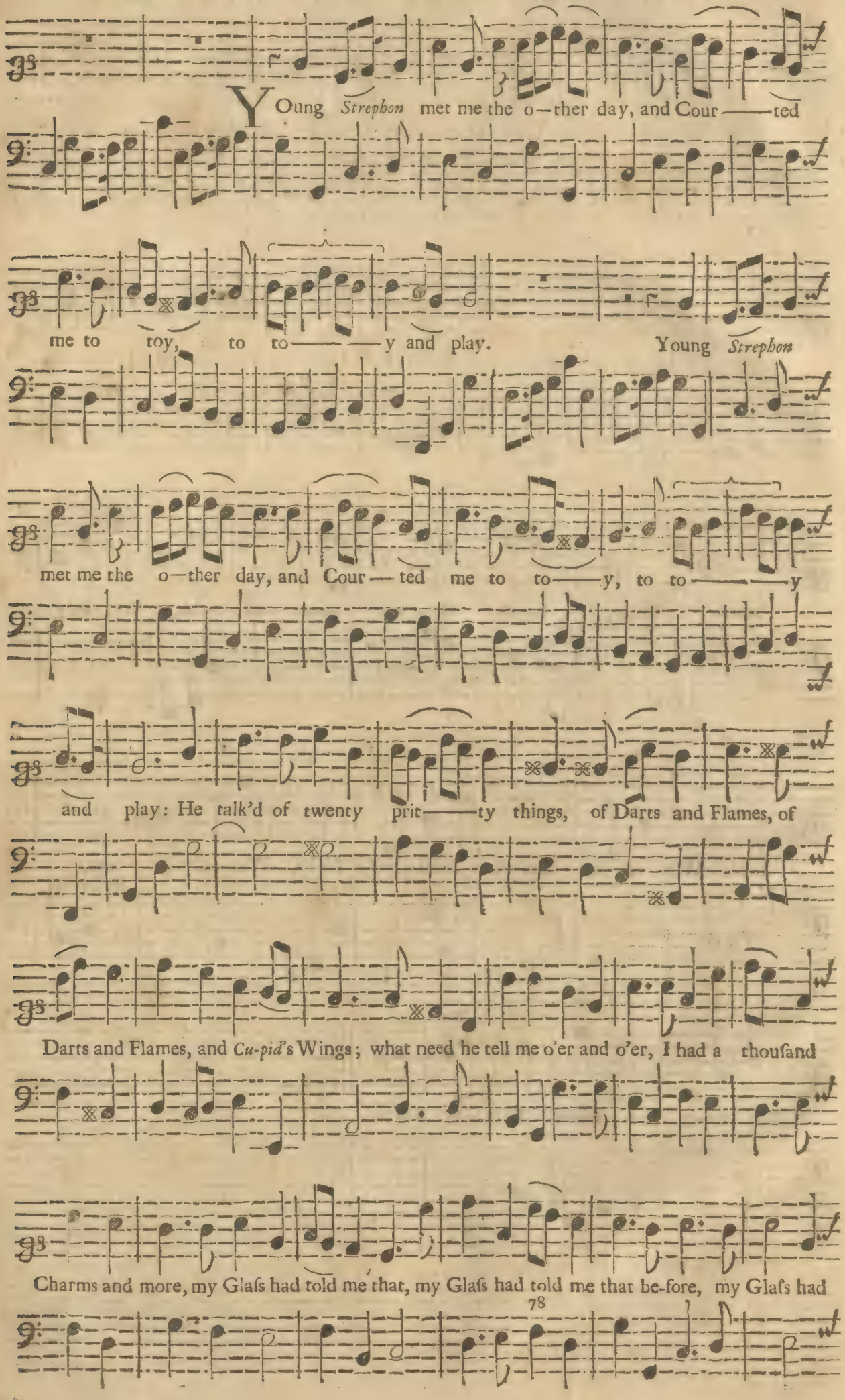
A Song Sung by Mrs. *Lindſey*. Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.

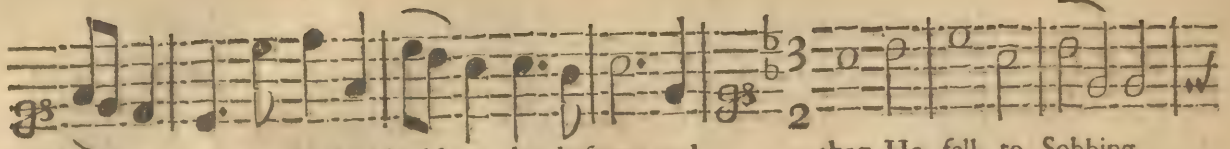


A Song Sung by Mrs. *Crofs.* Sett by Mr. *J. Clark.*

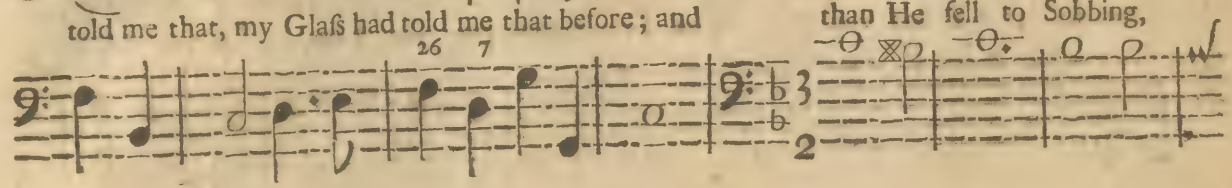


A Song Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, Sung by a little Girl.

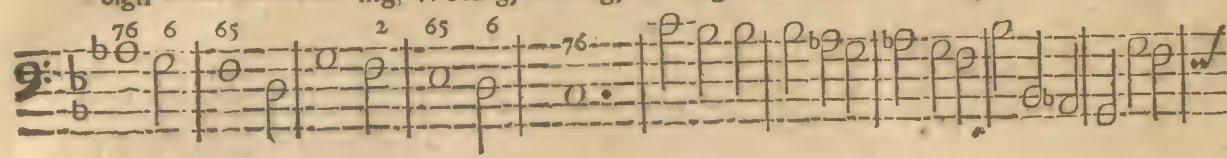




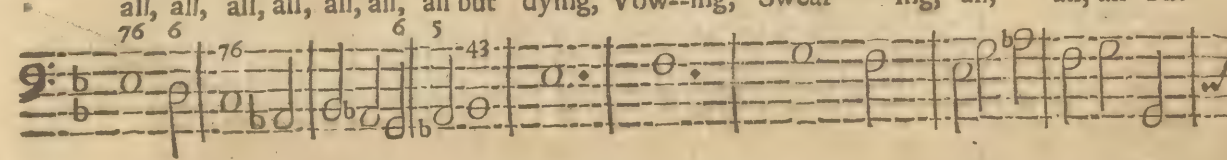
told me that, my Glaſs had told me that before; and than He fell to Sobbing,



Sigh ——————ing, Wooing, Wooing, Cooing, Whineing, Cringing, Vowing, Swearing,

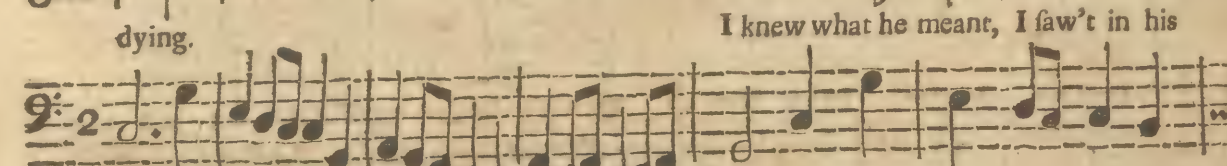


all, all, all, all, all, all, all but dying, Vow--ing, Swear——ing, all, all, all but

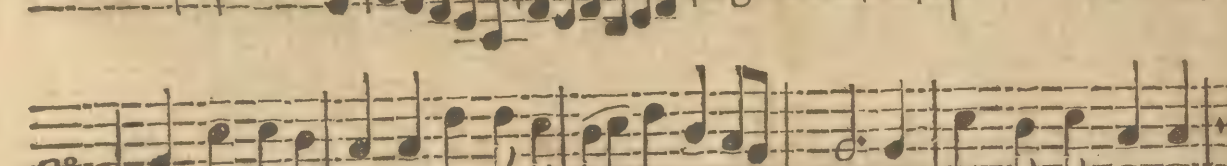


dying. I knew what he meant, I ſaw't in his

Eyes, 'twas all but a pack, all, all but a pack of flat'ring lyes; I knew 'twas a ſham, all,



all that he ſaid, for Young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, too old to



be betray'd; for Young, young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, I

am too old, too old to be betray'd; Young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I

am too old, I am too old, too old to be betray'd.

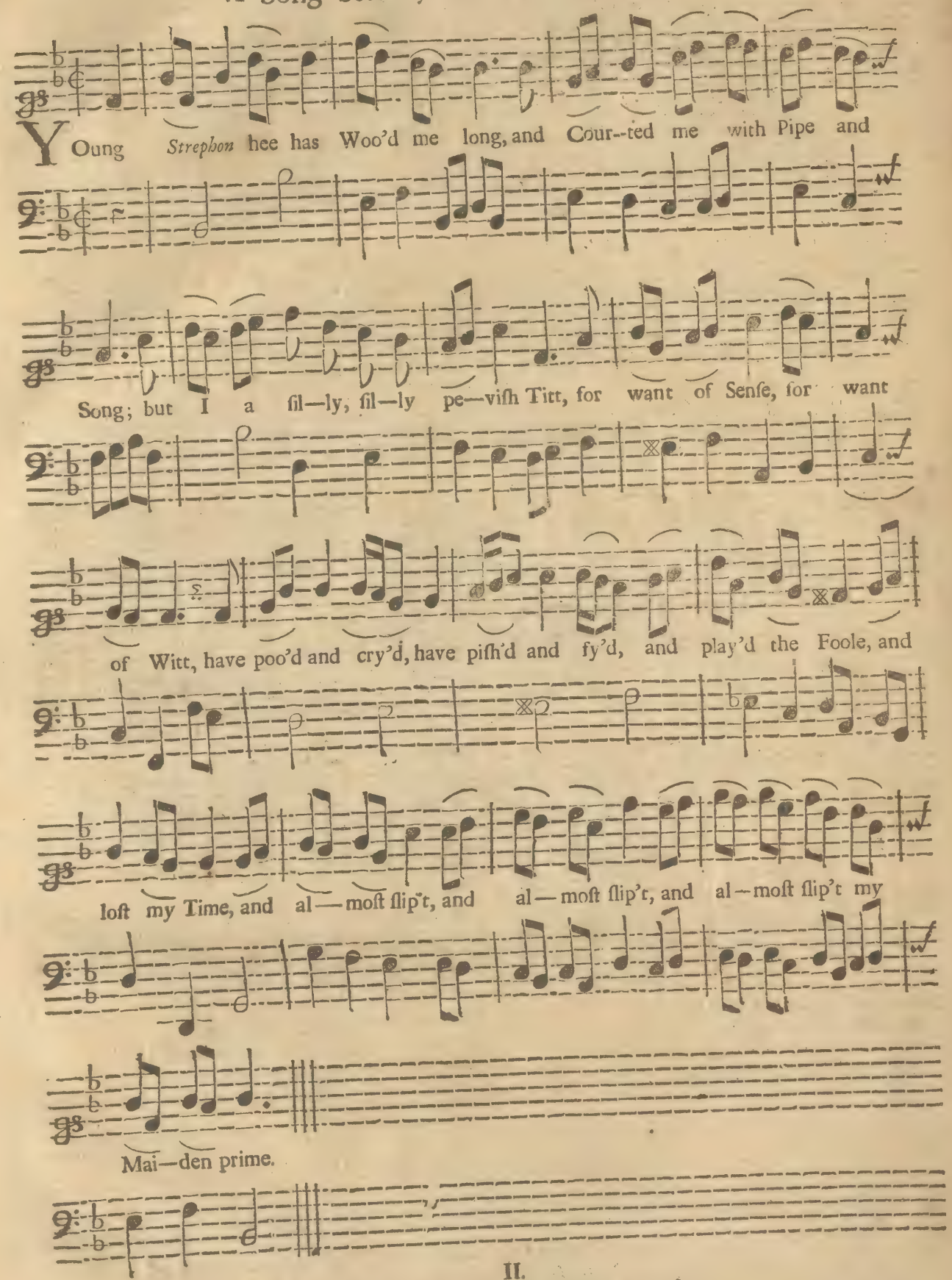
A Song Sett by Mr. *J. Clark.*

D I—vine *A--ſtrea* hither flew to *Cynthia's* brigh—ter Throne, ſhe left the

I—ron World below, to bleſs the Silver Moon; She left the I—ron world be—

——low to bleſs the Silver Moon.

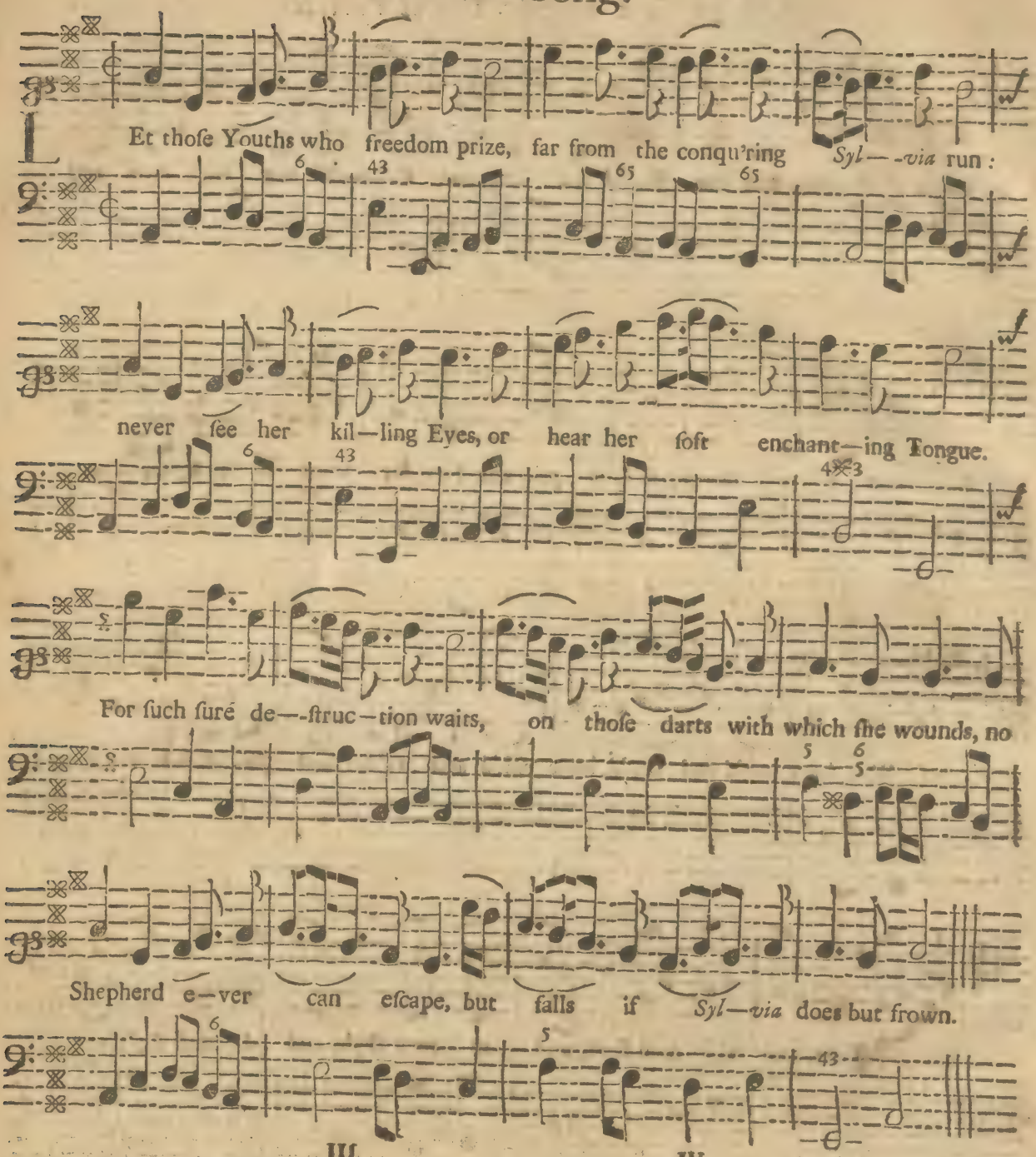
A Song Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*



II.

But now I thank my gracious Heav'n,
I hope my faults are all forgiven;
I've struck the Bargain, eas'd my pain,
And am resolv'd to take my Swain:
To Poo, and cry,
And Pish, and Fye,
And make a Virgin's coy pretence,
Is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all
For want of Sense.

A New Song.



III.

Damon, to his cost has prov'd,
All resistance is but vain:
Heav'n has form'd her to be lov'd,
And made her Queen of all the plain.

IV.

Damon, when he saw her face,
From her beauty wou'd have fled;
But the Charmer turn'd her voice,
And with a Song she struck him dead.

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To my Honoured Friend,

Capt. WORTLEY.

Honoured Sir,

HAving your Opinion and Approbation of the Composing These my First *SONGS* in *English*; and knowing of your being a Judge, do think my self Obliged to Dedicate them to you, hoping the favour of your Acceptance, which will be an Honour to,

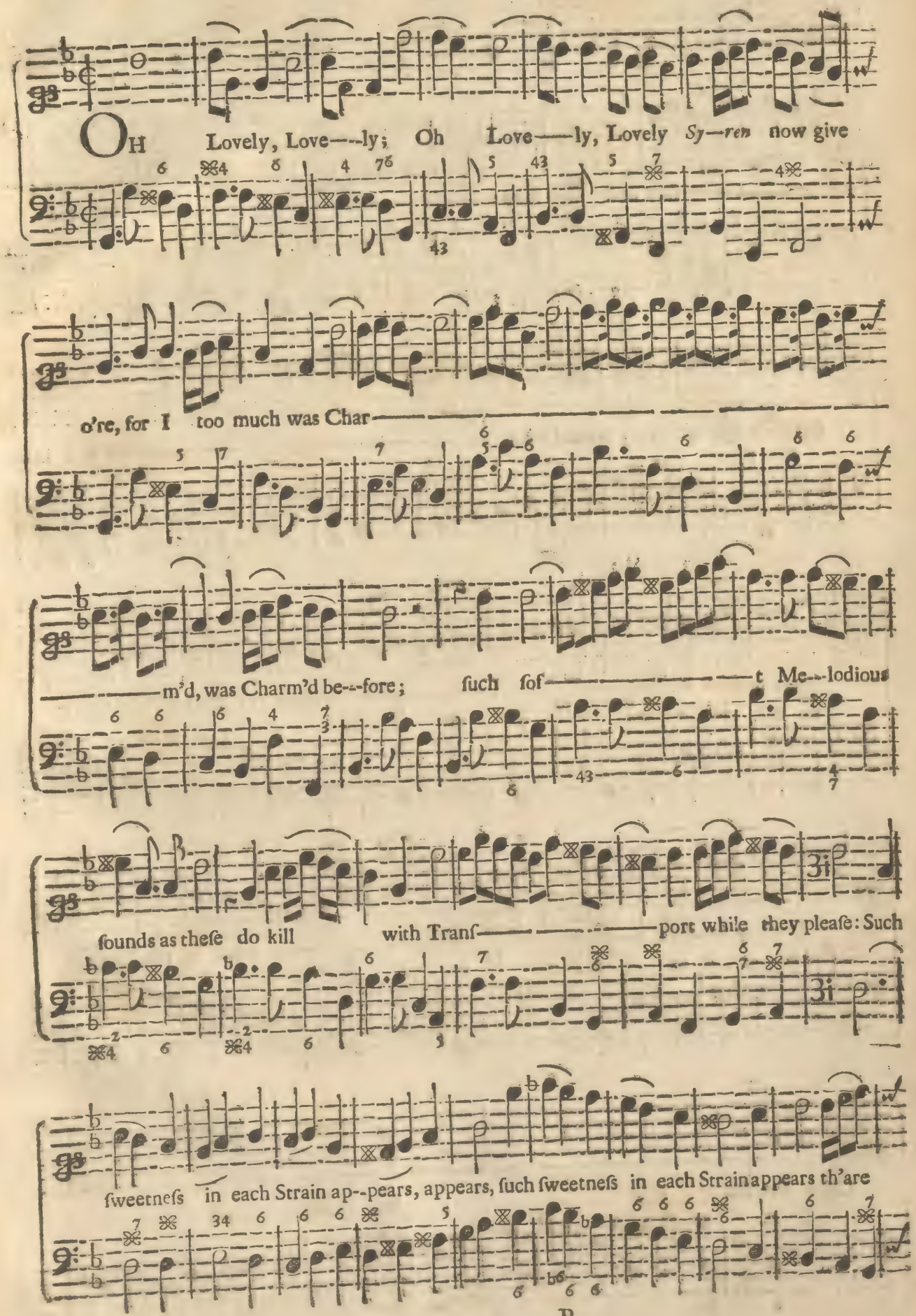
Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

GILLIER.

A New SONG Sung by Mr. *Pate*,

Sett by Mr. *Gillier*.



too di—vine for mor—tal Ears: They wound with plea—

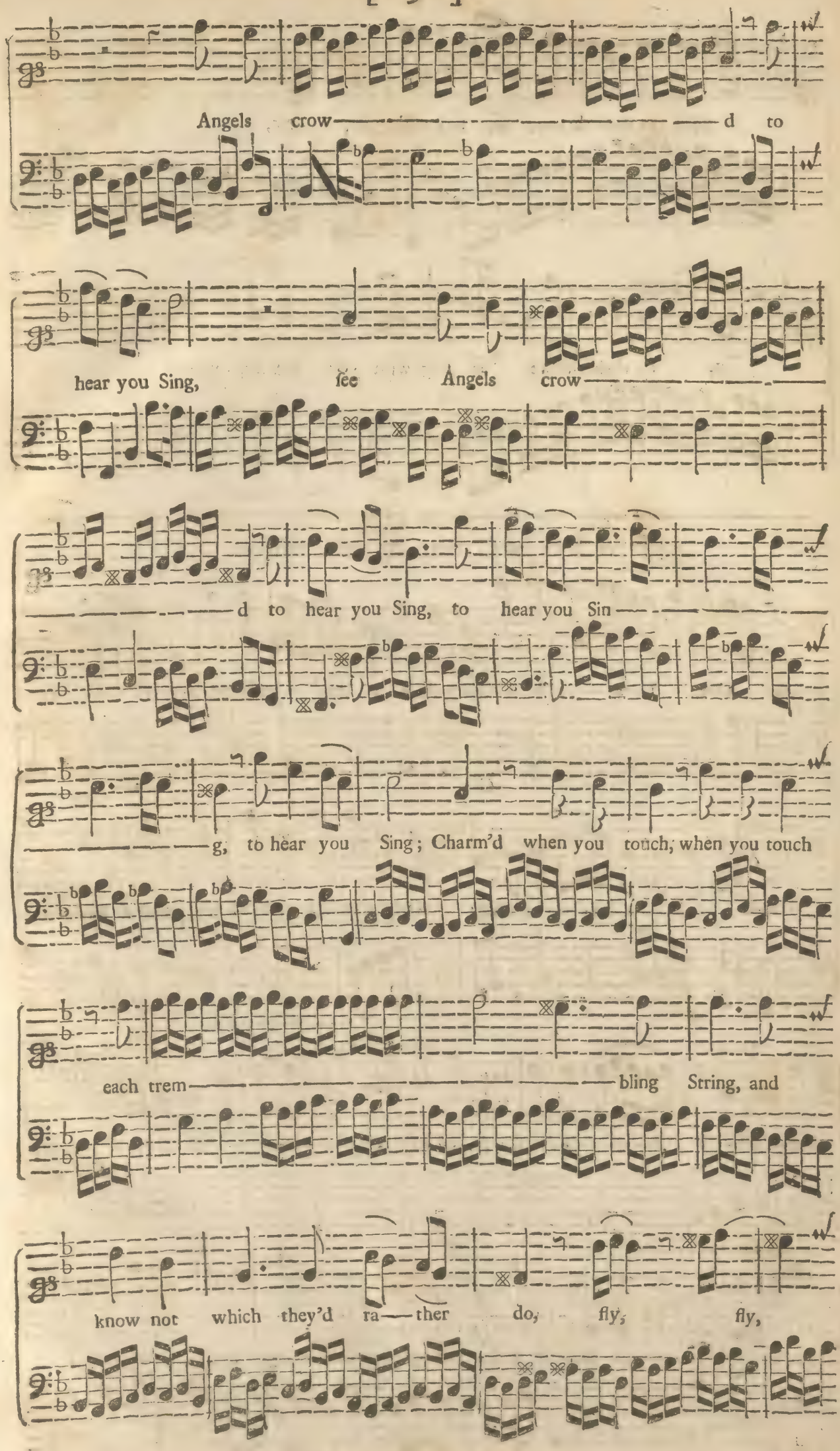
—ſure and in—ſpire a—maze——ment in the

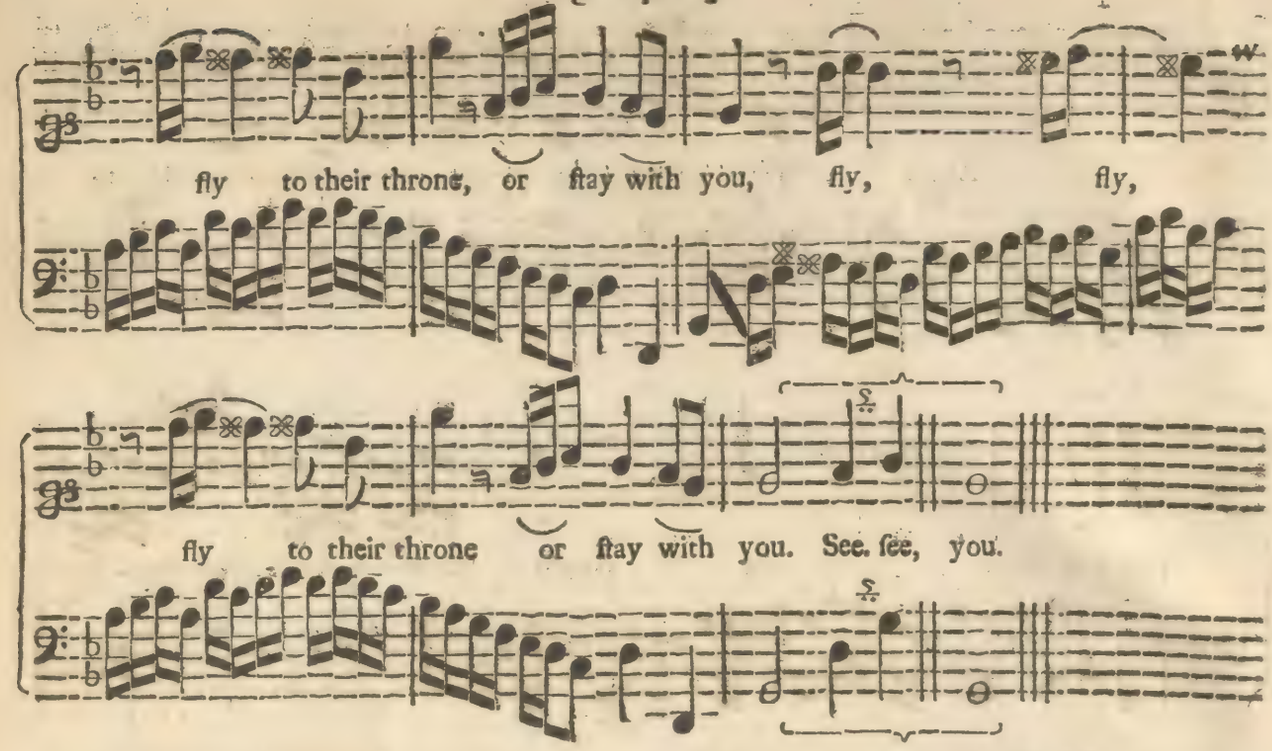
heav'nly Quire, they wound with plea——ſure and in—

—ſpire, in--ſpire a-maze——ment in the heav'nly Quire;

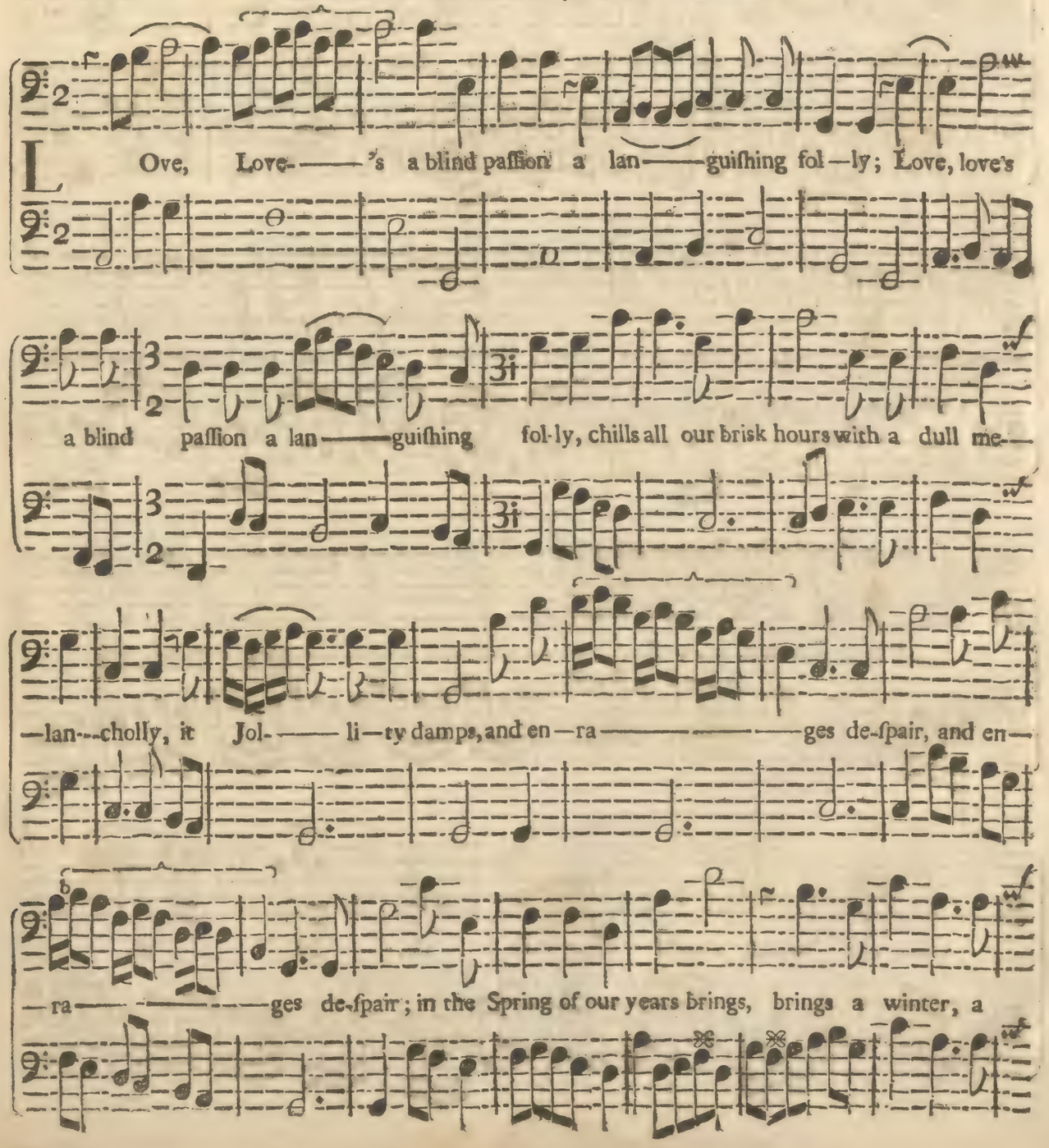
In--ſpire, in--ſpire a--maze——ment in the heav'nly

Quire. See, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee


Angels crow——d to
hear you Sing, ſee Angels crow——
——d to hear you Sing, to hear you Sin——
——g, to hear you Sing; Charm'd when you touch, when you touch
each trem——bling String, and
know not which they'd ra——ther do, fly, fly,



A SONG Sett by Mr. *Gillier*.



winter of care, care; then let us throw off the fond trifling

Toy, trifling Toy, the paſſion is childiſh, and *Cupid's* a Boy, a Boy, a

Boy, and *Cupid's* a Boy: Then let us throw off the fond trifling Toy, the paſſion is

Childiſh and *Cupid's* a Boy, and *Cupid's* a Boy; bring, bring to

my Arms a more So—lid, a So—li--der Joy; bring, bring to my Arms a

more So—lid, a So--li---der Joy, a So--li--der Joy.

A New Song Sett by Mr. *Gillier*. Sung by Mr. *Leveridge*.

PRepare, prepare, prepare, prepare for brisk A—

—lar——ms, *Ar-mi---da* hath a Thouſand, hath a

Thou——ſand, a Thouſand Charms; prepare, pre—

—pare, prepare, prepare for brisk Alarms, *Ar---mi-da* hath a Thouſand, hath a Thou——

——ſand, a Thouſand Charms; Ungarded Hearts to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms. Where e're ſhe

comes ſhe Lau——rel gaines, and o're Love's bound——

——leſs Empire reigns; and o'r——e Love's bound——leſs Empire

reigns: her Wit's di——vine, her look ſe--rene, be--witching, be--witching,

'tis her gracefull Mien; Her Voice Enchants, her Smile inſpires

with plea——ſant thoughts, and ſo——ft de——ſire:

her Voice Enchants, her Smile inſpires with plea--

--ſant thoughts, and ſo ſt de=ſire, and ſo

ſt de--ſire, and ſo ſt de ſire; no force is

proof a--gainſt her Darts, Rea ſon too weak will prove;

ſhea's Skill in all her ſub--tle Arts of Empire and of

Love: fl y, fl y, fl y, re ſiſt leſs

are her Charms, fly, fly, fl——————————

——y, re--ſiſt-leſs, re —ſiſt—leſs are her Charms; in vain, in——vain,

in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in——vain,

in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in vain,

in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in vain you take up

Arms; in vain, in vain you take up Arms.

A New Song Sett by Mr. *Gillier.* Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

THe Lott is Caſt, I muſt no more, my Dear *Joſ*——

——*ſi*——*nian's* Eyes a——dore; my dear, dear *Joſ*——*ſi*——*nian's*

Eyes a——dore, no more, no more *Joſ*——*ſi*——*nian*

caſt your Charms, 'tis Honour bids me ſhun thy Arms; no

more, no more *Joſ*——*ſi*——*nian* caſt, caſt, ca——ſt your

Charms, 'tis Honour bids me shun thy Arms; Oh! cru—el God to

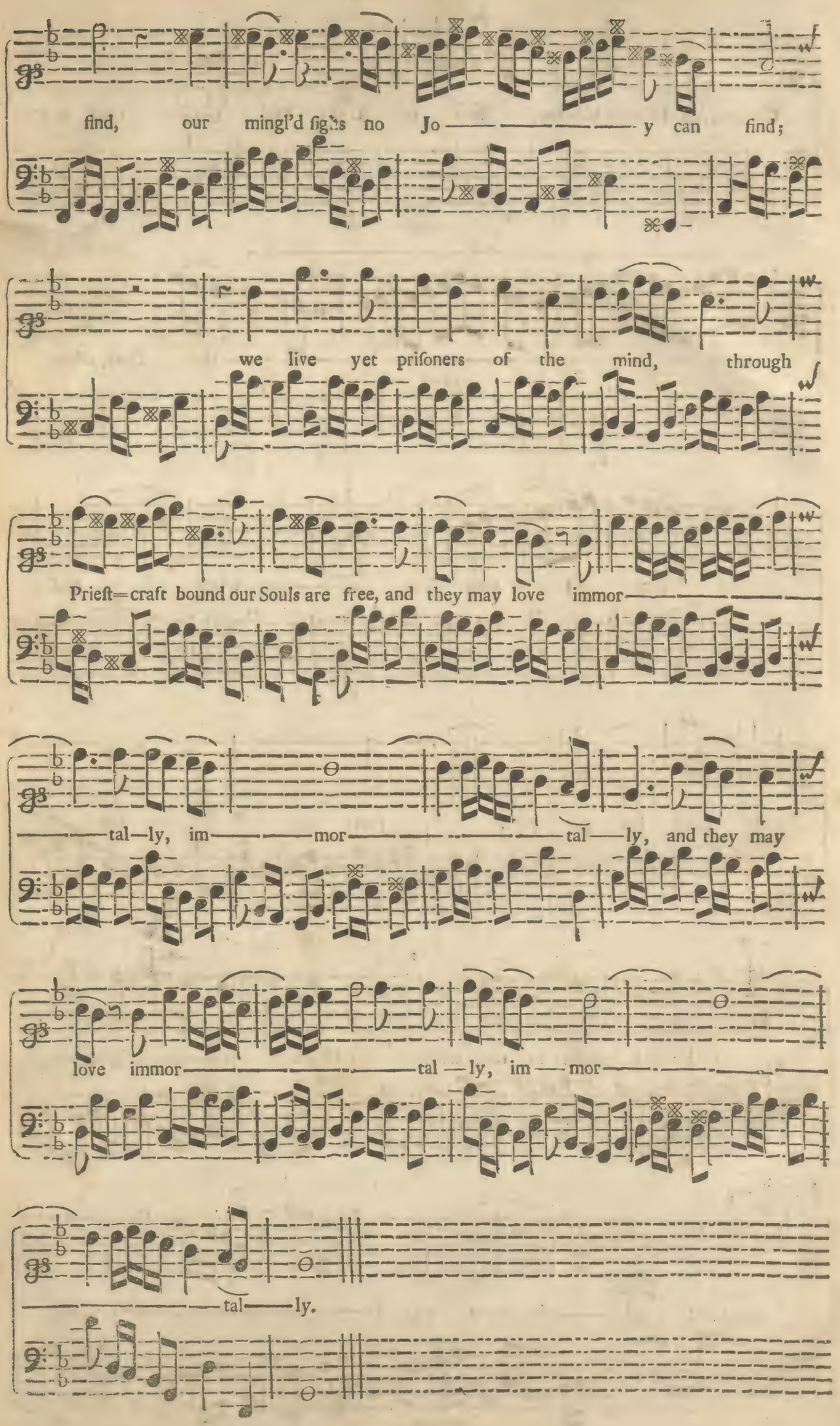
throw thy Dart, when

he and I must live a—part, when he and

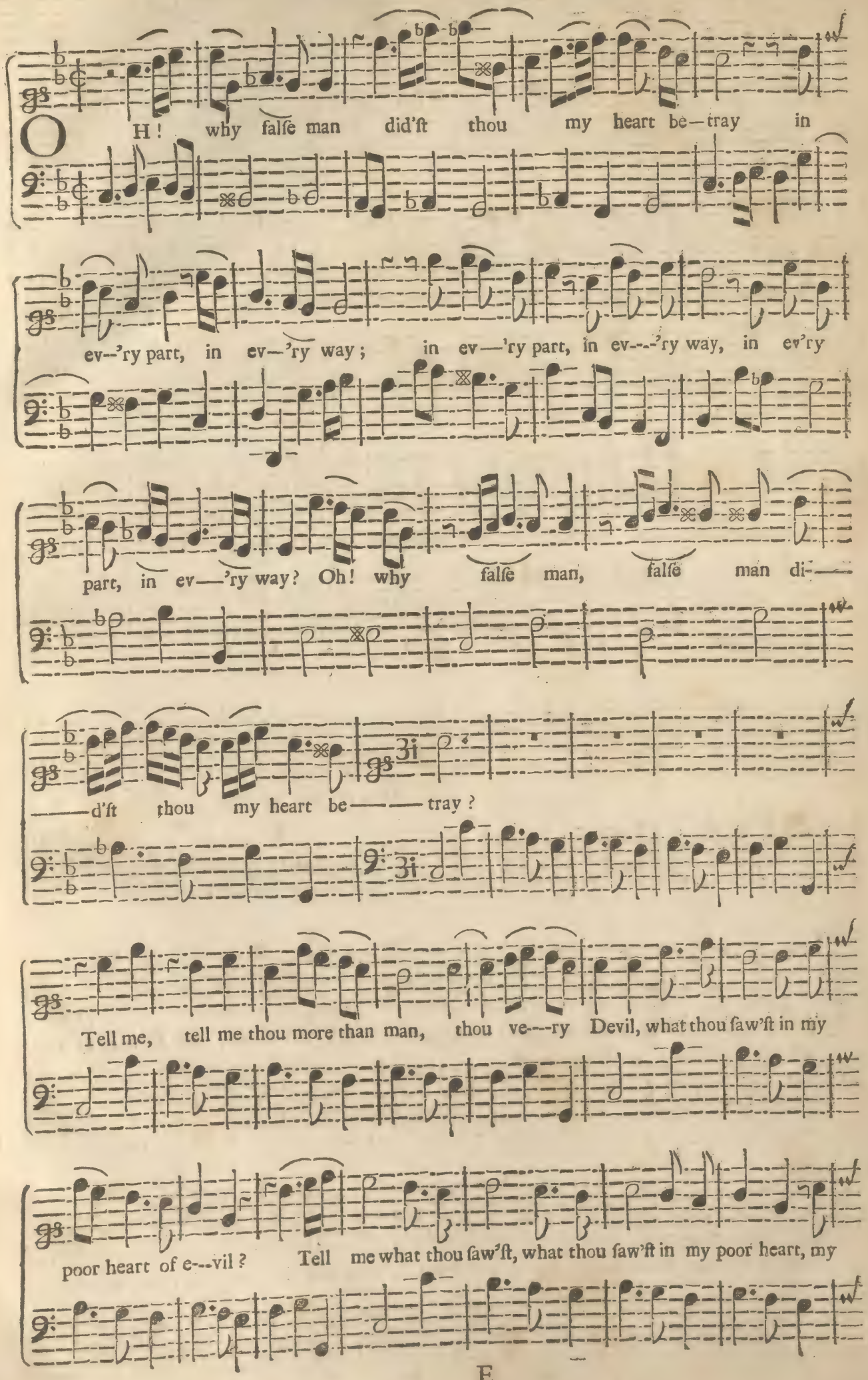
I must live a—part, part: my

Vows a—las I make in vain, with—in my Heart *Jos—si—nian* reigns, our

mingl—'d sigh—s no Jo—y can


find, our mingl'd sighs no Jo——————y can find;
we live yet prisoners of the mind, through
Priest=craft bound our Souls are free, and they may love immor——————
——tal—ly, im——mor——————tal—ly, and they may
love immor——————tal—ly, im—mor——————
——————tal——ly.

A SONG Sett by Mr. *Gillier.*



poor heart of e--vil? Tell me, tell me

thou more than man, thou ve--ry Devil; what thou ſaw'ſt, what thou ſaw'ſt in my poor heart, my

poor heart of e--vil? what thou ſaw'ſt, what thou ſaw'ſt in my poor heart of e--vil?

Was it not all pure, in--nocent and

juſt? was it not, was it not all pure, in--no--cent and juſt? did I not, did I not in thy

dear Arms, in thy dear Arms whol-ly truſt? was it not, was it not all pure in--no-

——cent and juſt? did I not, did I not in thy dear Arms, in thy dear Arms whol--ly

truſt? did I not, did I not in thy dear Arms, in thy dear Arms whol--ly truſt,

in thy dear Arms whol--ly truſt?

A New Song Sett by Mr. *Gillier.*

[Ong have I lov'd but all in vain, long, long,

long have I lov'd, but all in vain; the Nymph will ne're be kind, will

ne're be kind, ſhe ſtill in--ſults when I com—plai——n, no

Tears can change her mind, mind: All, all I can

wiſh, is on——ly this, where e're, where e're ſhe lo———

———ves, that ſhe may ne-ver, ne-ver, never, ne-ver, ne-ver taſt that

Bliſs which ſhe de—nies to me; ne-ver, ne-ver, never, ne-ver taſt that

Bliſs, which ſhe de—nies to me.

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